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OF ILLINOIS  
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# THE SIREN



LAUGHTONMAN  
1922

COME BACK NUMBER  
SEPTEMBER, 1920

JOS. KUHN & CO.

# YOU'LL BE GLAD OF IT

If you make it a point to get clothes of the best quality. You'll find that it's the quality that saves money for you, more than a low price.

Hart Schffner & Marx, Society Brand  
Griffon and Clothcraft  
Clothes

cost no more than clothes of such quality should cost. You'll find these clothes "cheaper to wear" in the long run because they last longer and do better than clothes which are only "cheap to buy."

*New Fall and Winter Styles Now on Display*

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear

*Jos. Kuhn & Co.*

33-35-37 Main St.

Champaign



ICG 12 Q-1  
V. 8

---

A downtown bank account  
will be a convenience for  
you. We welcome your  
business.

---

## The Urbana Banking Company

## STRAUCH PHOTO-CRAFT HOUSE

Photo Finishing Specialists  
Pictures and Framing  
Fountain Pens and Stationery

The Art and Gift Shop

625 South Wright Street

Adjoining Campus

THE ONCE OVER  
WHEN I was coming back  
TO SCHOOL this time  
THE TRAIN was  
QUITE CROWDED  
BUT I managed  
TO GET a seat finally  
WITH A little fellow  
WHO WORE one of those  
ANTIQUE COLLARS  
AND RIGHT across from us  
WAS A fat lady  
WHO HAD seven children  
AND THE little fellow and I  
STARTED A conversation  
THAT IN due time  
REACHED THE subject  
OF MATRIMONY  
AND WE agreed perfectly  
THAT IT was foolish  
FOR A man  
TO GET married  
AND I used the  
THE FAT LADY across  
THE WAY as  
A HORRIBLE example  
OF MATRIMONIAL misbliss  
AND I told him  
THAT I bet her husband  
LED A dog's life of it  
AND HE agreed with me  
AND I said  
WHEN I wanted  
TO GO any place  
ALL I wanted  
TO PACK was a suitcase  
AND HE said,  
"ME TOO,"  
AND I said  
THAT THE fellow  
WHO CONTEMPLATED marriage  
SHOULD CONSULT an alienist  
AND HE said,  
"YOU BET,"  
AND BY that time  
WE HAD  
JUST ABOUT reached Champaign  
AND AS I got up  
TO LEAVE  
THE FAT LADY across the way  
SHIVIED AN orange  
ACROSS THE aisle  
TO THE little fellow  
"JOHN! JOHN! JOHN!"  
PEEL THIS for the baby."

—G. F. L.

## WELCOME

---

The new as well as the old  
Students—to the oldest and  
most reliable Jewelry Store  
in Champaign—you are in-  
vited—The better quality of  
goods in gold and silver are  
found here.

---

## Wuesteman

JEWELER

"Hallmark Store"

Champaign

## For Your Drinks Get

ACCUSTOMED TO  
COMING TO

*Schuler*  
BROS.  
CONFECTIONERY

NO. 9 MAIN ST.



CHOCOLATE "MALTS" AND BOS-  
TONS OUR SPECIALTIES

*Welcome to the*

## UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Everything is in readiness for you at this big University Supply Store on the square.

Our salesforce can tell you exactly what you need in supplies. You'll get the most trustworthy advice by men who know.

Make our store your headquarters while attending the University. If we can be of service to you in any way, we are only too glad to do so.

## THE CO-OP STORE

*The Students' Store—On the Square*

I've never met an old soubrette  
A tempting, pretty suffragette,  
Nor have I see a catfish drinking booze.  
But I would give my motor car,  
And take my chances as they are,  
If I could press two lips and not taste rouge.

"My dear," she remarked to the one with the tortoise-shell glasses, "I don't believe in kissing a man unless I'm engaged to him."

"HMMMM," replied she of the t. s. g., "What a quantity of rings you must have."

## TOGS

**Tailored Individually**

*---and---*

**Ready-To-Wear**

*Meet us Head of Main St.*

CHAMPAIGN

**COOK BROS.**

## CANDYLAND

**CONFECTIONERY**

DOWN TOWN

---

For your ice cream sodas, sundaes and fancy dishes, etc. Home-made candy fresh every day.

---

When you are down town, come in, you will be treated right, and don't forget that we make Frappes for clubs, parties and dances. See us before you order.



## **"HELLO BOYS"**

The Arcade Barbers are also  
glad to return

**Geo. G. Brown**

GEE, AIN'T IT AWFUL?

She was some woman.  
We watched her  
--Rolls-Royce up to the curb.  
With scarcely a flutter, and  
Saw the blue-clad flunkies hop  
To her side with  
Service written in every  
Step. The footman  
Assisted the queen to alight.  
And she swung down with  
A grace that disturbed not  
A tassel  
On Fido's tricolette.  
We followed her majestic approach  
To the entrance of the  
Bon-Bon Shoppe, thinking  
All the time of when knighthood  
Was in flower, when  
She suddenly turned for  
Just one last word  
To her chauffeur—  
"Say, Steve,  
Have you saw  
Fido's blanket?"

Bidwells'

Peanuts

Best in town

*Nuf Sed*

504 E. Green St.

## **New Brogues for Men**

*Scotch Grain  
Norwegian Calf  
Cordovan  
Boarded Cordovan*

NETTLETON'S  
EDWIN CLAPP'S  
JOHNSON & MURPHY

Three of the Highest Grade Lines of Men's Shoes

## **Snyder & Snyder**

504 E. Green St.

(Woody's Place)

## **We Supply Ice Cream**

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and desserts.



## **Champaign Ice Cream Co.**

Bell 175

115-117 E. University

Auto 2107



# T. M. Bacon & Sons

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass

Corner Walnut and Taylor Streets



## THE FIRST VACATION

Glad I was when rolling northward  
On the old Illini Central  
To the blessed Breezy City  
Where the elevateds rumble.

On the Boul Mich all the women  
Looked like twice a million dollars.  
I gazed pop-eyed at their beauty,  
Guess they're co-eds from Northwestern.

What relief from Ec and Logic  
Is this brilliant Peacock Alley!  
And I yellowed homeward, wond'ring  
Why I ever left Chicago.

On the south-bound train for John street.  
Soon my nose will graze the grindstone,  
Writing checks and buying malteds,  
Hoping that I'll pass Accounting.

## SERGEANT TAKE HIS NAME

Sergeant (At recruiting office, to prospective recruit): What's your name?

Prospective Recruit: I. Lehigh Low.

Sergeant: Stop your yodeling and answer me!

*Announcements?*

*Programs?*

*Stationery?*

*Placards?*

*Dope Sheets?*

*Loose Leaf Note Books?*

*Carbon Paper?*

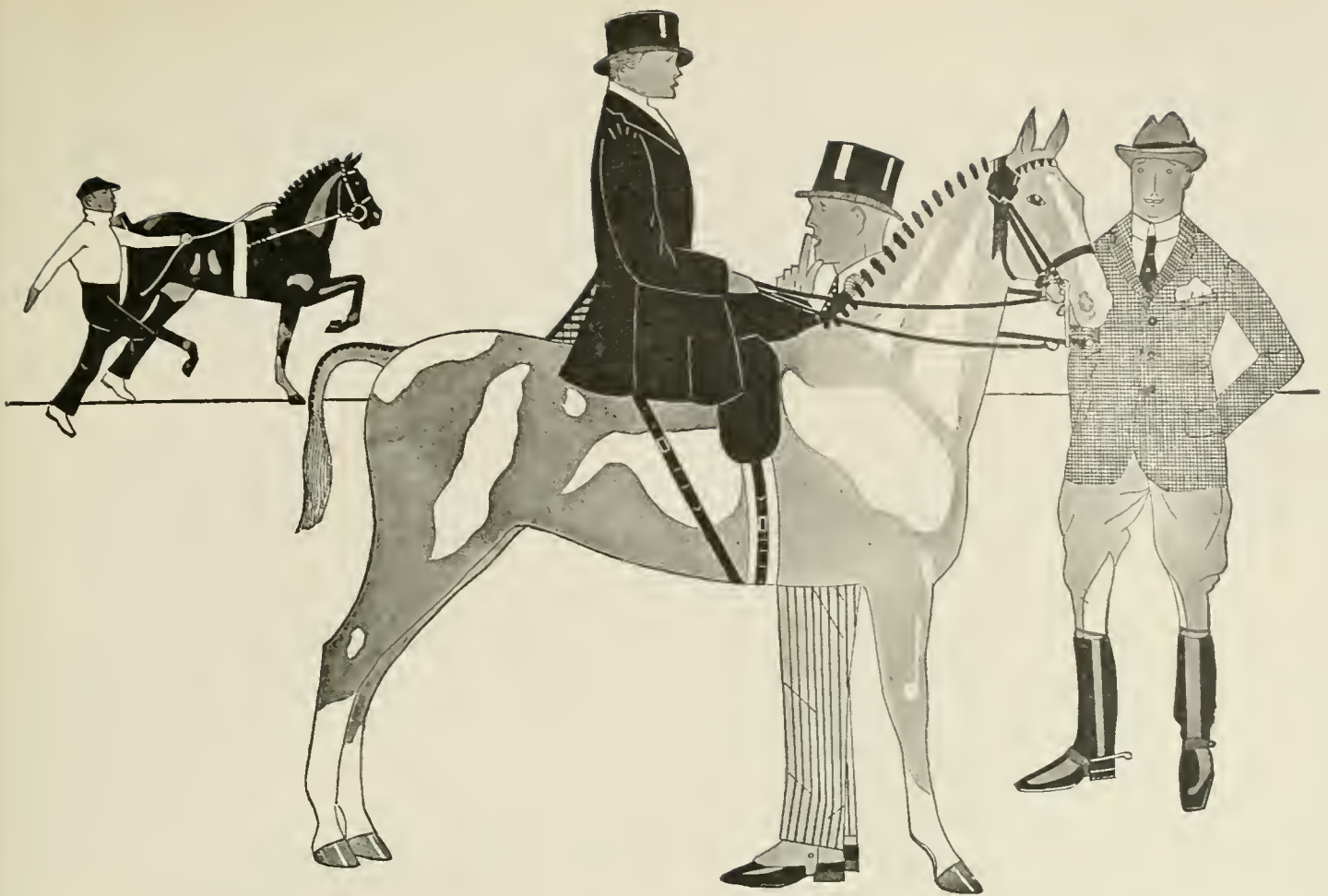
*Typewriter Ribbons?*

*Fountain Pen & Writing Ink?*

*The Answer*

**Geo. D. Loudon Printing Co.**





*Jimmy, I could really learn to love you if you wore a collar as well as Stubby Bates.*



*Well turned out, isn't he? Crank on dress - always wears Lion collars and a grey hat.*

*I'm not so fussy about the hat, but Jimmy, do hurry and get in Lion.*

***Billiards***  
***Bowling***  
***Tobacco***  
***Smokers***  
***Supplies***

**Arcade Billiard  
 Parlor**

***"Clean Sport for Regular  
 Fellows",***

**Barber Shop--  
 Two Barbers--  
 Barber Supplies--**

7 A. M. to 8 P. M.

SATURDAY 7 A. M. to 11 P. M.

**J. Y. ROSE**

One Block East of Chem Building

THAT FATAL WORD  
 I went to see a doctor today.  
 What did he say?  
 No.

GOWNS \$150 PER  
 "Man wife wants little here below,"  
 The poet sang with fire;  
 There's only one comment to make,  
 That poet is a liar.

EVOLUTION  
 Whiskey.  
 Whiskey and soda.  
 And soda.  
 Soda.

BROTHERHOOD  
 The other day Bill  
 Who is my fra-  
 Ternity brother  
 Came to me  
 And said, "Jim,  
 Lend me your pin  
 For a day or two."  
 So I gave it  
 To him.

\*\*\*\*\*

You know that  
 Swell girl of  
 Mine up there  
 In Chicago  
 Whom I brought  
 Down for the  
 Junior Prom?  
 Well, this morning  
 I received a  
 Letter from her  
 Which commences  
 "Owfully happy!  
 Won't you congratulate me  
 Because now I'm  
 Wearing Bill's  
 Pin."

\*\*\*\*\*

Darn him!

FAMOUS O'S  
 O Henry  
 O Min  
 O hell.

BOY—THE MOP  
 At 10,000 feet,  
 Flew Howard Key.  
 The propeller: dropped—  
 So did he.

**SODAS**

**LUNCHES**

**Box Candy**

**Banquet  
 Candy**

**"Home  
 Made"  
 Candies**

**Frappes  
 and  
 Punches**

**Mosi-Over**

FOR MORE

**on Green Street  
 To Be Sure**

8 Main St., Champaign

Gar. 1121, Main 1

# Smith & Picard

(Successors to Dallenbach Bros.)

## PORK PACKERS

**Home killed Meats and Poultry**

**Lard**

*From the Farm to You Direct*

Special Prices to Sororities, Fraternities and Clubs

*Wholesale*

*Retail*

### THE WIDOW'S UNDERSTANDING

The lawyer scanned the document  
And figured every single cent;  
Then turned, and, "Widow Brown," sez he,  
"You have a nice fat legacy."

The widow blushed and turned her head,

Of what remains, let this be said,  
She (as a lady, like as not)  
Discharged her lawyer on the spot.

***WE'RE GLAD TO SEE  
YOU BACK.***

***FACULTY AND  
STUDENTS***

**GET ACQUAINTED WITH CHAMPAIGN'S  
GREATEST STORE FOR MEN**

**J.M. KAUFMAN  
AND COMPANY**





## The Siren's Friend

He has a strange form of address—  
The poor fellow stutters, I guess;  
I asked, "Where shall I go  
"To buy most for my dough?"  
And he smilingly said, "S-S-S."

# STUDENT SUPPLY STORE

ervice      aving      atisfaction

GREEN STREET

"Chuck" Baily

—Managers—

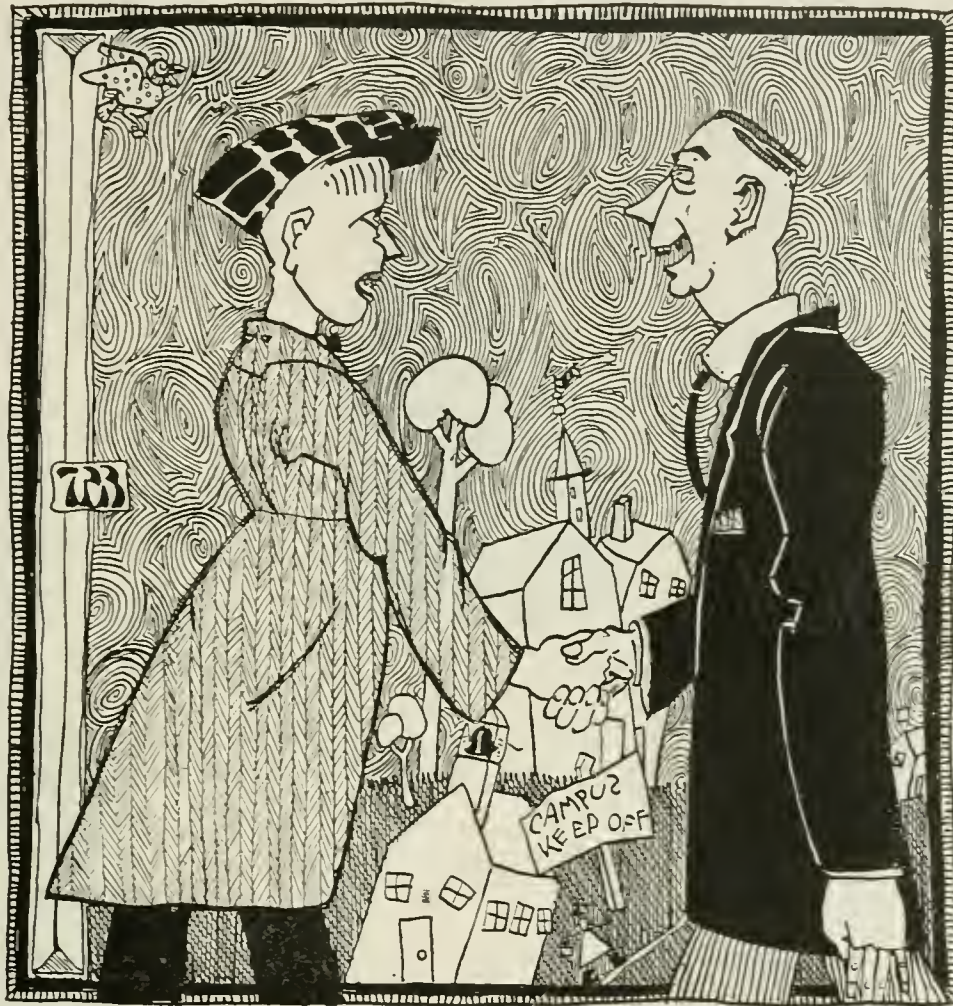
"Shelby," Hines

## The Student's Friend

A happy bunch are we  
SERVING you, with glee  
We help you out just fine  
SAVING you steps, money and time  
And our patrons are indeed  
SATISFIED of all their needs.

We supply to your liking  
Books, novelties and paper writing  
We help you to select  
Pens and Leather goods correct  
We suit all your moods  
With Music, Fiction and Kodak goods.

# 35

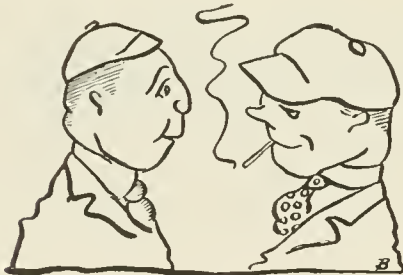


Bertie, '22, meets up with Ham, '22 also, after a long hot summer away from college. They are certainly glad to see each other. They say so, in fact. The fact that they both desire the chairmanship of the Prom committee this year makes the reunion all the more touching. Ham is wondering how a bird with a face like Bertie's can hope for honor and position in this life, and Bertie, hard agrip of Ham's moist mitt, is stifling a sob of pity for the other's glaring deficiencies. The moment is a pregnant one.





Observe, my child, how debonaire,  
 These students are; how free from care.  
 Observe with what fell looks they scorch  
 Who chanceth by the sister's porch.  
 Their pinky hands, their pretty feet  
 Proclaim that they are the elite.  
 Oh, emulate, my dear, their ways,  
 So that you too, in all your days,  
 May not with knife insult your pie  
 And ever rightly knot your tie.  
 And in your jolly junior year  
 Be a veranda buccaneer.



'21: I see the Chewa Hunks are  
 rushing you; are congratulations in  
 order?

'24: Dunno. They haven't paid  
 for their new house yet and the  
 hard-wood floors are immense.

While we are for democracy  
 And detest aristocracy,

We know that there's a place for everything.  
 For instance in that hand last night  
 To make the circumstances right,  
 We could have stood the presence of a King.

A little vamp, a low turned lamp,  
 A heart filled high with hope;  
 A wisp of hair, a shoulder bare,  
 All is such deadly dope.



Edit. Note: The presence of  
 this Champaign copper is to us in-  
 explicable. The art editor says he  
 is put here to keep the roller skating  
 dame on page 19 from getting on  
 a skate. Take that explanation if  
 you want to. If she can get on one  
 of those things take her address.



A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPLESS



I WAS Aloysius.  
 Don't you remember me? The guy with the brief-  
 case, the  
 Cigar holder,  
 And the sour look. Over and above  
 Everything else on earth I worshipped learning.  
 The penurious and bescoffed Professors were my gods,  
 And I the apple of their dim old eyes.  
 They predicted great things of me.  
 After I (and my PBK Key) graduated I  
 Met  
 A girl with sky-blue eyes and ambitions.  
 She worked in a bakery. And  
 Now—  
 I work in the bakery too.

“I WONDER IF HE’LL MISS ME,” sang the  
 young lady with the cracked voice. And from the bal-  
 cony came the answer, “If he does he ought never be  
 trusted with a gun.”

Being the chronicle of the return of a wanderer and  
 his joys at the return—eke his sorrows.

Monday—Ho! Hum. Up and at the game of buck-  
 ing the tomes once more, tho i'sooth I'd rather again be  
 battering the one speed mill for my friend's swift “Spec-  
 tator.” To the halls of learning in hopes to sign for the  
 nine months 'battle, but home again when I found hun-  
 dreds of the early birds there afore and a new system of  
 registration that puzzles me sorely.

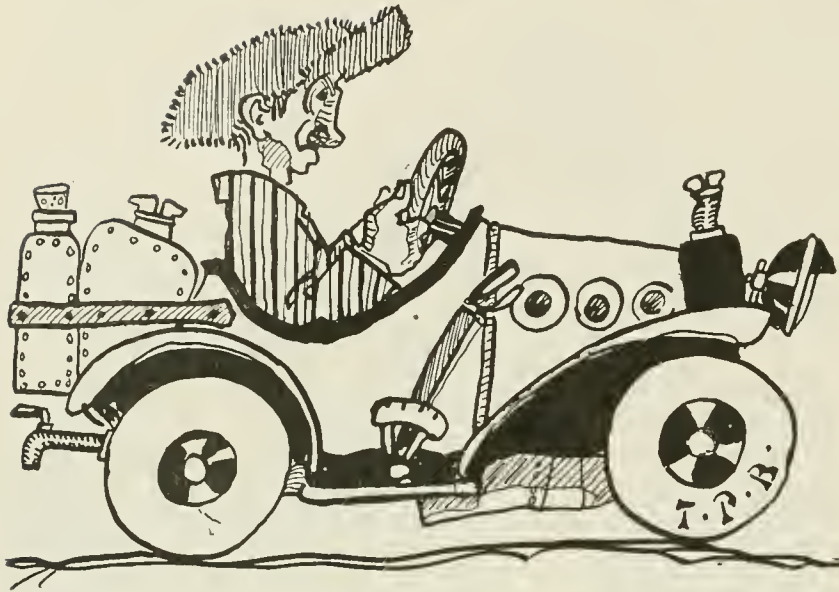
Tuesday—Roused by the spouse the morn to do battle  
 with the hordes. Signed for courses after some hours  
 milling with the yokelry already in line—then to do it all  
 over again for the want of sufficient data. Made mine  
 tenth round of the buildings at 5 o' the clock when I had  
 gotten blue cards instead of lavender, and finished—  
 thence to hay.

Wednesday—Given time; having registered accord-  
 ing to the new system devised by certain learned heads  
 among the faculty, did stop, cogitate and ponder at length  
 on the system of registering alphabetically as promulgated,  
 and 'sooth did wonder how I had ever done it. For the  
 time I was much in the position of one Celestial of my  
 acquaintance whose name is spelled in laundry slip mon-  
 osyllables and who opined he thought he was supposed  
 to register sometime Sunday week.

Thursday—Saw several notables about the walks this  
 day and remembered the nick-cognomen of a lady friend  
 of the summer called such ones “Hollyhocks,” which, if I  
 remember right is a tall, more or less statuesquely beau-  
 tiful flower that no one ever picks. Some of the men of  
 the by-ways still part their hair in the middle and smoke  
 Milos. Bobbed hair seems less popular this year—which  
 gives us a throb for the girls who bobbed it in ye last  
 epoc and it hasn't grown out again. Ah! Fashion, what  
 crimes are committed in thy name.

Saturday—That practice known as “rushing” seems  
 flourishing, withal the high cost of malts should prohibit  
 some of the wild spending. Saw two brethren of a well  
 known menage looking over the stock of black jacks and  
 purchasing chloroform and am much puzzled as to the  
 meaning.

Sunday—The election being over, did hear two up-  
 starts conversing on Henry Ford and protesting much  
 that he does not drive a perambulator of his own make  
 but chooses a foreign car, and it is another source of won-  
 der to me, why they rant—don't many foreigners drive  
 Ford cars? In truth, 'tis so. S. P.



### SOUR GRAPES

No matter what your talents are  
If you but own a motycar  
You're certain to be popular.

### AH! LA SNAPPY STORIES!

It was for the most indifferent of the young men that her heart yearned; it was the caress of Douglas, who brushed by her with hardly a word, that she craved.

Tonoght she would put him to the test.

She walked slowly to a huge arm chair that faced the door, and, settling herself comfortably in it, awaited his coming. An occasional shiver of misgiving shook her slim form as she thought of his arrival. She rested her soft white face on the arm of the chair and closed her eyes.

Suddenly the door opened, her body grew tense with eagerness. Douglas entered, and stopped short as he saw her. A flush of anger reddened his face, then as her large brown eyes sought his, pleading for his love, the anger receded. He laughed good-naturedly.

"You here, Betty?" he said.

She wagged her tail and barked happily.

The artist has featured in many a joke,

We laugh at his hair and his tie.

The jokester is always delighted to poke

Lots of fun at the cuss on the sly.

But the poet who said, "He laughs best who laughs last,"

Must have thought of the painter, 'tis clear.

For he is the only one (since some time past)

Who can still draw a small glass of beer.

She stood before her mirror

With her eyes closed very tight,

And tried to see just how she looked

When fast asleep at night.

### MOTHER GOOSE (REVISED)

"Where are you going, my pretty lad?"

He thought for a moment, then thrilled,

"For one on the end of this bob--tailed flush,"

And (much to our sorrow) he filled.

Two maids proclaimed their love for me,

I spurned one, then the other.

I told them, tho, that I would be

To each of them a brother.

And now I love, but I love in vain,

(Dame Fortune is a twister);

My idol pauses to explain,

She'll be—to me—a sister.

Don't waste a present on a woman with a past.

Prof: (after long winded proof) "And so, we find that X equals O."

Sleepy Stude: "Hell, all that work for nothing?"



"IF THE STATEMENT of the prohibition gentleman that a man's life is shortened 25 minutes for every pint of whisky consumed is true," said Raoul Harvey the other evening, "and 15 minutes for every quart of beer, then Steve Dilloughby, with whom I have been associated for the last twenty years, should have been dead seven years, three months and nineteen days, according to my most careful calculations."





PROTECT YOUR CHILDREN'S  
FUTURE!

500 FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS 500

(in trade)

will be paid by

THE SIREN

to the estate of any person who is  
FOUND DEAD with a copy of the cur-  
rent issue of

THE SIREN

in his pocket, sock, reticule, or carpet bag.

: : : : : : : :

Play safe. Never be without the newest  
SIREN. —Adv.



The Absolute Student: Dear me, what's wrong now?

The Relative Cat: You'll have to quit chewing, Mas-  
ter. Every time I chase a mouse into the cuspidor I fail  
to get him out alive.

#### MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

With solemn step the King approached the throne. All the vast assembled court did reverence on bended knee, whilst the Royal Band struck up "Rosy O'Grady" on his cornet. Even the jester, ordinarily an obscene Wight, was silent with awe; he even slept at times.

For this was the ceremony of the Royal Footbath, the which is observed once each year in that far land. A golden scuttle of luke-warm suds was held in readiness by the King's own nephew, little Prince Ug. Fresh and snowy towels hung upon the Royal Towel Rack.

Suddenly a gasp of irritation escaped the Imperial Housecop. The King had stumbled! Indeed, he had nearly fallen! An unregarded foot or so of lead pipe, carelessly left about by the Royal Yegg, had done the trick!

The moment was horrible.

But the littlest concubine, being of nimble wit—she was the seventh daughter of a rhetorician—leaped madly toward the tottering King and cried:

"Your Majesty, how did you enjoy your trip?"



The Soviet Comrade: What a  
curious toy! What is it for?





Ig: Whuzamatter?

Finheim: Zmatter? Oi—the ninth goil she says to the tenth goil, she says, “Meet Mister Moiphy,” she says. And you shou ask me whuz-matter!

How times do change!

A year ago  
I'd have been strange  
To you, I know;  
You knew me best behind a plow—  
(I wonder who's with Fifi now.)

We understand that a Chicago cash girl, upon being asked if she intended to see the spectacle "Aphrodite" responded, "My Lands, Mag, me spend eleven rocks to see that and me with a full length mirror in my bath-room?"

The state election being over, one faction might be said to have issued the official communique, "The Germans have made advances in certain sectors and are in control of several prominent cities."



Expect to graduate this year?

Yes. All I have to do to graduate is to keep sober, and pass sixty hours above C.

Can you do that and keep sober?

MAYBE HE WAS A SCOUT FROM THE ANHEUSER-BUSCH LEAGUE

"B. Weiser from the eastern part of the county was here looking around last week."—Leachville Star.

### OLD PROVERBS REVIVED

The work of man is from sun to sun,  
But a woman's work is 'til half past one—  
And then she goes to the movies.

### HEARD AT THE NON-PARTISAN LEAGUE

Felis: And you were actually egged?  
Taurus: Egged? My dear, it was merely to stick out one's tongue to partake of omelette.

### OUR CHILD'S PRIMER

Today, dears, we take up the subject of slips. There are many kinds of slips, for instance the one between the cup and the lip (altho they are scarce today), verbal slips, the reading slip, just slips and Princess slips.

The other day a fair co-ed, tripping blithely across the campus trilled to a student, "Hey, Bob, have you got my slip?" She referred to the reading slip, I assure you. Of course she was guilty of a slip when she slipped that one over on him.

Turn in your reading slips next time and be careful, don't slip as you go out the door.



'Tis an ill wind



# The Siren



Lyle C. Brown, '22  
H. S. Haworth, '22  
G. R. Stege, '22

G. V. Buchanan, Jr., '22 (ex-'19).....Editor  
Robert F. Lovett, '21.....Business Manager  
T. P. Bourland, '23.....Art Editor

## THE STAFF

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Paul Leach, '23  
Justine Pritchard, '22  
Art  
C. W. Baughman  
Business  
T. P. Bourland, '23  
Martha Pyke



E. E. Foster, '23  
C. M. Kretchmer, '22  
F. Gilmore, '23

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**B**ACK again.  
We seem to hear the ghost of an old-time Scout reminding us that we are "back to the malteds and logic... and cheek-to-cheek dancing..."

The prospect is good for another huge year. We are all remarkably cheerful and enthusiastic, in spite of prospective creditors looming in the offing, calculus, the unrelieved date-famine, and the high cost of chop suey.

We get a great deal of satisfaction out of knowing that we are at one of the greatest schools in the country. The fame of Illinois is spreading every year and no one need tell us that Illinois is a great 'il old school. We're all back here because we know.

Of course there are a few thousand here who were never here before; to them, greetings. There might well be graven on the lintels of some future University building "The wealth of Illinois is in her freshmen, and her strength lies in their intelligent development."

Anyway, we're back. One more year will roll by, a year of charming inconsistencies and hard work.

Some of the south campus aesthetic dancers remind one of a poor photograph—underdeveloped and overexposed.

A woman smoking a cigarette is like a dog walking on its hind legs. It's not done well but you're surprised to find it done at all.

**I**T has been the custom in other years to hand Urbana the gilded razzberry. The Scout, the Illio, and the Old Girl herself have ofttime hung the hooks in Urbana's municipal pride. "The only cemetery in America with electric lights," with variations, has been the theme of many a writer's outburst of idle moments.

This would infer that Champaign were by contrast pulsating with life, athrob (that's a good word, athrob) with vitality, and of a metropolitan trend. But we of the great Outside World who have managed to stay in school as long as this,—why, we know better, that's all.

We do not propose that everybody lay off Urbana, because one gets used to that talk about her. Next after the weather and prohibition the obvious line is to razz Urbana. But why this unfair distinction? There are many of us who actually prefer Urban's shady streets to the no doubt superior attractions of student life in the larger village.

This, to us, is not the least of the problems born of the fact that we find two towns where only one town ought to be. If the number of cracks at a country town is in inverse proportion to the population, then according to Matth. 114 and the census, Champaign deserves at least two jibes to Urbana's three.

We hope that scribblers and professional kidders will remember that the brick sidewalks and the Oregon street car are common features of the Twin Cities. We should be reasonably just.

KIPLING once wrote something about the incompatibility of East and West and wound it up by remarking what a combination it was when two strong men signed articles of agreement and all that sort of thing.

Kipling was right. But he should have pursued the subject farther. Why limit it to males? There is a suffrage amendment to the constitution that should allow the women to have a voice in other things beside politics.

So many twosomes have become proverbial concerning only men such for instance as "when Greek meets Greek." In the case of it being men the meeting resulted in a tug of war or a business partnership. No one has even ventured to express an opinion as to the outcome had it been two women—taking down their hair.

More reputations have been made and lost between the unloosening of the first hairpin and the last of the fifty strokes required to maintain the permaenmt wave than there are "Mc's" in Ireland.

A woman can no more resist the impulse to confide to her companion the minutest details of her private affairs, and the affairs of others while in the midst of that process universally known as "taking down the hair," than she can resist touching the back of it every three minutes during the day.

The sweet young things do well enough in character vivesection at sorority teas and in the cloak room at dances, but their best work is accomplished during their preparations for slumber—while taking down their hair.

A simple process. Quite. A few hairpins are unloosed, a shake of the head and it is done except for the brushing and braiding. Nothing about it that is especially inspirational, and yet it has the same effect on a woman's tongue as did Johnny Pedestrian formerly have on the speech of the men.

#### THINGS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The custom of placing the wedding ring upon the third finger of the left hand of the bride originated with the ancients who believed that the nerve of that finger connected with the heart. Nowadays it is put there to keep the engagement ring from slipping off.

THE Siren staff as announced in this issue is by no means permanent. There is a world of room for workers. If you can write, draw or are blessed with ideas, let the Siren have them. If you have a proclivity for selling ads or subscriptions, make it known. It is a good field for scholastic endeavor and a growing one. Women seem to think the Siren offers no opening for them. Bless 'em, what was the 18th amendment ratified for? So they could hang on to straps in street cars and—make the Siren staff.

It is peculiar, but nevertheless a fact, that a woman will talk more and say more at this time than at any other. If you saw Dorothy on her way to Irene's house to spend the night and she saw you—heaven help you if you have ever been indiscreet. She will forget you during the early part of the evening. But when her hair is coming down the memory of your chance meeting a few hours previous will return to her and you will be placed on the slab for verbal dissection.

A girl's plans, her hopes, the secrets of her heart and the gossip she has heard come tumbling out as her hair falls around her shoulders.

At this confidential hour there is but one hope for a person whose life and acts are under discussion,—that it is done while the speaker has her mouth filled with hairpins. The indistinctness of her utterances affords some slight protection for her victim.

In time all state's attorneys, detectives and creatures of that sort will cross-examine their female suspects while they are preparing their coiffure for the night. The suspected girl will be invited to spend the week-end with persons friendly to the state officers. As she is preparing to retire she will be questioned by a woman in the employ of the state. That will be all that is necessary. She will tell all she knows.

For this reason it is not safe to walk too much with the Daisies, for even Daisies have been known to tell while taking down their hair. The only safe thing for a man to do these days is to live in a community where the majority of women have bobbed hair.

Sampson lost his strength when his locks were shorn. When a woman's hair is scissored her vocal chords are affected, for no woman can gossip effectively when she has no hair to take down. She goes to sleep too easily.

#### MAKING A HOME MORE HOME-LIKE

An upstate furniture store not long ago had in its window a kitchen table with rolling pin resting thereon. A sign above said "Make Your Home More Home-Like." Whittle your own wheeze.

The October Siren will go to press soon after the tenth of the month. All copy must be in by that time. Your work is requested for that issue and the succeeding ones. Humor, satire, wit, your private peeve—all have a place in the sheet that we say is the 'Life' of Illinois.

The Siren needs various and sundry department editors, notably Exchange and Dramatic. Who wants these jobs—or one of the others?





It: It's all wrong.

That: What's all wrong?

It: That sign.

That: What? That sign which says "Thirsty? Just Whistle?"

It: Yeh. I tried it. It doesn't help a bit.

(Curtain)



### MILADY ON WHEELS

Down our street  
On pleasant days  
With roller skates  
Holding their pretty feet up—  
Dash our lady friends  
Down our street.  
Grrrrr-r-r-r-r-  
What could be sweeter?



Portrait of the genial egg who decided that he couldn't be bothered with further education.

Women's faults are many;  
Men have only two,  
Everything they say, and  
Everything they do.

\* \* \*

When you're walking the floor with baby  
Crooning a midnight song,  
Be thankful you don't live in Greenland  
Where the nights are six months long.

### NEWS NOTES

Harding and Cox are both former newspaper men.

Prof. Harrington, the savant of the school of journalism, reports a greatly increased enrollment this year.

The "Siren" cover will be shorter next month. All the other girls are wearing 'em so and we must follow the mode.

But the "Siren" refuses to wear clocked hose. They *will* run, or run down.

"The Price of Love" appeared locally one day last week.

We didn't see it, we have financial difficulties of our own.

The word "flapper" has become passe. "Worm" and "Smelt" we learn on the best of authority are to be used preferably. "Smidge" while not in Webster is admirably adaptable for descriptive purposes.

Dates will be as hard to get as ever, even harder this year, according to Dunn and Bradstreet and the market reports. Those turned down may remember the summer months with a smile, however.

"Dates high, automobiles preferred, Orpheum stock, common;" to quote the market page.



Stude: You look sweet enough to eat.

Gertie: All right. Shall we go to the Inman?

I never saw a dinosaur,

A Switzlander man-o'-war,

Nor yet the mammoth fabled Dodo bird.

But all these things are naught to me.

The thing that I want most to see,

Is just a woman who can't speak a word.

### REASON ENOUGH

She: Why did they arrest that medium?

He: For raising the devil.



The eighteenth amendment

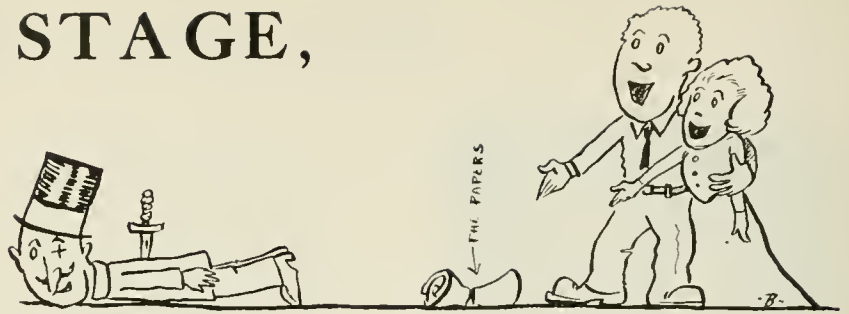
Has made sexes equal;

Let's all hope that this gent

Don't show us its sequel.



# BOOKS, THE STAGE, AND KINDRED Highbrow TOPICS.



## F. Scott Fitzgerald "This Side of Paradise"

No book that we can name, except F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," really deserves a review in sweet September when the book was published as long ago as April.

But "This Side of Paradise" is a different book. In the winter we read "Head and Shoulders," "The Camel's Back," and another Fitzgerald short story in the Post, and we agreed with ourselves that they were the best things of the kind that we had seen in—well, some while.

So with great interest we started "This Side of Paradise," but it turned out to be utterly different in general tone from the short stories mentioned. In relating the biography of Amory (and some say, of himself,) Fitzgerald even refuses to follow the customary division into chapters, but instead divides his book into parts of considerable length. He further divides it into sections, each one headed, and varying in length from a few lines to a few pages. They are for the most part beautifully unrelated, but taken together they leave a wonderfully clear impression. In fact, our impression of the whole book is that we were impressed.

Amory's (yes, masculine) life is reviewed from as far back as he can remember and quite awhile before that, to that age which most of us here have not quite reached. The story is of Princeton and New York but nevertheless quite understandable to us of the so-called West. All through the tale are found curious replicas of our own experience which, although perfectly proper, we never expected to find in a book. Amory of course led a remarkable life, he did remarkable things, and remarkable things happened to him. But with our knowledge of Things As They Are (and were a year or so ago) we of the oft-mentioned younger generation or "college set"—we can readily believe much that older heads set down as—"clever stuff, but stuff, nevertheless."

We asked a friend of ours what she thought of the story. She said that it was a wonderful book, but it "ended wrong." It does end wrong. In life things end wrong many more times than they do in the popular novels of the day. We remember longer the story that ends wrong, but that is one of the lesser reasons why we remember "This Side of Paradise."

The thing about the book that we admire most is that it is written in what we are pleased to call United States. The language, expressions, and colloquialisms are those that we here use. He throws in a "you win the iron pansy."

Neysa McMein expressed what this book is like in four words: "A baby with rouged lips." Percy Hammond said that this was good stuff. We pass it on to you.

## "Apple Blossoms" Colonial

Like musical comedy? Of course you do. See Apple Blossoms at the Colonial. The combination of music and comedy is rare and will surely appeal. Music is by Kreisler and Jacoby, the book by LeBaron.

The "thing" takes on an operatic aspect every now and then that will appeal to many as a bit highbrow, but the lines are clever despite the fact that they concern the well-worn "marriage by family agreement idea" and the music is real albeit the orchestra becomes over enthusiastic at times and throws up a sound screen that most effectively hides the stage.

Fred and Adele Estaire are introduced for no evident reason in two dancing numbers that make you glad they were introduced. The whole entirely worth while.

## "Ed Wynn's Carnival" Illinois

Ed Wynn came to the Illinois immediately after "Sweetheart Shop" had slipped around the corner for a two weeks' continuation of its summer triumph and he bids fair to set up quite an enviable record—even as that of his predecessor.

One dare not say much about his show, else it will be spoiled for those who chance to see it. If you expect too much you may be disappointed. If you drop in to be entertained for an hour or so you will be—entertained, not disappointed.

In addition to Ed Wynn's own show you will find certain little bits and numbers wedged in here and there—while Ed is out for a new costume (yes he's still doing that) or a breath of air, that will interest. A Japanese trio that plays Hawaiian music on an American guitar and in an American style is one such. A very, very economically clothed dancer who agitates the muscles "as is the custom in Oriental lands" is another.

We always liked Ed. in the Follies, we like him even better in the play he says he wrote in twenty-nine days and we hope he does, as he said he would "take a lot of time—the next play he writes—a whole month."

The Carnival is all to the merry.

### "Transplanting Jean" Powers

We simply call this to your attention. It is a comedy of, we think, French origin, in which Martha Hedman and Arthur Bryan are appearing. It is being noted on Broadway as a coming attraction and leaves Chicago on October 2.

### "Aphrodite" Auditorium

Pronounced, (see B. L. T.,) as rhyming with "in-discreet" and not with "nighty," the best recommendation for this play, to some minds, might be the already current witticism in which Mable the cash girl spurns the insinuation that she would pay good money to see Aphrodite as long as she has a perfectly good full length mirror in her bath room.

The production is like that.

Little can be said concerning the spectacle. In fact we resolved once not to say anything about it at all—but it simply had to be mentioned. Truthfully, we don't know much about the piece as it is appearing in Chicago—but when we gave it the double O in Gotham some months ago we stood next to a policeman who was there on duty—not pleasure, bent.

With that for a recommendation perhaps the freshmen will part with the eleven it is said the descendent of the James' brothers at the box office requires for admittance. Anyway—you probably won't see many of your respectable friends in the balcony and the seats are cheaper there.



THE RESCUE

## The campus gander



### YEA! EVEN FOR THE GODS

"At the Cinema theatre on Thursday and Friday, lovers of good entertainment will find a real treat in the shape of Pauline Frederick in the stellar roll of the play 'La Tosca.'"—From the Longford (Ireland) Leader.

### I SHOULD SAY SO

With stealth he quickly stole a kiss,  
It was a pleasing smack;  
And quick she turned an dfrowned on him,  
With, "Now, Sir! Give that back!"

### ISN'T HE STRETCHING IT A BIT?

"The neck," says Dr. Evans in the Tribune, "is on a par with the legs."

Tut, tut, Doc, you're slipping. Fancy a chorus girl getting \$50 a week for her neck.

One drop of gall will spoil the cup,  
One sour note make Orpheus sad;  
The mightiest in pain will sup  
If but one upper tooth be bad.

### 'T WAS EVER THUS

A king was writing his exam,  
Some potent facts had missed him;  
And so he cribbed, nor gave a damn,  
They had no honor system  
Back in the good old days. (Of course  
E'en History may be phony.)  
He said "My kingdom for a horse!"  
And should have said "a pony!"

To tell a girl you love her without asking her to marry you is about as flattering as sending a box of candy with the bill attached.

THE GENTLEMAN at the next desk objects to labelling gents who leave their wives as "deserters." "Why not," he whynots, "call them refugees?"

### AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

"There is a crying for wine in the streets: all joy is darkened, the mirth of th eland is gone."—Isaiah xxiv 2.





Remember?  
The good old days when  
He  
Came over to help  
Her  
With her lessons?  
And they both studied?

Monty Flagg draws women,  
A talent I should prize;  
I am but a pastry cook,  
All I draw is flies.

#### OUR LADY SPORT EDITOR

Last Saturday witnessed the most brilliant game of the season. The weather was simply lovely—blue sky, fuzzy little innocent clouds, 'n everything. The crowd—one of the best crowds we have had—was awfully well dressed. I myself saw at least five hats which must have been imported. The visiting team—I think they came from Annie Harbor—some seaport town—all had new uniforms on, with the *cutest* little Alice Blue sweaterettes. Our team wore their old clothes, and looked frightfully manly in them. Everybody hurraled when they trotted into the pasture, but it was easy to see that the Annie Harbor boys had made a big hit with their new duds. But I'll stand up for Our Team every time; I know several of them personally. What? Who won? Why, my dear, I had to tear myself away before the game was quite over, so I really don't know.



Won't you buy a posy,  
A violet, a daisy?  
To help the lame and lazy  
To grow obese and rosy?

#### THE TICKET SYSTEM

Courage, Registrants!

No more waiting on the wet, wet grass. No more interminable lines of fainting girls and famished young men.

The problem is solved. Assistant Professor Tapeau-Rouge of the department of musical appreciation has solved it. He has evolved the ticket system, whereby registration is speeded up to an improbable degree, and strict tabs kept into the bargain.

To register under the ticket system, proceed as follows:

1. Go to the gym, give your name and address of your nearest neighbor. Then you will receive a yellow ticket.

2. Take it to the seventh floor of Uni. hall, present it to the janitor in exchange for two blue tickets.

3. Take the two blue tickets to Mosi-Over's Last Chance and get five green tickets.

4 (a). Slip three of these under the back door of the Criminal Law laboratory, knock three times, and run.

4 (b). Take the other two to the Dean of Children, he will give you a baker's dozen of white tickets which

5. When presented at the gym., will be taken in exchange for

6. A yellow ticket.

7. Take the yellow ticket and register as you did last year.



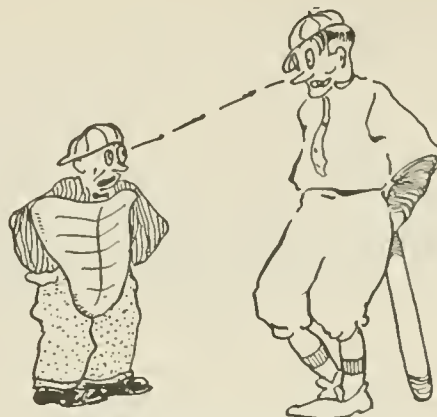
Study of a jane having a wonderful time.

James: Ain't that music dreamy?

Belle: Don' notice. I was dreaming myself.



CHUCK CARNEY  
ARRIVING AT WORK.



TOM JOHNSON KEPT THEM  
WONDERING IN ROCKFORD.



THE BEACHES?  
WELL!



STATE STREET  
NEVER  
WAS  
SO—

# Summer Sojourns of Some of the Satellite



THE E.B. HOTEL IN CHI  
ATTRACTED THE TEA DANCERS.



FOS POOLE  
WORKED FOR  
VIC KRANNERT.



JOHNNY PRESCOTT  
WORKED THE BOSS.



JOHN  
DEPLER WAS FAITHFUL  
TO UNI HALL.

MILT MARX -'22.

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4232—Main

## THE BEST FROM THE REST

WITH OUR CONTEMPORARIES

A "Joker" and a "Juggler,"

With a "Widow" in between.

Were sipping from a "Punchbowl,"

(A truly rural scene.)

A "Jack O' Lantern" hung on high,

A "Puppet" underneath its light

Was "Gargoyle-ing to the moon,

A "Dirge"—if I remember right.)

And "Life" became a funny thing.

The "Froth" I'd drunk went to my head;

I tried to break a "Record" when

I really should have been abed.

A "Sun Dodger" I n'er will be,

A fact you'll "Judge" to be quite true;

For lo—I saw a "Purple Cow"

And then an "Octopus" or two

Came out and with a wicked "Punch,"

Shook out a sly "Virginia Reel;"

And then a "Tiger" and a "Sphinx"

Walked in and shook a nasty heel.

—  
This "Humbug" scene was sad to view;

I crept "Lampoon-ing" to my bed

And let the "Siren" sleep, seduce

The throbbings of my tired head.

We used to trip fantastic toes,

But now the world is older.

We learn to shimmy—that is, shake

The light fantastic shoulder.

—Adapted.

"I see by the papers that the King and Queen of  
Belgium took an airplane trip to England."

"Who took the king and queen?"

"An ace, I guess."

## UNION DANCES

Friday and Saturday nights of each week at  
College and Bradley Halls.

New lighting and decoration schemes have been  
used in renovating both halls.

### MUSIC

*Bradley*  
Donoghue with Sally

*College*  
Kahler

Tickets at Union Building \$1.50 including war  
tax and checking.



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## REAL CLASS

in our

## CAPS

and other men's furnishings. You will find  
the selections here very tasty and pleasing.

Have you seen our special \$1 Knitt Neckwear?  
You will like them.

## Gelvin's Clothes Shop

East Green Street

In the University District



## Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

Cash or exchange for old gold and silver

### Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Company

MISS RAY L. BOWMAN, Mgr.

Hamilton Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

# Mead's

## CAFETERIA

*GREEN STREET*

### "CERTAINLY"

## "Glad to know You"

---

Each year we greet the new men with absolute faith in our ability to make of each one a friend.

Any upperclassman will be glad to show you the store which the boys call "Zom's."

---

## Roger Zombro

*Green St.—of Course.*

## THAT NEW FALL SUIT

is the thought uppermost in the mind of every man just at this particular time. What to buy and where to buy it.

We can solve both these questions for you very easily and to your entire satisfaction. We are now prepared to show you the newest patterns for fall and winter in all the wanted shades. The prices will be a pleasant surprise to you. We can and will give you a strictly custom tailored garment cut to your own individual measurements at prices no higher than are asked for ready-made garments with their questionable fit.

### Extra Trousers

Perhaps you need just a pair of extra trousers to replace those of a suit of which the coat is in good condition. We are in position to fit you out in a way that will give you practically a new suit at the minimum of expense.

We will be more than pleased to show you our line.

### Pitsenbarger & Flynn

*The Oldest Established Tailors in the District*  
612 E. Green St.

Phone Main 1967



# MURAD

## THE TURKISH CIGARETTE

Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.  
 "How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX  
 of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

**"Judge for Yourself—!"**

*Special attention is called  
 to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

*Anargyros*

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
 and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

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Largest and Newest Garage in  
the Twin Cities

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RED CROWN GAS

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## HOW WILD THEY GROW

He was young and of good station and he asked for a sensation of a maid who said she never had been kissed; And he said, "why not embrace me, all the other girlies chase me. Won't you kiss me?" So she kissed him—with her fist.

## SNAP UP THAT LINE

Drill Sergeant: "Hey, there, Binks!"

Corporal Binks: "What's the dope?"

D. S.: "Straighten up that line, what do you think this is—the Rainbow division?"



# STETSON

BECOMING to nearly every alert, smartly turned-out man—the Stetsonian, the feature of the Fall season. You'll want a Stetson Derby, too. You don't always feel like wearing the same hat—nor is the same hat always appropriate to the surroundings or the occasion.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia



## BACK To The GRIND

*But don't let that summer  
resort Sweetheart  
forget.*



Send Your Love and  
a Photograph



A reorder, of six or more prints, before  
Oct. 15th, on that big negative you  
had made in the spring, will  
save you one third of  
your money

*Order Now*

## WEBER

The ILLIO Photographer on John Street

## Hits and Misses

### OUR CHILDREN'S PRIMER

Our subject for discussion is tears. This is pronounced in two ways, "tears" and "tears," usually "tears." Never use the pronunciation "tears" except in certain instances. Tears used to produce tears, or tears, tears. Go on a tear and your wife resorts to tears, and usually if she tears around in tears much of the time you will go on tears. Tears are salty, tears usually were sweet or sour depending on which kind of tear and tear producing stuff you purchased. Frankly, this discussion tears at our heart strings and drives us to tears—and tears. Tear out, but don't tear your clothes getting out.

### YES, YES, GO ON!

"Miss Mabel Wilber in leading soprano role, as 'Daisy' later as 'Boy Blue,' sang well and wore several masculine costumes which showed her versatility."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### THE MODERN DANCE

**THE CAMEL WALK:** The object of this dance appears to be hide-and-go-seek. The gent chases the woman around in an effort to kick her in the shins. To the innocent bystander it appears as if the mademoiselle is attempting to step on the gent's toes and bump him in the nose at the same time. Marquis of Queensberry rules are recommended, with toe hold barred.

**THE SILVER SLIDE:** Grasp the young lady around the neck, hanging on to a convenient ear, if one can be found. The object of the game is to slide sideways as far as possible without somersaulting. One good thing about the dance is that you can edge away from the bum music without being noticed.

**THE SHIMMY:** An agitation of undergarments which has shaken some our best peepul.

### IT IS BOTHERSOME

About Ben Adam (may his tribe increase,)  
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace  
And saw an angel sitting on his bed.  
And as he picked a shoe up from the floor,  
"Dawgone that medium next door,"  
Ben Adam said.

"TOO BUS YTO GET WIFE OUT OF JAIL"  
says a Springfield headline. We would say—Too happy.

NO, ROSE, the fishing smack was not invented by the summer girl.

MAKE A NOISE LIKE A DOLLAR and the world gives you the glad hand. No noise and your best girl gives you the cold shoulder.



**A**ND the ball, also, must be of perfect balance. It must be uniform throughout; the size and weight should be suited to your style of play. All of these factors help to lower your score.

### *The New U. S. Golf Balls*

**U. S. Royal      U. S. Revere      U. S. Floater**

are adapted to every requirement. Try one of these balls.

Many leading golfers give them unqualified endorsement. Buy them from your pro or at your dealer's.



**U. S. Royal      \$1.00 each**

**U. S. Revere      85c each**

**U. S. Floater      65c each**

*Keep your Eye on the Ball—be sure it's a U. S.*

# United States Rubber Company

### OUR OWN GREY ELEGY

The ballot tolls the knell of parting booze,  
The thirsty herd winds slowly up the Ave.  
The clubman homeward tracks his weary shoes,  
Without the usual "What will you have?"

Now fades the foamy schooner on the bar,  
And all the town a solemn stillness holds,  
Save for the rumbling of the Church street car,  
Amid the groans of victims it enfolds.

With one foot resting on the brassy rail,  
Happily some hustler of the town does say,  
"Oh for those days 'er Fecker's standard pale  
Had lost its four per cent and ebbd away."

One morn I missed him at the accustomed place,  
Before Boots' bar where he was wont to stand;  
I missed his erstwhile bright and smiling face,  
For he had gone to join the angel band.

Next day with dirges due on sad array,  
Slow thru the churchward path we saw him borne,  
Approach and read (if thou can'st read) the lay  
Grave on a keg to comfort those who mourn.

"Here rests his head upon the juiceless earth,  
A youth to simple H<sub>2</sub>O unknown,  
Our congress made extinct his source of mirth,  
And Prohibition marked him for 'its own."

—R. I. P.

Lot was put out a lot when he found his wife had  
been turned into a pillar of salt—but he was wise enough  
not to take a fresh one.

### DO THEY LIVE IN A FLAT?

A. Sharpe and B. Sharpe are members of a Morris,  
Illinois, baseball team.

### A POSTOFFICE ROMANCE

Friendship, N. Y.  
Love, Va.  
Kissimee, Fla.  
Ring, Ark.  
Parson, Ky.  
Reno, Nev.

### AND WINKING AT HERSELF?

"——the husband testified that he came into the  
kitchen one night and found his wife sitting there with  
her head in her hands."—Item in the Joliet, Ill., Herald-  
News.

### SHOOT HIM SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

From Aurora Beacon-News: "How can I keep my  
husband home Saturday night?"

Two politicians were discussing the June convention.  
"What did the audience do when you told them you  
never paid a dollar for a vote?" asked one.

"A few cheered, but the majority seemed to lose in-  
terest."

A topsy-turvy world—too true;  
So know all, by this quip,  
That life's a game of flip-flap to  
A flapper who is flip.

He: There is an awful rumbling in my stomach—  
like a cart going over cobblestones.

She: It's probably that truck you ate for dinner.  
—Exchange.

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## Night and Day Service

## Storage, Accessories, Repair Work, Mobiloil



Mary was a country maiden,  
All the boys said she was slow,  
Then she took some "Curo-litis"—  
Now you ought to see her go.

Susie Allen was old fashioned,  
Her ankle you could never see,  
Then she took some "Curo-litis"—  
Now she wears them to the knee.

Johnny Jones wore baggy trousers,  
He thought tight ones were a sin,  
Then he took some "Curo-litis"—  
He oils 'em now, and then slips in.

Willie had a brand new flivver,  
And the darned thing wouldn't go.  
Put some "Curo" in the spark plugs—  
Now he runs the thing in low.

Alice Brown was hollow-headed,  
She had nothing 'neath the hair.  
She took one small dose of "Curo"—  
Now, like Einstein, she's a bear.

Harry Hoskins was a numbskull,  
Never got above a "D,"  
'Til he took some "Curo-litis"—  
Now he wears a Phi Bate key.

#### A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return this purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

### Champaign Tea and Coffee Co.

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#### FROM A GIRL'S DIARY

Monday—Virgil tried to hug me.

Tuesday—He tried again.

Wednesday—Ditto.

Thursday—Said if I didn't let him, next time we went riding he would turn the car over and kill us all.

Friday—I saved seven lives today.

—Exchange.

#### DID YOU KNOW THAT—

Ants can be kept from entering the refrigerator by leaving the food on the kitchen table at night.

## When in Urbana Drop in

AT THE

# PLAYMOR

AND SEE

## The Twin City's Newest and Finest Billiard Parlor

ELEVEN BRUNSWICK TABLES

JUST THE PLACE FOR UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

106 N. RACE—URBANA

## Eat With Your Friends---They

## Eat With Us

# CHESLEY'S

"THE POPULAR RESTAURANT"

Our Meal Tickets Save You Money

507 Goodwin Avenue

Urbana

One Block East of Chemistry Building

... and at the U.S. Naval Academy  
Annapolis, Md.

*A fact:*

At Annapolis, as with Navy Officers generally, Fatima is by far the largest-selling cigarette. This is true both at the Officers' Mess in the Academy and in the town itself, while among the midshipmen Fatima is especially popular.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*

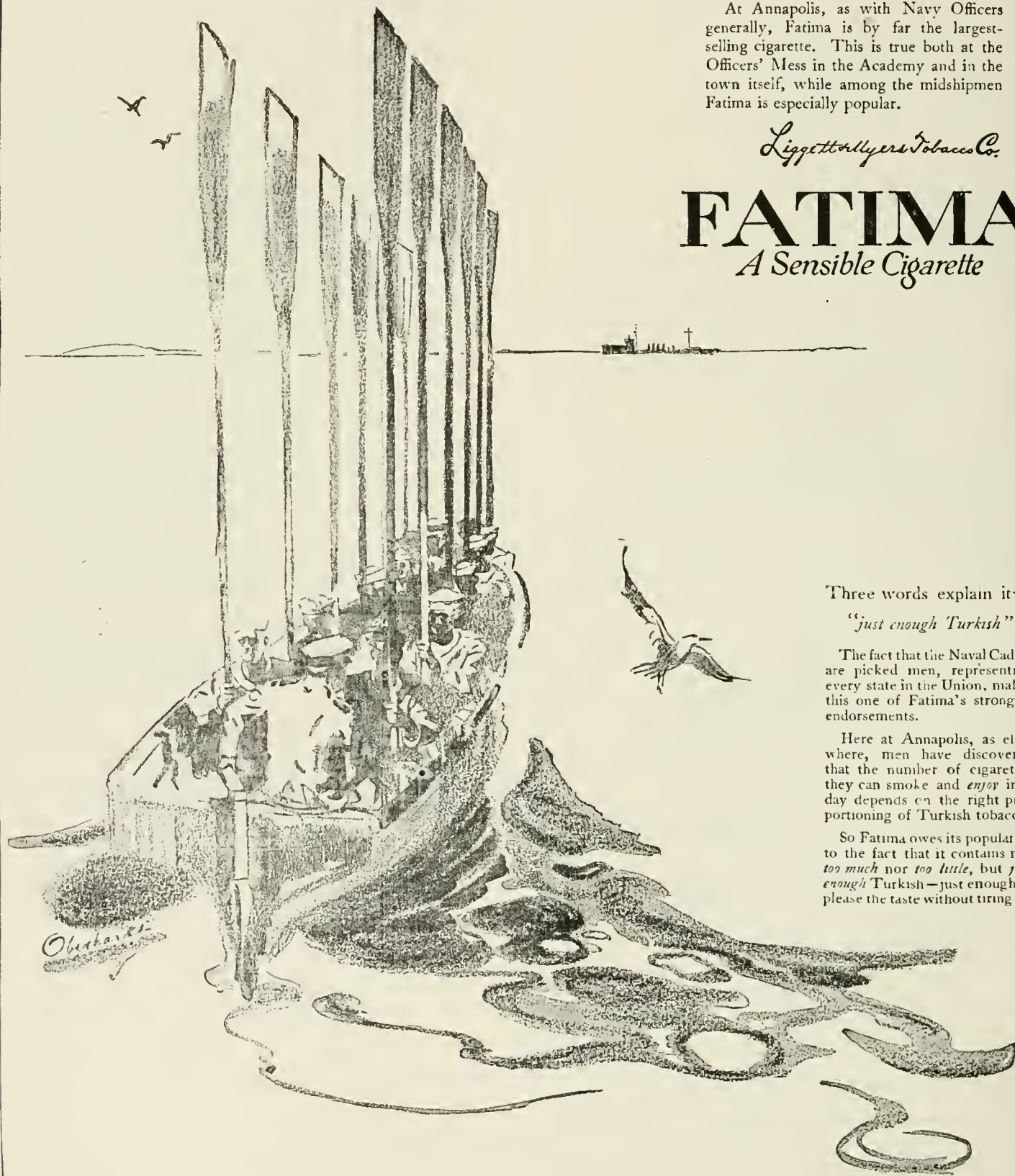
Three words explain it—

*"just enough Turkish"*


The fact that the Naval Cadets are picked men, representing every state in the Union, makes this one of Fatima's strongest endorsements.

Here at Annapolis, as elsewhere, men have discovered that the number of cigarettes they can smoke and *enjoy* in a day depends on the right proportioning of Turkish tobacco.

So Fatima owes its popularity to the fact that it contains not *too much* nor *too little*, but *just enough* Turkish—just enough to please the taste without tiring it







## *At the Other End of the Wire*

**A** TWIST of the wrist and electricity lights cities and towns, turns the wheels of industry, or affords conveniences to millions of people.

But let us follow the wire carrying this energy to its source and we find either a waterfall, a coal mine or an oil well.

Much of the supply of fuel in this country is being used up rapidly while the power of water is running to waste. For the rivers and streams of this country could, if properly harnessed, develop enough electric power to save 300,000,000 tons of coal annually.

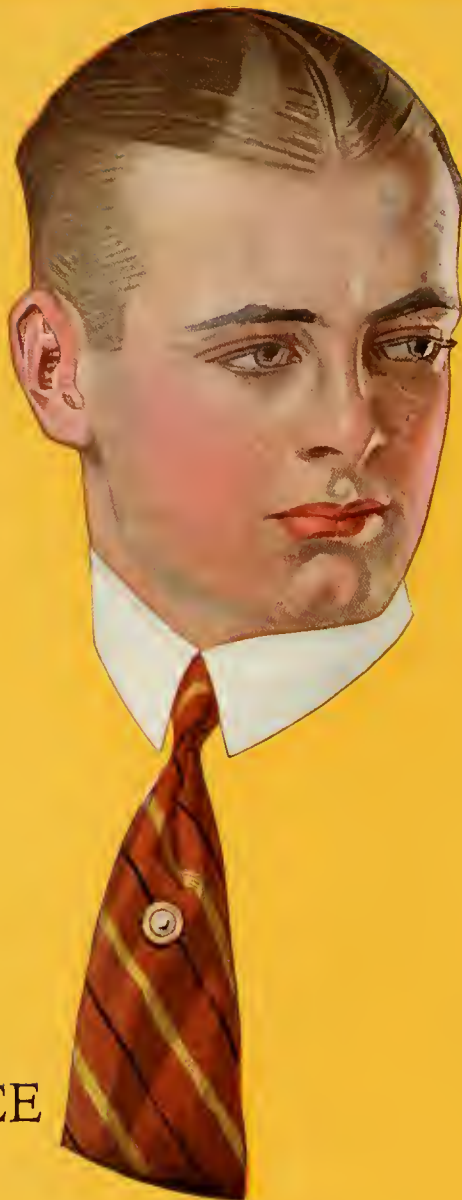
By studying nature's forces—coal, oil and water—by applying them to machines, and finally by the perfection of apparatus to insure uninterrupted power service under varying conditions, the General Electric Company is serving to make electric power cheaper, more plentiful and reliable.

95-331 H



# GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY





PRINCE

# ARROW COLLARS

*W*HEN you buy an Arrow you get the best that there is at the price you are asked to pay. That is the one big fundamental reason for the preference shown for Arrows.

*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*  
*Makers of Arrow Shirts and Gotham Underwear*





In which Sir Oldhedde, astride ye  
Fatted Calf, doth take ye Citadel..

JOS. KUHN & CO.

THREE ATTRACTIONS--THE THREE GREATEST  
OFFERINGS NOW READY

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New Materials and Styles in High Class

Overcoats \$35.<sup>00</sup>

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3,000 Men's Fall and Winter  
Suits at \$35, \$45, \$55

Some of the best makes in America

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\$20,000.00 Stock of Underwear

*We Claim Our Selling Price on Above is Fully  
35 Per Cent Under Today's Market*

prices—We are doing what this store always has done—selling the best grades at the Lowest Possible Prices. Every sale must be satisfactory or money freely refunded. Every article sold must be first class or replaced without cost. Can you do better? Buy your fall needs now.

---

Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men and Boys.

**Jos. Kuhn & Co.**  
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.



Just Two Places  
to Eat---

At Home and

## Gehrig's Cafeteria

Lunch room open from 7  
p.m. to 2 a.m. Entrance on  
Taylor street, No. 12-14

20-22 Main street

### SCANDALOUS!

A Virginia editor threatened to publish the name of a certain young man who was seen hugging and kissing a girl in the park unless his subscription to the paper was paid up in a week. Fifty-nine young men called and paid up the next day, while two even paid a year in advance.

—Fourth Estate.

—S—

11:30 P. M.: Stude, regretfully, (as he reaches for his hat) "Well I must be off."

Co-ed: "That's what I thought when I first met you."

—S—

Irate Mother: "Daughter, I have told you many times before not to let me find you kissing a man."

Dutiful Daughter: "It's your own fault, Mother. I told you not to wear rubber soles."

—S—

Make Your

## Home Coming

Remind You Of

Old Times

By

A Visit To-

## Schuler Bros. Confectionery

No. 9 Main St.

Chocolate "Malts" and  
Bostons Our Specialties

## THE HOUSE OF ARTISTIC GIFTS

Our constant arrivals of new stock of gifts suitable for Holidays, Birthdays, and Weddings will help you solve your Gift Problem.

### STRAUCH

Photo-Craft House

The Art and Gift Shop

## The Week-End

Is the best time to have  
your picture taken

TWO WEEK-ENDS before all  
individual pictures are due for  
THE ILLIO

Appointments must be made now  
so that you will not be disappointed in the last minute rush.

"A little far from the campus—  
but QUALITY COUNTS"

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Urbana, Ill.

J. E. Maguire P. W. Stephens



## SOUVENIRS

In gold and silver—Pins, Cigaret Cases, Knives, Pencils, Spoons with seal of University—the better class of goods

—at—

### Wuesteman's

"Hallmark Store"

Champaign



# Athletic Goods

If you are looking for quality in Athletic Supplies, come to the Co-Op. Gym Supplies, Football Supplies, Basket Ball Goods—all in a great variety.

## The Co-Op Store

*On the Square*

### OUR CHILDREN'S PRIMER.

Today, my dears, we take up the engrossing subject of rails—Johnny sit down, no one has spoken of foot rails—yet. My dears, we first consider the third rail; it came, ah (sadly) I should say, it used to come, in two varieties, marcelled and permanent. We are speaking of rails in reference to waves now. One sort had heat waves caused by electricity and the other produced ocean waves as regards locomotion, by liquid fire. Both were acquired with contact of the right foot with the rail, or the left if the right got tired. We thought that the real third rail was permanent but it got marcelled one July day. School is dismissed. Wring out your handkerchiefs outside.

### IN GEOLOGY 1A.

Prof.: "A mineral is adamantine if quartz will not scratch it."

Seeker: "And a will is adamantine of quarts will not . . . ."

(Clash of cymbals. Curtain.)

### CREATURE OF EXCUSES

Mr. Crimsonbeak (at breakfast)—How long do you suppose it would take to come from the moon to the earth, dear?

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I don't know, and, what's more, I don't care; but if you are going to give that as your excuse for getting home late last night, it won't do.

Yonkers Statesman.

—S—

### AMALGAM

The gilden youth, with leaden heart, steeled himself to meet the pitiless irony of fate . . . .

—Puppet.

—S—

## WELCOME BACK OLD GRADS

*Visit Champaign's Greatest  
Store For Men.*

**J.M. KAUFMAN**  
AND COMPANY

## Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories

Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

### A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store. Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

**Champaign Tea and Coffee Co.**

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

## Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairing

SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED

*Cash or exchange for old gold and silver*

**Ray L. Bowman Jewelry  
Company**

MISS RAY L. BOWMAN, *Mgr.*

Hamilton Bldg.

Champaign, Ill.

## BERT SPALDING'S

The Corner Drug Store

Established and run for the  
wants of the Illini



Corner of Green and Sixth

CHAMPAIGN

Phone—Main 263

Announcements?

Programs?

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Placards?

Dope Sheets?

Loose Leaf Note Books?

Carbon Paper?

Typewriter Ribbons?

Fountain Pen & Writing Ink?

*The Answer*

**Geo. D. Loudon Ptg. Co.**



---

A downtown bank account will be a convenience for you.  
We welcome your business.

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**The  
Urbana Banking  
Company**

**STUDENTS!**  
Have your shoes  
made new at  
**BRODRICK'S  
SHOE SHOP**

106 North Market street  
*Nert To Colonial*  
URBANA

FAMOUS TWINS  
Lo and Behold.  
Kate and Duplicate.  
Pete and Repeat.  
Haig and Haig.  
Soup and Fish.  
Ethel and Methyl.

—S—  
FINN-ICKY  
"Who is that?"  
"That's our Pole vaulter."  
"Oh, does he speak English?"  
—Jack o' Lantern.

—S—

**Mrs. Mary A.  
Barnhart**

---

Distinctive  
**Hats**

---

FLATIRON BLDG.

Second Floor

URBANA

**WE SUPPLY ICE  
CREAM**

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and desserts.



**Champaign Ice Cream Co.**

Bell 175      115-117 E. University      Auto 2107

**The New Store**

In the University  
District---

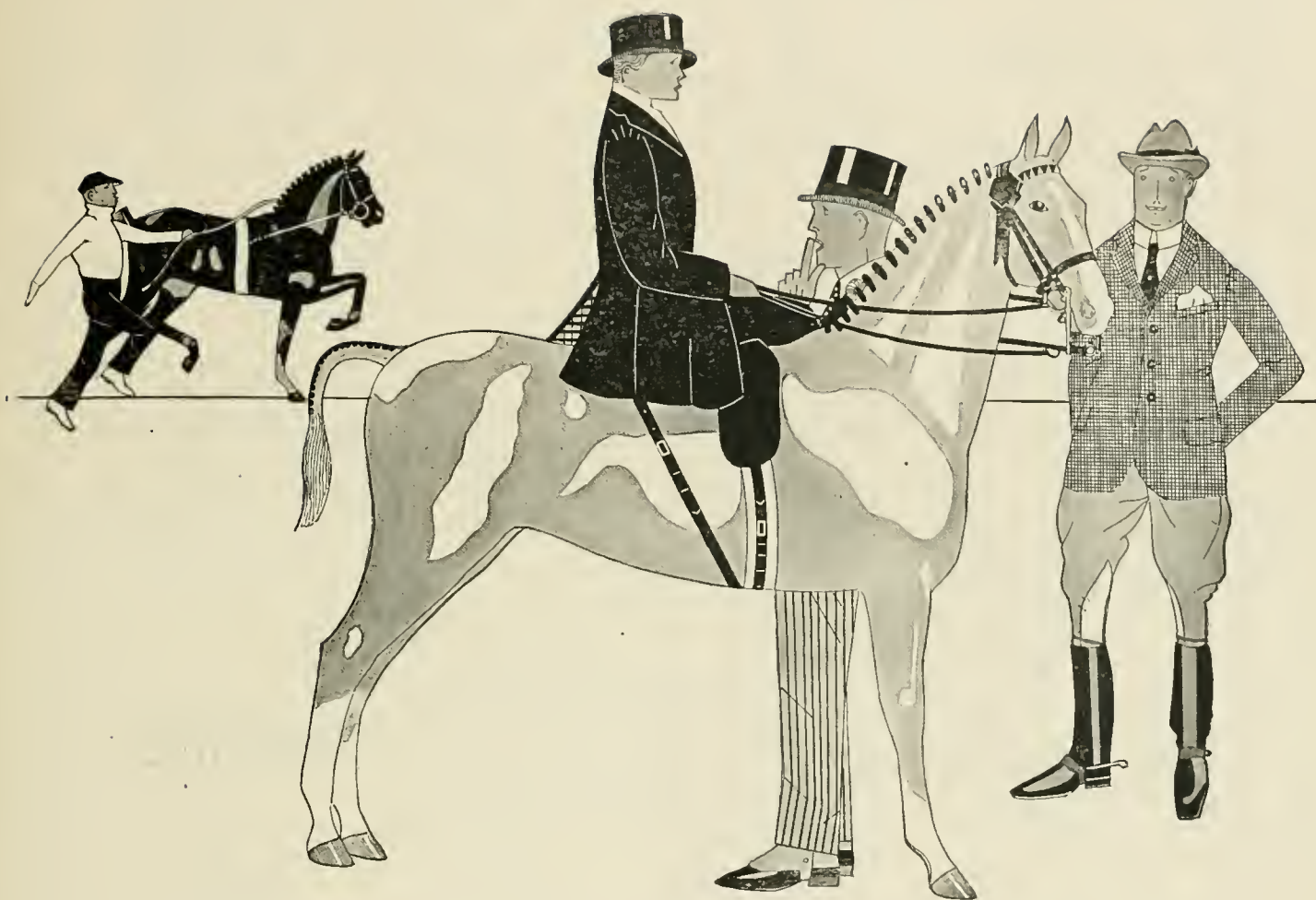
IS attracting a good deal of attention—  
Men's Furnishings of the highest class  
are shown in a great variety—

Hundreds of new Neckties—in Knits  
and Silks—

A Special we are featuring is      **\$1**  
the narrow knits at . . . . .

**Gelvin's Clothes  
Shop**

On Green Street



*Jimmy, I could really learn to love you if you wore a collar as well as Stubby Bates.*



*Well turned out, isn't he? Crank on dress - always wears Lion collars and a grey hat.*

*I'm not so fussy about the hat, but Jimmy, do hurry and get in Lion.*

# Welcome! to the University of Illinois

We worked hard all summer getting ready for you and WE ARE.

The White Line stands solidly back of every student publication.

Use the

LAUNDRY DEPOT

510 E. Green St.

White Line

Laundry

Main 406

## LINES WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A CO-ED

I've grown blase, one does you know

When living in this modern age, I've seen the sight a hundren times,

Blase, I've razzed it with my pen.

I've seen the sight a hundred times

Blase, I've razzed it with my pen

And yet, when that girl passed last night

What made me turn and look again?

—Frivol.

—S—

## WHERDJAGETIT?

They sat in the hammock out in the garden. It was moonlight—pale, still, beautiful. The gentle breeze wafted sweet odors toward their nostrils.

Gently he slipped his arm about her.

"Oh, George!" she cooed.

Then he said the same old things, and she made the same old answers. They were happy.

Gradually he gathered her up into his strong, manly arms, and kissed her—a long-winded, high-pressure kiss.

"Oh George," she breathed, "kiss me again!"

He did. As he released her, her dainty nose seemed to sniff, almost imperceptibly.

"Kiss me again," she said, softly, and again their lips met for a long, long time. At last,

"Oh George, yon been drinkin! Kish me again!"

—Pelican.

## DARLING

"After he proposed to you, did you tell him to see me?"

"Yes, father, he said that he had seen you several times, but he still wanted to marry me."

—Voo Doo.

## The Shoe Doctor

Ladies' Work a Specialty

SHOESTRINGS POLISH  
REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS

A. B. Hill

One Block East of Chem Bldg.

GIVE US A TRIAL

Meet Your Friends

—at—

Hoover's

Hair Cutting Parlor

Basement Union Bldg.

Formerly in First National Bank  
Building, Campaign

PRINTING?

Yes!

PROGRAMS

STATIONERY

A

SPECIALTY

W. H. Munhall

17 Taylor St.



# Why--

worry about  
home and  
Mothers'  
Cooking?

*Did you ever  
try the*

## Court House Cafe

Opposite the Court  
House, Urbana

T. R. Gilliland  
Proprietor



# STETSON

*FOR* any hat that you can wear at all,  
you will pay nearly the same price as  
for a STETSON. Never was it better worth  
while to get Stetson *Quality* and Stetson  
*Style!*

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia

### GADZOOKS!

"Why are you angry with me?" said the nose to the chin.  
"Words have passed between us," was the reply.—*Jester.*

"Ah!" he cried, as he picked up an egg from the piano stool, "the  
lay of the last minstrel."—*Jester.*

### POOR THING

"You are concealing something  
from me!" hissed the villain.

"Certainly, I am," replied the  
leading lady, "I ain't no Salome!"

—Jack 'o Lantern.

—S—

Bell Phone 616

Oposite W. Lewis & Co.

CALL ON

## THE HAMELIN STUDIO

*The Home of Good Portraits*

*An ARTIST in ARTISTIC Work*

### ILLIOS MADE TO PLEASE YOU

Our Line of Frames Are Unexcelled

112 N. Neil St., Champaign

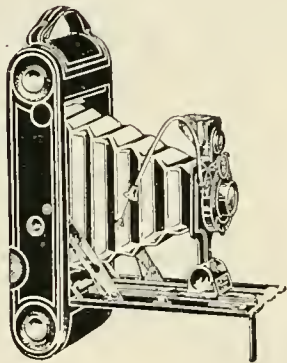
# KODAK

*Do You Use  
A  
KODAK?*

*This is the time to get  
pictures which  
make life his-  
tory for you*



## USE AN EASTMAN KODAK



### NO. 2C AUTOGRAPHIC KODAK JUNIOR

This is a camera that takes "almost post-card size" pictures— $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$  inches—a size that fits the view, making a pleasing composition in either the vertical or horizontal position. Study the details and you recognize at once the cause of the great popularity of the 2C Junior: pleasing pictures, small bulk, fast shutter, complete equipment and attractive appearance.

**STUDENT SUPPLY STORE**  
Service    Saving    Satisfaction

"Chuck" Bailey

MANAGERS

"Shelby" Himes



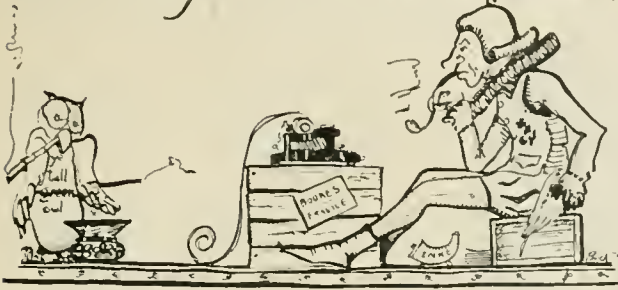


Here is one of the solemn moments of Homecomingtide. As you see, an alumnus is being diverted and amused by two worthy freshmen. The Alumnus' name is "Shanks" Beverly, '03, and at this moment he is silently praying that the two bottles, labeled "Witch Hazel", are receiving gentlemanly treatment at the hands of the other two survivors of the Class of '03,—upstairs. The two frosh—Henry and Wilfred Waffingham, of Gimlet-on-What, Mo.,—are handing "Shanks" a line about how glad they are to have been pledged, what fun Saturday work is, what fine chaps the upper-classmen are, etc., etc.





## The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



(Being the periodical jottings of a Simonist who cheers the return of Sir Oldehead yet sympathizes with him betimes.)

Thursday, Oct. 28—Alle is in readiness for ye coming of our goode friend Sir Oldehead who returneth on the morn for convivial gathering at the Homecomingtide with his fellowes of yesteryear. Already have I established my cot amidst the cinders that one of the brethren of another aeon may drape himself on my luxurant downy. 'Tiz a hardship but I do it willingly and being a modest man, certes, I say naught of it.

Friday, Oct. 29—The first of ye arrivals did oust me from mine couch the morn, so to classes, noting the bewhiskered arrivals who wonder at the progress of our institution, making many gestures withal and loudly commenting on ye ancient classes of ninety something or other and voicing uncouth slogans and shonts of another age. My Lord Sir Athletics Big gehead of another year has returned and weepeth briney ones for the fact that those of this generation know him notte, which is in truth saddening to one of his former glory. Which reminds one of the ancient wheeze, "The leopard changeth not his spots but all cats look black in the dark."

Saturday, Oct. 30—With My Lord Tempore Mores to the match this afternoon, where motley crews struggled foolishly, methought, for the posession of a small sphere, which i'sooth could have been purchased for sixpence, and then, having striven all afternoon, left the object on the field at parting, an occasion quite beyound my comprehension. So to the club for coffee et al and to the humble cot among the ashes whilst an old timer scorned my good mat until the early hours of the morning while he frolicked as in days of yore with playmates of his early choosing.

But I did growl not, as many a less humble soul would have done, and cheerfully retired to the mean cot in the basement for i'truth I am not the one to complain of being ousted from my own when entertainment of the old brethren is concerned.

Sunday, Oct. 31—Bade farewell to the Home-comers, wishing them well and right glad withal for the return of my Ostermoor but of course being a modest man, and withal a gentleman I would not remark at my happiness over their departure for the simple reason of a return of the goode mattress of which you wot. I am in short an uncomplaining soul, who wishes my fellowe menne to have the best while I suffer quietly for his comfort.

Monday, Nov. 1—Right sad am I for the departure of the Oldeheads, for i'truth, say what one whilst they are a merry crew and i'faith we love 'em.

S. P.

—S—

### WHY TEACHERS QUIT

Examination questions as answered.

"The courage of the Turks is explained by the fact that a man with more than one wife is more willing to face death than a man with only one."

"The temperate zone is a region where no one drinks too much."

"The feminine of he-goat is she-went and of hero is shero."

"A corps is a dead gentleman, a corpse a dead lady."

—S—

He: What was so wonderful about that stunt of Washington's, throwing a dollar across the Potomac?

She: Well, it was a pretty long ways across.

It: Yes, but a dollar went further in those days than it does now.

—S—

Strong for the women was Earl,

He loved to play 'round with some girl,

But a co-ed named Kate

Showed the rummy the gate;

He never could learn. The poor squirrel!

—S—



The world bows to a clever woman, but it kneels to a pretty one.



CROOKED

Hinks—"Smith, I hear, played poker last night for seven hours straight."

Binks—"Huh, he couldn't play straight for seven minutes."  
—Froth.

APPLES AT CALL, TOO

Prof. X (in library)—"Why, Mr. Z, I'm glad to see you in the library tonight. What are you working at?"

Mr. Z (looking daggers at buzzing co-eds)—"At intervals, sir."  
—Widow.

GOOD-NIGHT

Late Caller—"Don't you like progressive men?"

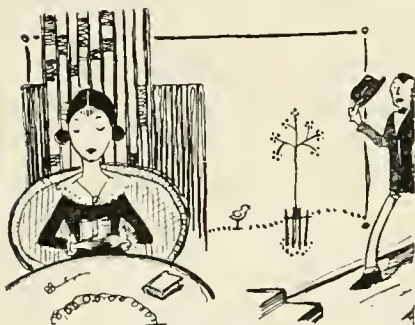
Bored Maiden—"Yes, ones with lots of 'get up and go.'"  
—Tiger.

—S—  
"Is Ethel much for looks?"

"I should say so. I asked her her age and you should have seen the look I got."  
—Froth.

—S—

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



"And when he kissed her, the blush would creep over his cheek," read the Reader.

"Not in this day. The women get it on too smooth," raved the Fool.—Froth.

—S—

BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Geraldine Phipper speaks:  
Horace was the grandest man!  
I'd never met his like  
Before, and when I went to dances  
With him it seemed that all the world  
Had turned to music and to little Purple flowers.  
Horace was tall, Horace was gentle,  
And Horace had a line.  
And he could dance . . .  
Perhaps we should be married now,  
Living happily "ever after",  
If I, dancing with him one night  
Had not happened to pass a mirror—

. . . . .  
And saw for the first time  
The expression on his face.

—S—

UNANIMOUS

She—"Do you enjoy fighting with women?"

He—"Oh, I like to have them up in arms against me occasionally."—Purple Cow.

Frosh—"I want a leave of absence for over the week-end to visit my sister in New York."

Dean (quickly)—"How long have you known her?"

Frosh (absent mindedly)—  
"About two weeks."—Widow.

—S—

Soph—"What'll we do?"

Senior—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we go to the movies; if it's tails, we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."

—Brown Jug.

—S—

MYSTERIOUS

"What makes you always so popular?"

He asked the speedy young spark.

And she said with a grin,

As she powdered her chin:

"I keep all the boys in the dark."  
—Tiger.

—S—

A WEAK LINE

Here's where I prove an artist

Without a brush, he cried;

And drew a lovely maiden

Up closer to his side.

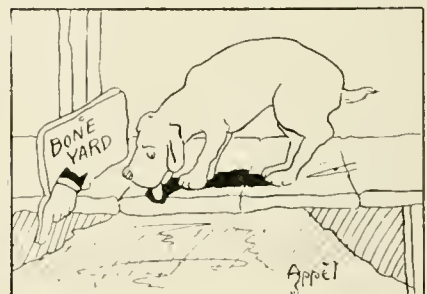
—Punch Bowl.

—S—

"Why is Mabel always late for class?"

"Oh, her stockings are guaranteed against running."—Froth.

—S—







AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS KITTY PRETTY  
(As reported by a representative of Moveyland  
Weekly, all rights reserved.)

Your reporter was given a difficult assignment. He was to interview Miss Kitty Pretty, the talented little ingenue vamp of the Soandso company. Like all movey actresses she hated the idea of getting her name in print, but by sheer stick-to-itiveness the daring reporter won out.

When he received the assignment the reporter experienced flutterings in the region of his left breast. However he modestly thought his personality would help him to succeed, and having a suit for every day of the week he put it on and sallied forth.

Meeting him at the door—(Miss Pretty employs but few servants, she is very democratic and as she herself put it, manages to worry along with six footmen, ten butlers and eight parlor maids.)

But to continue, meeting him at the door Miss Pretty graciously waved to a comfortable seat in the sink and invitingly extended a box of chewing gum. You reported took the customary ten sticks and the race was on.

"What are your favorite sports?" asked the reporter.

Kitty smiled, showing a beautiful set of hand made teeth, which she had picked out with assiduous care. "Well," she said, "you may put me down for the usual."

"Do you believe in a league of nations and do you think equal rights for women are or are not justified?"

"Yes," answered Miss Pretty, her conversation indicating a broad scope of information on weighty subjects.

"What are your ambitions?" was the next question.

Miss Pretty's eyes (she has two) brightened. "My ambition, she declared, "is to play the milkmaid in La Bovine."

—————S—————

I walked the boulevard on a Sunday of the early summer. A young couple passed me and I turned to gaze in wonder with the rest of the promenaders.

The young lady wore neither a jade green hat nor an accordian-pleated skirt, and the young man wore neither brogue oxfords nor a jazzbo tie!

—————S—————

---

JUST A QUESTION  
*By the Star Reporter*

There's a question in my mind I cannot answer.

There's an ache in my heart I cannot still.

I have tossed night after night as I fought my lonesome fight,

Why was it that I ever was created

To pound my living out upon the keys?

Why was it I planned so I couldn't throw a custard pie,

Then cavort, and throw my earnings to the breeze?

I long to float on zephyrs idealistic,

And carry home my pay by motor truck.

But when ere I start to snooze, comes a flash—

"Go get the news,

"There's a fire," or "The taxi men have struck."

Oh, I'd like to lead a life that's very different,

In a place where news and scoops are things unheard,

But I know that when I go, up above, or down below,

There will be a C. E. there to say the word.

I will draw assignments covering arrivals,

Or interviewing damned ones on the coals;  
Yes, where'er it is I go, I'll be set to work I know,  
And I'll be the saddest of the sorry souls.

Great excitement ran through the crowd on their way to an eight o'clock, eyes were all turned in one direction, a girl went by wearing a long skirt.

Little Eva: "They say you can live cheaper in Peoria."

Uncle Tom: "No, you only feel cheaper living there."

I knew a girl in my home town

Who loved to have me stick aroun'

And when she came to Illinois

I thought—here's where I show the boys.

But now I call up for a date,

It seems that I have called too late:

"I'd love to go," is her reply

"Let's see, the fifteenth of July?"

Co-eds are like seasons, some are cold, some are warm, and some of them will even fall.



He: "That in blue winked at me."

It: "What followed?"

He: "I did."

---

The three acts in a co-ed's life.

Attract.

Contract.

Side-tract.

---

How I envy Sam McGruce,

His queen has black hair.

Maybe I can hold one too—

If I deal with care.

---

They say that the clothes . . . . .  
 Make the man, So If I . . . . .  
 Would wear the best of . . . . .  
 Clothes, I'd be the . . . . .  
 Best man. But as I look . . . . .  
 In windows by the hour . . . . .  
 For just one suit I can . . . . .  
 Buy, I wish I could make . . . . .  
 The clothes instead of . . . . .  
 The clothes making me . . . . .



She: "What do you think of my new dress?"

He: "It does make one think, doesn't it?"

## HOMECOMING—BEFORE TAKING

The amazed pledge, atop the double-decker, watched the Sophomore, her roomie, and a chatty Senior working over clothes; one counted and packed, while the other sewed. Sniffles from the Pledge, in whose soaring imagination these preparations meant either an elopement trousseau or a flunk out of school.

"Without casting 'spersions on the dear returning sisters, I advise you to climb down and pack your hankies, hair nets, gloves, collars, hose, pins, nail files, hair pins and anything else you don't want borrowed and reported missing in action," rattled the Sophomore, as if she had already warned many pledges in her day.

"They certainly have taking ways," sighed the senior, testing the name label she had just sewed on a glove. "How I ever got through three Homecomings with enough veils to flag a train I don't know."

Homecoming! So that was it. The Pledge knew all about that. day, to satisfy the conflicting ideas of the Home Decoration sisters. Not for nothing had she been moving the furniture here and there all "The house-manager," she ventured, "didn't know whether to let the holes and scratches show, in the hope the alumnus would spend some money on the house, or to be poor but proud, and bide our skeletons."

"Don't ever worry about anyone spending anything but the weekend," snapped the Senior, as she stuck her finger. "And eat all you can while the grads are here, 'cause we'll all be trying to hide our skeletons on what the commissary gives us the next month. My clothes never hang right 'til after Thanksgiving vacation."

"Captain Kidd didn't lay up a thing, compared to yours in the bonds," contributed the Sophomore, through a mouthful of hairpins. "Homecomers," she instructed the Pledge, "are so excited about being back that they borrow right and left and pack up same by mistake. Of course, they mean no harm, and it's only because there are so many of us in a room." The apology limped.

"Just the same, child, run put your tooth brush outside on the window sill, or they'll be cleaning shoes with it. Send all the clothes you can spare to the laundry, they're better in rags than unaccounted for, and hold an inquest over all suitcases before the trains leave." Experience has made the Sophomore cynical.

"Cheer up," Polly-Anna-ed the Senior, "the alums are absent-minded dears. We'll be that way, too, after we've locked up the office and farmed out the future hopes of the fraternity several times. I'm mighty glad to see them every year, and I'll miss them when they've gone."

"Uh-huh," agreed the Sophomore, as she went through her bureau a last time, to make sure that that would be ALL she'd miss!

---

First It: "Did Harry go in a Tuxedo last evening?"

Second Same: "No, it was rather nice out so we walked."

---

It's a still day that has no wind—N' it's a dead one too, for the gang in front of the arcade.



### EVEN THE MIGHTY

Prof. in Geology lecture—"Water, when mixed with the right things, has a powerful influence."

"Kick"—we of the undergrad world would call it.

### TO THE WEED

You get my goat,  
And hurt my throat;  
My heart's in bad condition;  
But nasty weed,  
You take the lead,  
In times of prohibition.

—S—

### THE NEW WOMAN

We met a girl a while ago,  
A simple kid, she had the  
dough;  
Her eyes were bright, her hair was  
red,  
She knocked 'em dead.

That night she smoked her cigar-  
ette,  
And talked of things above our  
dome,  
She asked, "Do you read Tschain-  
kanoff?"  
And we went home.

—Exchange.

—S—

She: Help! Police. Stop him!  
He tried to flirt with me.

Cop: Calm yourself lady,  
there's plenty more.

—S—

Contrib: Did you get my letter  
and jokes?

Editor: The letter, not the  
jokes.

—S—

She: What did he say when he  
smashed his thumb?

He: Oh, only a few cursory re-  
marks.

—S—



My album is cluttered with photos  
Of belles who have captured my  
heart;  
From the frail who featured the  
pony ballet  
To the flapper who puttered at  
art.

There are pictures of girls at the  
sea-shore  
In bathing, in cars and at tea;  
As I flip the pages, not one of the  
lot  
Brings the tiniest heart ache  
for me.

'Til one face, as fair as the cloud-  
less dawn,  
Holds my eye. You will ask  
"Who's this?"  
"Ah, she," I reply with a studied  
frown,  
"Is the girl that I couldn't  
kiss."

There may be faces more pretty,  
to you,  
In the pictures that clutter my  
den,  
But to me she's the loveliest one  
of them all,  
'Tis a common weakness of men.

For the kisses we win and the  
smiles we gain,  
Yield only a transient bliss;  
And we're all of us prone to sigh  
in vain,  
For the girl that we couldn't  
kiss.



## AH! DO, PLEASE



Laughing limpid languid lady,  
Veiled in viscous violet vap-  
ours;  
Powdered, painted, pallid, puff-  
ing,  
Cut your coldly censored cap-  
ers.

Wicked woman, hardened, haugh-  
ty,  
Audacious, ardent Antoinette;  
Stop, enough, such things are  
naughty—  
Sling aside your cigarette.

—S—

## HIRE A NURSE

Absent-minded Prof.—"I. For-  
getmunch was traveling in the  
East. When the conductor came  
to take up his ticket, he could not  
find it. So the blue-coated indi-  
vidual passed on, saying he would  
return. The prof continued  
searching until the conductor re-  
turned, but found no ticket.

"That will be all right, sir, just  
pay me the cash," said the con-  
ductor.

"That isn't troubling me, my  
good sir," replied the absent-  
minded prof, "I have to have that  
ticket to know where I am going."

—Sun Dial.

## SNAPS AIN'T SNAPS

"I wouldn't give a snap for gin-  
ger ale."

"Possibly not, but I'd give a  
ginger snap for some ale," added  
the dry one.

—Ohio.

—S—

## 'PHONE NUMBER PLEASE

Co-ed—Oh! I just love this kind  
of weather.

Ed—Good; I'll be over this ev-  
ening.—Ohio.

—S—

## Not Mentioning Any Names

Disgusted Passenger—"Conduc-  
tor, I can walk faster than this  
train goes."

"How did he cut his hip?"

"Slipped and didn't have sense  
enough to fall bottle up."—Record

Millie—"I just know he loves  
you."

Sillie—"Why—yes, occasional-  
ly."



Steve: "Do you know Jones?"

Froshine: "Wy . . I don't know  
whether he's met me or not."

# The campus gander



## IF THEY STRUCK IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIMES

Mackbeth: (aside) Lay off! MacDuff, until they come through with a raise.

King Lear: I refuse to go nutty on my present salary.

Julius Caesar: And thou too Brutus, (as Brutus flashes card showing membership in Rome Local No. 23.)

—S—

"An apple a day keeps the doctor away." But you have to have a rattlin' good aim.

—S—

The freshman from Chicago walked to the phone and picked up the receiver. Minutes passed and no "Number please" came to his ear.

He turned around with tears in his eyes.

"Boys," he said, "This is the first time I've been really homesick."

—S—

The culprit's name was Look Hoo,—  
A Chinaman, 'twas clear,  
The lawyer then addressed the court,  
"Your Honor, Look Hoo's here."

—

The Judge replied with brevity,  
"Eliminate the levity."

—S—

Men, instead of women should be demanding equal rights. A man is compelled to wash his neck, but a woman can get by with a little powder on hers.

—S—

## THE MOON'S INFLUENCE

During the session of Summer School, a group of students of both sexes went up Observatory Mountain on a beautiful night to observe a certain phase of the moon through the great telescope. A few couples, however, preferred to wander over the mountain. "Professor," asked one gentle student, "has not the moon a great influence on the tide?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply, "but not so strong an influence as it seems to exercise on the untied."

—Virginia Reel.

—S—

## CONFESSIONS OF A FRIEND

"That," he said, pointing to the little bronze box on the table, "that is the cause of my present condition."

My friend Silverwood had recently seemed to be losing his grip on life, and I called to try to find the cause of his worried look and dazed air. Again he pointed to the tiny coffer through whose slotted cover drifted wispy fumes which curled upward and diffused through the room their heavy fragrance.

"It was the present of a friend who bought it in San Francisco's Chinatown," my friend added at length. "The first cube I burned started me on the downward path."

"Well do I remember when first the sinuous smoke drifted into my nostrils. That was a sad day for me. Cube after cube I burned and soon the habit had me in its deathly grip. My boy, never start burning the stuff."

With burning fingers he lighted another green briquette and sat back in his chair to enjoy the renewed odors redolent of the age old mysteries of China. I thought of Limehouse Nights . . .

After a dash for my hat and a fumble for the knob I was in the open air again. As I lit a purebred Camel from my recently purchased herd I mentally gave up the incense fiend for lost.

—S—

I study when my pal's in bed;  
Each night I cool my heated head  
With towels dripping.  
My marks are not among the first,  
Each of my write-ups seem the worst,  
I think I'm slipping.

—S—

## YEP, IT IS INCONVENIENT

"The two have been sweethearts since childhood and would have been married long ago but for his wife"—(newspaper item.)

—S—

## TURN THE CRANK JAMES

"The Normal school band uniforms will consist of a cap and coat at first, with the probable addition of pants at a later date.—Kalamazoo, (Mich.) Gazette.

—S—

## LIKE TELL I WAS

I was taking a walk with Carrie  
Sniffing the midnight air;  
Holding her tight so she couldn't get cold  
And—discussing the seven cent fare.

—S—



# The Siren



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THE chimes—talked of, campaigned for, written about and longed for these seven years are a reality. We cheer their arrival.

While the "boys" of a generation ago gathered about the halls of learning and labor this morning and heard the strains of Loyalty rung out while they snapped their suspenders in enjoyment—we felt a surge of emotion and knew that here at last is a tradition, manufactured at great cost, but one which the Illini of a generation on, will consider with reference.

We greet the bells. May they ring often and cheerfully and may their donors, those of the classes of 1914 to 1921 be forever regarded, if not with reverence, at least with respect for common sense—for they have given the University something decidedly worth while.

As our friend Sam Pepless would remark—" 'Tis in truth music to sore ears, and fain would I weep upon the individual coat lapels of the multitudes who Woolworthed the proposition."

With the arrival of the chimes comes the disheartening sequel to the editors of the campus—ten verses, three of them free verse, and doggone free at that have been submitted containing allusion to the "tintinnabulation of the bells."

THERE comes a time in the life of every man when, if he happens to pound out his living on a one speed mill, he gets the idea that whatever he writes is either good or funny. The perpetrators of this effort plead guilty to the second count.

Searching the humorous things of the university recently for the purpose of reproducing it for the edification of the masses we made the discovery that the "I" book, published by the Y. M. C. A. and purporting to give information concerning the university has failed to list *The Siren* among the university publications.

The knowledge of the omission came as a blow. The "Old Girl" is decidedly put out.

However we must, as every publication must, consider our audience. We must remove the "Y" from our list. Perhaps the "Y" is not to blame, for in the pages of *The Siren* levity abounds and the white tie is frowned upon.

We can live in the hope that the "Y" discovers us sometime before the year is over.

Until then—what ignominy is ours.

—S—

The female of the species is more deadly on the kale.





**F**AR from being content with their success in the hard fought battle for alcohol prohibition, self appointed judges of the nation's mode of living are apparently sincere in their declaration that they are not ready to rest on their oars, but are out to "down tobacco." They have started their fight—they who know not the undeniable pleasures of a smelly corn-cob filled with fine-cut, or a jaw full of "eatin'" tobacco or a "fag", and sincerely *The Siren* hopes they have bitten off more than they can masticate.

More—they are doing a "crawlfish" with loads of reverse English, on their attitude during the recent war when some of the societies which are now feeling the ground out for an anti-tobacco campaign were backing cigarette funds for "the boys."

It would appear from this attitude that tobacco only harms the system at times—not during the war for instance.

The meat of the situation is this—a motley group of kill joys, unblessed with the happiness of the world, restive for something to do, and unfitted physically to be wicked, are turning their attention to spoiling the joys of others. Frankly we hope they choke.

And they will choke on this proposition. The several million men who were out of the way when they put across the alcohol prohibition amendment will be here when the tobacco legislation comes up, and their representation will be enforced.

—————S—————

The scene is a each-as-each-can dance and the women don't look very good. One looks fair from the back, however, and our hero dashes up: "Oh I say, have you the next dance?"

She turns around, and—oh well, not so good—"Why no, I haven't." And he says, "Well, you'd better get it. It's going to be a good one."

—————S—————

One thing about the new styles is that figures don't lie as much as they used to.

—————S—————



The Homecomer and '23 were walking along Wright street near the Gymnasium. A dull rumble came to their ears: a hissing that arose to a wail; a murmur that became like thunder while the two stood paralyzed.

Suddenly a blinding flash came before their eyes; a lurid yellow streak that filled their vision and passed as quickly as it came. The crescendo of sound died in a few seconds.

The Homecomer turned to '23. The sophomore's green had now faded. He looked nearly healthy again.

"My God, what was that?" asked the older man.

'23 laughed shortly. "That," he replied, "was the Short Line car."

—————S—————

How well I know you!

Every day for two years I have looked into your faces, and, some smilingly, some haughtily, you have all looked back. You are the most consistent people I know; you do not change as do the others with every passing whim.

I know all about each of you. I have heard your life history, your petty vices and great virtues, from the lips of one who is even closer to you than I am. Yet I have never spoken to you; you have never said as much as a word to me.

You are the pictures on my roommate's chiffonier.

—————S—————

There should be music in every home—except the one next door.

—————S—————

When a woman tells you she will be ready in a minute, she doesn't say which minute.

—————S—————

Irate Mother—"I'll teach you to kiss my daughter.

Insolent Youth—You're too late. I've learned already.—*Froth.*

—————S—————



### HOW TIMES DO CHANGE

1920 B. C.: The maiden slunk out of her cave and with stealthy steps crossed the waste. In her snarled and ratted hair was caught a bird's feather. Her only article of wearing apparel was a tiger's skin drooped over one shoulder. Her nose was pierced with a ring; rings hung from each ear. Her forehead and cheeks were blotched with red paint.—Gee she was a beaut.

1920 A. D.: The maiden pattered along the board walk, picking her way carefully. Her hair was ratted in the latest and most approved fashion. Over her Georgette blouse was draped a lovely fox skin hanging artistically from one shoulder. A large pearl hung from each ear. The rouge had delicately tinted her lovely cheeks and her dimpled chin. She was a knock-out.

—S—

"My highest ambition," says Raoul Harvey, "is to be able to write letters as fast as the hero does in the movies."

—S—

Some men are born with the ability to express our thoughts. Frivol says:

I don't like free verse.  
I think it's  
Bosh  
Trash  
Junk  
Hocus-pocus  
Flim-flam  
Flapdoodle  
Fragmentary  
and  
Freakish.

But Lord!  
Look how it  
Eats

Up

Space!

—S—



Summer weather carried over, rustling leaves, calm evenings when studying comes hard anyway and this—serenading for which one must applaud.

Music, defend your honor, Pan, pipe 'em down. Also—pipe the spotlight from some nearby puddle-jumper.

### NUT STUFF

A sweet Illinae named Barnett,  
Once had a white rat as a pet.

The rat's name was Lillie,  
Which seems rather silly,  
Is your income installment paid yet?

—S—

He held me in his arms and whispered "Dear,

Until eternity I will be near."  
Sometimes I sit alone and sadly smile—

Eternity was such a little while.

—S—

"She never told her love."

Naughty, what was the dreadful thing she never told her love?

—S—

### ENTER—THE ROYALTY

"A Tuscola girl is suing her employer for \$5,000 damages on account of a peculiar accident which occurred in the home where she was employed as a domestic. She was taking a bath by the kitchen range and as she stepped out of the wash pan she slipped on a cake of soap and sat down on the stove. When she arose she was branded "Majestic."—Villa Grove, Ill., News.

—S—

### MUST BE BLIND.

"I don't know you from Adam?"  
"Well! You ought to—I'm dressed different."—*Sun Dodger*.

### REASONS

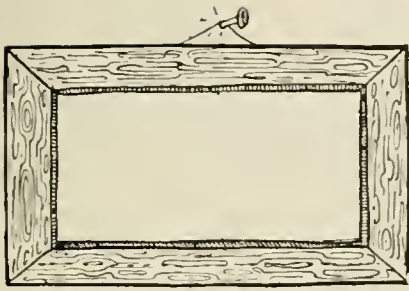
Disgusted Professor: "What did you come to college for, anyway? You are not studying."

Bobby Rahrah: "Well mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jim, to sow wild oats; sister Helen to get a chum for her to marry; and dad, to bankrupt the family."

—Boston Transcript.

—S—





Pharoah Pursuing the Israelites

In explaining the above work of art it might be said that the waters of the Dead Sea have rolled back, the Israelites have passed on, and Pharoah has not arrived.

Whene'er I'm with a cultured Jane,  
I try to make a hit in vain.  
It doesn't matter who I'm with,  
I'm stymied if she comes from Smith.

A Vassar flapper, with a look,  
Scorns my views on some new book;  
And chatter that is Greek to me,  
Comes from the girl of Wellesley.

My stock goes dropping—under par,  
When with a flapper from Bryn Mawr.  
But here's a fact, believe me boy,  
My line gets by—at Illinois.

#### THE HELPING HAND Four Aces

Coach: Smith is out. He broke his arm last year and he says it hasn't been right since.

Asst: Perhaps it was his left arm.

—S—

#### PHOENIX OR HOLEPROOF?

Lost: Silk knit purse. Want ad in Chicago paper.

—S—

Remember, girls, one fraternity pin does not make a college education.

If you will look into Tylor's "Antropology" you will find the precursor of the prevalent style of coiffure. Only in those days, the dear ladies were not so meticulous in the rest of their attire.

Mother: "Gladys, you stood on the porch quite a while with that young man last night."

Gladys: "Why, mother, I only stood there for a second."

Mother: "But I'm sure I heard the third or fourth."—*Foolscap.*

#### YOU ARE MORE THAN A DADDY TO ME.

Dear Dad: I am asking you for a check sooner than I had hoped would be necessary, but you see several things have come up—books, dues, laboratory fees, room-rent, etc. Please send me a check for eighty dollars.

Resp.

Your Son. -- -- --

My dear Son: I received your special today and am enclosing the amount you asked for. I went to college myself once, you know.

With love,

Dad.

P. S. Is she good looking?







# Books, the Stage, and kindred highbrow Topics



Seldom have Homecomers been offered comedy of such sparkling and satiric wit, such delicate irony of characterization and situation, as Mask and Bangle's play, "The New York Idea" by Langdon Mitchell, to be given at the Illinois Theatre on Oct. 22 and 23. Upon first examination it appears as mere farce, devoted to spicy epigrams and devoid of any particular thought or significance; just another one of those plays with the customary New York *locale*, dealing with that very chic society in which dogs are raised instead of children—dogs being more interesting and less trouble. It is the sort of setting which one expects to run to bedrooms in the last act, with two pairs of pajamas going off to bed just as the house lights go on.

Happily "The New York Idea" is keyed to a higher pitch than that of claret comedy. Its central idea is explained in the denunciatory exclamation addressed by Philip Phillimore to the sprightly Cynthia Karslake who is about to marry him for tea, toast and tranquility, after the storm and stress of a love marriage with John Karslake. Cynthia suggests that there is a third alternative to the marriage of heart or head; namely, the marriage of whim. With all the intensity of outraged respectability, Philip is described "a judge on the bench"—he exclaims: "Marry for whim and leave the rest to the divorce court—that's the New York idea of marriage."

The play develops with this as its thesis. It draws dramatic significance from the action of a

high spirited and capricious woman who destroys her own home in a fit of pique, only to find herself consumed with jealousy when her ex-husband makes use of his new freedom and becomes attentive to another woman.

The characterization is facile; really subtle. In a sophisticated atmosphere inhabited by people who are all extremely capable in bandying about clever epigrams with skillfully hidden and not always euphemistic meanings, Mr. Mitchell succeeds admirably in differentiating the types and throwing them into relief. The chief characters are: Philip Phillimore, who thinks he can make Cynthia happy, though he cannot play the love bird; Cynthia Karslake, who loves horses and zippy things, and wants something more out of marriage than being esteemed across the breakfast table; Mrs. Vida Phillimore, a fruity woman who lives only for the masculine cajolery and admiration; John Karslake who also loves horses, and even more, Cynthia; and the Reverend Matthew Phillimore, a most pious, socially irreproachable worker in the Lord's vineyard. I especially recommend to admirers of P. G. Wodehouse's English types, Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby. It is a part to tear a cat in.

The cast follows:

Philip Phillimore .....	C. R. Davis
Mrs. Phillimore, his mother .....	Olivia Schad
The Reverend Matthew Phillimore, his brother .....	Herbert Sowers
Grace Phillimore, his sister .....	Mary Safford
Miss Heneage, his aunt .....	Aneta Wood
William Sudley, his cousin .....	F. S. Harvey
Mrs. Vida Phillimore, his divorced wife .....	Irene Seaton
Brooks, her footman .....	Hubert Bradburn
Benson, her maid .....	Martha Dee Halls
Sir Wilfrid Cates-Darby .....	V. P. Newmark
John Karslake .....	Charles Keck
Mrs. Cynthia Karslake, his divorced wife .....	Merle Turner
Nogan, his valet .....	M. H. Raggio
Tim Fidler .....	F. H. Traut
Thomas, the Phillimore's family servant .....	Leonard Tunner



Ah there, Bunkie, and how was the formal?

Oh swell, swell. There were flowers, savophones, green ices, pink punch, sisterly chaperones and . . . . .

Yes?

And not once did they ask me how I got in.





### FORGETFUL

Frosh: "Ma won't let me use the machine any more."

Emerald: "Why?"

Frosh: "I forgot to clean the hairpins out of it last night."

—Chaparral.

—S—

She: "I'm sugar, aren't I?"

He: "Yes dear, powdered sugar."

—S—

### A MATTER OF FORM

Co.edna: "Those tight dresses show very bad taste."

Co.edmin: "On the contrary, my dear, they often show very good form."

—California Pelican.

—S—

From the feminine viewpoint these rubber necklaces that the roughs sport can be used for more than a necktie.



### WELL QUALIFIED

Magistrate—Do you know the nature of an oath?"

Prisoner—"Certainly, sir; I was handy man around a sorority for six months—Gargoyles."

—S—

### HOW TRUE



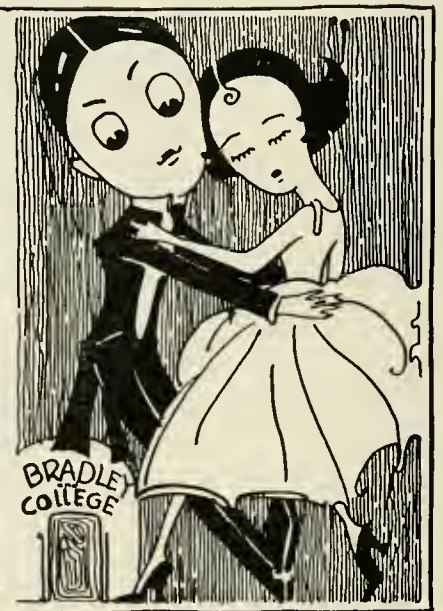
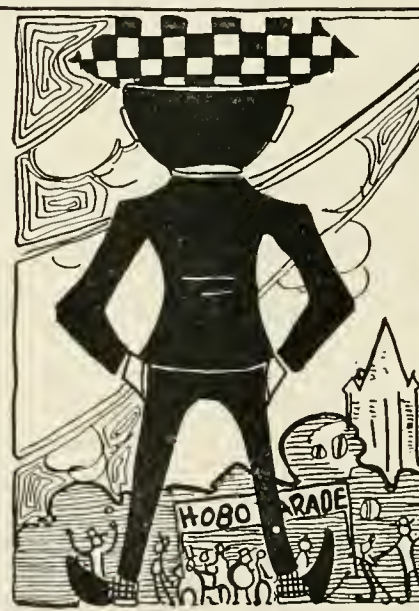
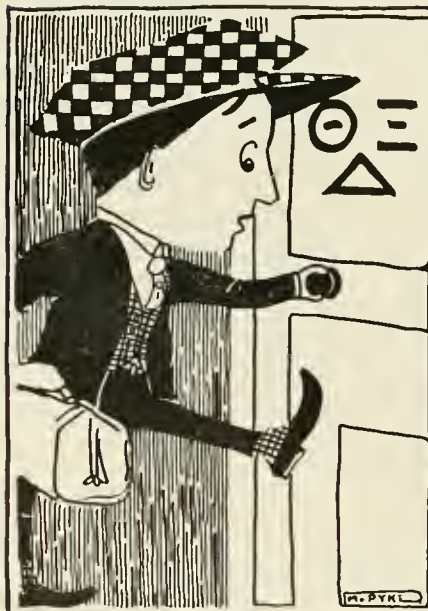
A mother loves her baby,  
As a mother really should.  
A sportsman loves his horse  
And always treats him good.  
But the greatest love on this great earth,

Far greater than that of a mother—  
Is the anxious, passionate, infinite love—  
Of one dead drunk for another.

—S—

"The earth," opined Raoul, "is universally designated as 'she' because no man knows the age thereof."

—S—







### EQUAL SUFFRAGE

I had a dream the other night,  
When everything was still;  
I dreamed that you could purchase shoes  
For one five dollar bill.  
I dreamed there were a million stores,  
Where sugar could be found,  
And grocers glad to sell the stuff  
For seven cents a pound.

I dreamed that bacon was reduced,  
And eggs no longer high;  
That new potatoes were not sold  
For twenty cents an eye.  
I dreamed that silk socks were so cheap  
Twelve pairs I could afford;  
I woke—and found that I was in  
The psychopathic ward.

S

### SYNONYMS EVERY CHILD SHOULD KNOW (adapted)

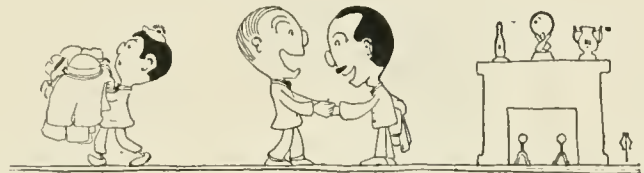
Highbrow: Browning, anthropology, economics, Bacon, the uplift, inherent sin, Gibbon, fourth dimensions, Euripedes, "cyther," pate de fois gras, Henry Cabot Lodge, G. Bernard Shaw and lemon phosphate.

Lo-Highbrow: Municipal Government, Kipling, Shakespeare, politics, Thackery, taxation, golf, grand opera, bridge, chicken a la Maryland, "eether," chewing gum in private.

High Low-brow: Musical comedy, euchre, baseball, motion pictures, small steak, medium; Robert W. Chambers, purple socks, chewing gum with friends.

Lowbrow: Laura Jean Libby, ham sandwich, haven't came, pitch, I and her, melodrama, hair oil, the Dutchess, beer, George M. Cohan, red flannels, tooth picks, Bathhouse John, chewing gum in public.

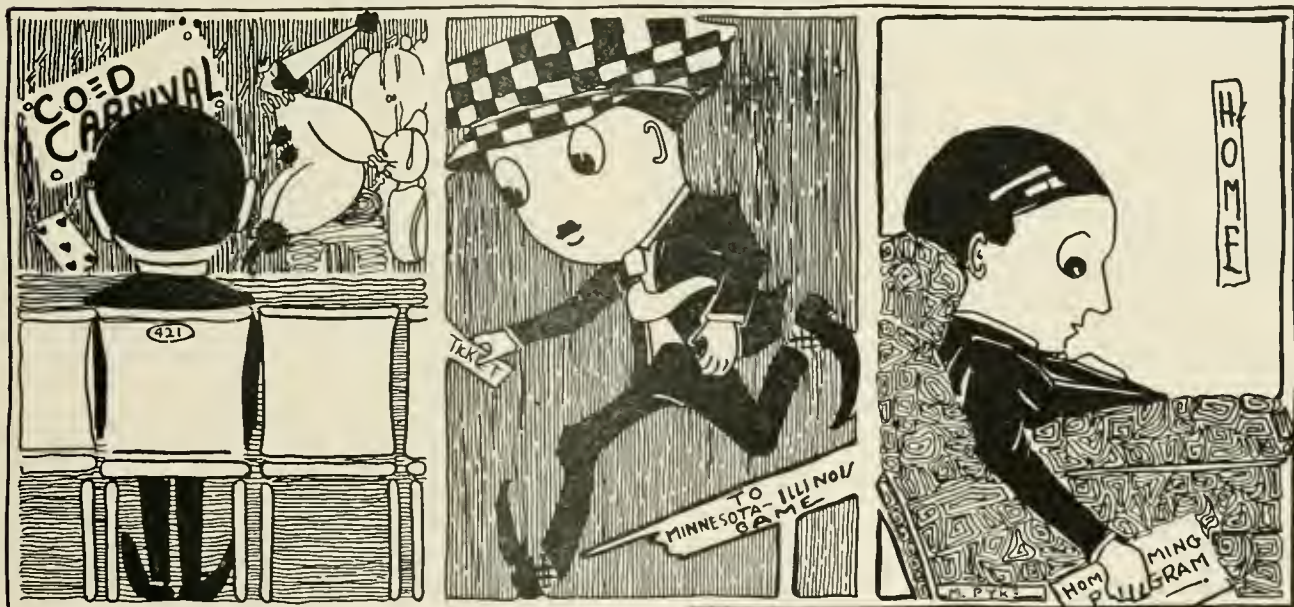
S



A puzzled housewife wrote to an Illinois newspaper "home hints" column conductor to this effect, "My gelatins never seem to be still enough or to stand well, can you suggest a remedy?"

My dear, have you tried shutting off the Victrola?

S



### OWL, YOU BLIGHTY

He—I wonder what makes her eyes so wise?

Him—Perhaps their pupils went to night school.

—Record.

### BACKFIRE

1921—Did you see that movie called Oliver Twist?

Frosh—Yes, and say, wouldn't that make a peach of a book?

—Brown Jug.



"Love," says Raoul Harvey, "is like eating mushrooms. You never know whether it is the real thing until it is too late."

—S—

### POETRY? AND TRUTH?

Lives of great men all remind us,  
As their pages o'er we turn,  
That we're apt to leave behind us,  
Letters that we ought to burn.

—S—

"Cigar bands," says Raoul meditatively, "have a purpose. They are for the protection of smokers who wear celluloid collars. When the smoker smells the paper burning he throws the cigar away, saying the collar."

He (at the box office): "Have you got a seat left?"

Ticket Seller (indicating the number): "Yes, U21?"

He: "I am, and if it is that kind of a show I am glad I did not ask my mother to come with me."—*Exchange*.

If a fellow tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries to kiss her and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss her and wouldn't if he did, he's a wise man.—*Dirge*.

### NOT FROM PRESENT PRICES

Those Indians that swapped Manhattan Island for a bottle of whisky didn't make such a bad bargain after all.—*Burr*.

### OII! THE HORRID THING!

"Remember Jack, dear, I always love like this," she sighed as she nestled a little closer to him.

"Yes! Yes!" murmured HE absently, "So I alvve heard! So I have heard!"

He—"You'll meet some awfully nice people when you come to my old town."

She—"Oh, I'd rather be with you!"

### INSANE INTERVIEWS

"My name is not Conscience but I'll be glad to be your guide," said the gallant senior to the frosh co-ed who had lost her way on the south campus.

"Yes, I will turn my back to booze," wheezed the driver of the brawery wagon.

"Aha! I am working on a real case at last," snapped the correspondence school detective, "and there's only two bottles left."

"Speaking of funny lines," chirped the three-a-day actor, "let's not forget to pay our respects to the Wabash."

For true narrow-mindedness, seek a broad-minded man.

Women are either very dear, or very dear.

Falling in love and gambling are akin: they both leave you broke.

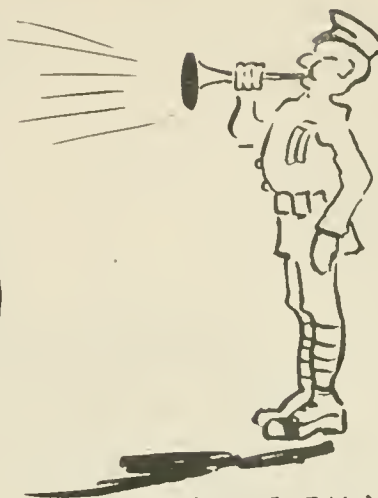
Wife—Was Mrs. DeStyle in her new gown when you saw her?

Hub—Partly.—*Judge*.

The world bows to a clever woman, but it kneels to a pretty one.  
A woman is as old as she looks—a man is not old until he quits looking.

A hair brush has given many an actor his best part.





COME ON YOU  
ROOKIES



WHAT DAD IMAGINES  
WHEN THE PLEA FOR MORE  
FUNDS COMES TOO OFTEN



JUST A BIT OF JASS  
MUSIC IN THE AIR



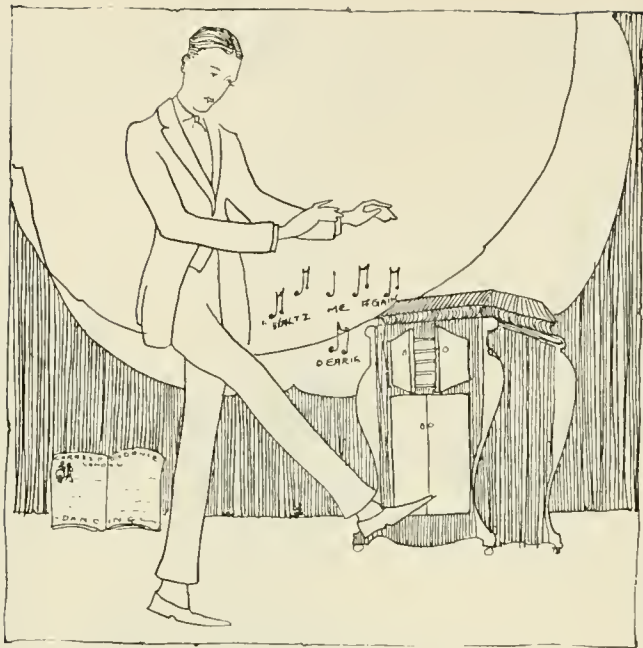
INNOCENCE



O, YES, IT  
WAS AT OPEN HOUSE  
THAT I, MET YOU

H. LIFVENDAHL





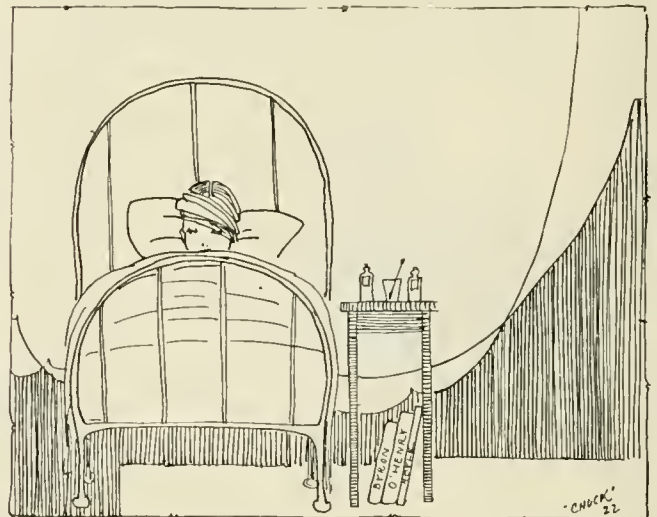
THE  
ART



OF  
DANCING



HAS  
LAID  
MANY



A  
LEARNER  
LOW

# *In The Bradley Arcade*

---

*Welcome—*

you'll find the  
**ARCADE BARBERS**  
*still on the job*

GEO. G. BROWN, *Prop.*

---

## **The Arcade Alleys**

EXERCISE  
combined with  
PLEASURE

---

DON STOOPS, *Prop.*

---

The Arcade Billiard Parlor  
welcomes the  
*"Home Comers"*  
too.

---

**Arcade Billiard  
Parlor**

*"Clean Sport For Regular Fellows"*

---

E. W. COLLARD

MAIN 3986

Why be late to your  
8 o'clock?

—just drop in at Jimmie's after  
that class for your breakfast

CONFECTIONERY

LUNCH ROOM

TEA ROOM

**Arcade  
Confectionery**

*Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie*

---

THE REAL KIND OF  
**Snappy Furnishings**  
YOU NEED

**Nifty Tailored Clothes**  
YOU LIKE

**Hats and Caps**

—of—

**Late Variety**

Where Men Shop, See

**MARSHALL**

Bradley Arcade

#### TACT

Dorothy: Was Jack engaged to Mabel before he married Evelyn?

Katheryn: Yes, and do you know what Mabel did?

"No. What did she do?"

"Sent Evelyn, to read on the honeymoon, Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey*."

—Life.

—S—

## Study Lamps

Portable, Wallace, Adjusto

Mazda and Nitrogen Lamps

ALL KINDS OF ACCESSORIES

**CHANDLER ELECTRIC CO.**

107 W. Main St., Urbana

Main 4046

#### HAVE YOU?

Have you ever sat in a poker game,  
With three or four other guys,  
And catch three Jacks and two good Queens,  
And back 'em to the skies,  
And put in every cent you have  
For you feel that this hand wins,  
When the bird next to you shows a hand  
With four trey spots—'n grins.  
I tells you pal, it's a grey old world  
When you see him rack that dough,  
With your heart in your empty pockets  
You pick up your hat and go.  
Then you swear you will never gamble again  
Either for profit or fun,  
Then 'n about a week comes a check from Dad  
'N you lose it all at "rhmm."

—Third Floor Back.

**T**HERE is a possibility that the Student Opera, that really worth while student endeavor, may take the road this year, at least to Chicago. And it is hoped that this hope becomes a reality. Illinois University needs to show the state, and especially Chicago, some of its advantages besides those athletic. The opera would do just that.

The talent is here, let's show the rest of the state just what the University is capable of doing. Pierrot holds the reins.

## CARICATURES

## CARTOONS

## PHOTOGRAPHS

**W**HEN a cartoonist makes a cartoon he emphasizes the more prominent features of the Victim of his pencil. His art is to make, even a good looking person appear "Funny"—Ridiculous. But, the Cartoonist is Honest—well-meaning—and Means to produce the Result which he accomplishes. But there is another Sort of "Cartoonist", the Incompetent Photographer. He makes pictures which distort the features, dislocate the limbs and which otherwise caricature his victims. He means to be Honest sometimes. He makes "Cheap Pictures"—he quiets his Conscience by the reflection that the Man, or Woman, whom he posed was "caricatured" for "only" so much per dozen—as though cheapness should console the unfortunate with having havoc played with his, or her, looks! The more cheap, bad pictures you get, the worse you are off.



It is better to have WEBER photograph you, than to wish you had.

## Weber Studio

602 E. John



The meanest man in the world,  
says Raoul Harvey, is the guy  
that will turn in an alarm just  
when the grand march is starting  
at the fireman's ball.

—S—

#### THE ROBBER

"You had to hold me up to do  
it," said the sweet young thing  
after the big, tall man had stolen  
a kiss.—Frivol.

—S—

## BILLIARDS

*Tobacco and Smokers' Supplies*

### Leseure Bros.

BILLIARD PARLOR

"Clean, Pleasurable Sport"

## The APOLLO Confectionery

When You Get  
*Apollo Confections*  
of Any Kind You Have the Best



MOUYIOS BROS, Prop.  
Urbana, Ill.

*Welcome Illini!*

DON'T forget to include Zom's in  
your visitation of old haunts.  
We are bigger and busier than ever—  
but never too busy to greet one of  
THE TRIBE.



## Roger Zombro

Green street—of course

## Deyo & Spencer

*Wholesale and Retail*

### Meats

QUALITY MEATS

—and—

PROMPT DELIVERY

*Special Prices to Fraternities and  
Club Houses*

114 E. University Ave.

Phone Gar. 1311

# MURAD

## THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs. "How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX  
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

***"Judge for Yourself—!"***

Special attention is called  
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes

*Anargyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

## University Pharmacy

505 S. Goodwin

SODA  
FOUNTAIN

## *Prescriptions*

Filled only by Registered  
Pharmacists

Telephone Us Your  
Wants. We Deliver

Main 134

FRED J. FRISON

## Barber Shop

Two Barbers

*Barber Supplies*

Open from 7 A.M. to 8 P.M.

Saturday 7 A.M. to 11 P.M.

J. Y. ROSE

*One block East of Chem Building*

### NOT BAD AT ALL

First Old Soak (reading news-  
paper)—“I see that milk is fifty  
cents a quart in Paris.”

Second Ditto—“That’s not so  
bad when you think that they  
don’t have to drink milk there.”

—Burr.

“Is it true, my good man, that  
sailors have a wife in every port?”

“No sir. Sometimes we can’t  
get shore leave.” —Puppet.

*For*

# *Quality*

*Work*

*For*

*The Illio*

*Go to*

# *Dukes’ Studio*

208 N. Neil

Champaign

Eat With Your Friends--They

Eat With Us

## Chesley’s

“The Popular Restaurant”

OUR MEAL TICKETS  
SAVE YOU MONEY

507 Goodwin Avenue

Urbana

*One Block East of Chemistry Building*

## T. M. Bacon & Sons

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass

Corner Walnut and  
Taylor Sts.



*This Issue of The Siren  
Printed and Published by*

## *THE ILLINI PUBLISHING CO.*

*"Quality Printing at Reasonable Prices"*

617 East Green street  
Champaign, Illinois

### AN INVITE

Jack—"Do you object to kissing  
on sanitary grounds?"

Jacquette—"Oh, no."

Jack—"Then let's take a li'l  
stroll through the infirmary."

—*Sun Dodger.*

### JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN

"They say that Miss Mush is in-  
clined to be over-romantic."

"I'll say she is. She's gone to  
work in an arsenal just to be sure  
of having arms around her."—  
*American Legion Weekly.*

### THE QUESTION

Bolen—"Yes; this time two  
years ago I was a mental wreck,  
actually insane. What do you  
suppose brought about this big  
change in me?"

Kapp—"What change?"

## HITE BROS.

"Jazz" Shoe Shining  
Parlor

CLEANING

—and—

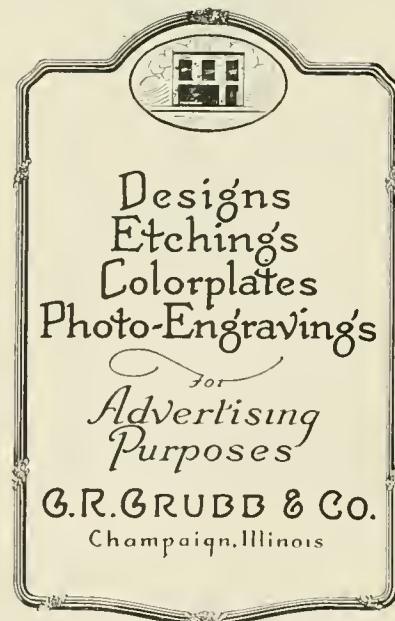
PRESSING

Prompt and Reliable  
Service

*Chairs for Ladies*

COLLEGE HALL

311 GREEN ST.



A black and white illustration of a man in athletic wear performing a high wire act. He is balancing on a thin wire that stretches diagonally across the frame. He is in a dynamic pose, with one arm raised and the other extended. Below him, a man in a suit and hat stands on the ground, looking up at the performer. In the background, a crowd of people is visible, and to the right, two men are shown in profile, looking towards the high wire act.

... and with college men

*A fact:*

Sales reports, carefully verified by undergraduates, show that at many of the leading colleges such as Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, and the University of Pennsylvania, the largest-selling cigarette is Fatima

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

**FATIMA**  
*A Sensible Cigarette*

# SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

511 S. Goodwin Avenue

4232—Main



MARCY

THE NEW

## ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., TROY, N. Y.

### TOUJOURS LA FEMME

A girl will listen to a parlor story.  
If it is rare she will laugh at it;  
If it is snappy, she is amused with  
it;

If it is spicy, she is content with  
it;

If it is rare, she will laugh at  
it;

If it is raw, she will repeat it.

—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl

—S—



*Bring Your Car to the*

Largest and Newest Garage in  
the Twin Cities

## H. L. Casper & Co. Garage

RED CROWN GAS

MOBILOIL

*Close to Campus*

Main 931

204-6 E. University





## *Modern Motive Might*

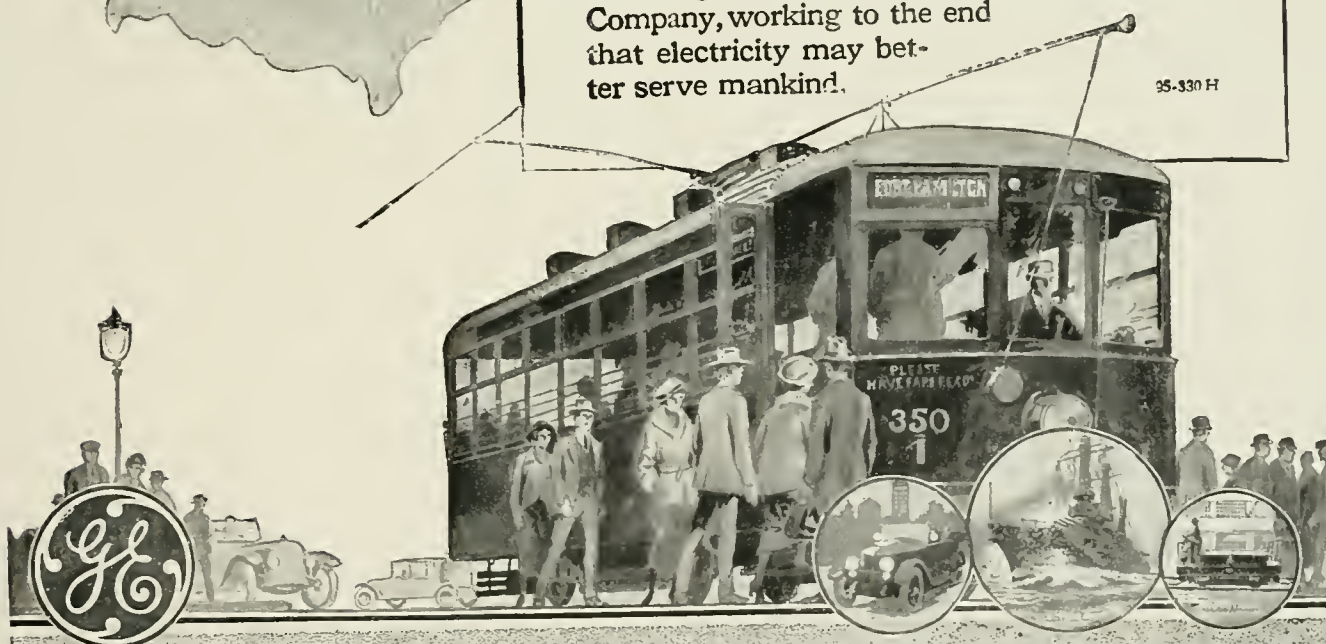
**M**OUNTAINS, miles and minutes give way before electricity, the magic motive power. Properly applied, it drives giant locomotives across the continental divide, tows ocean liners through the Panama Canal, or propels huge ships.

Through good light, safe signals, and illuminated highways, it is making travel better and safer and also is increasing the usefulness of transportation methods on land, sea or in the air.

In short, electricity is revolutionizing transportation, making it quicker, safer, more economical and reliable in all sorts of weather.

And back of this development in electric transportation, in generating and transmitting apparatus as well as motive mechanisms, are the co-ordinated scientific, engineering and manufacturing resources of the General Electric Company, working to the end that electricity may better serve mankind.

95-330 H

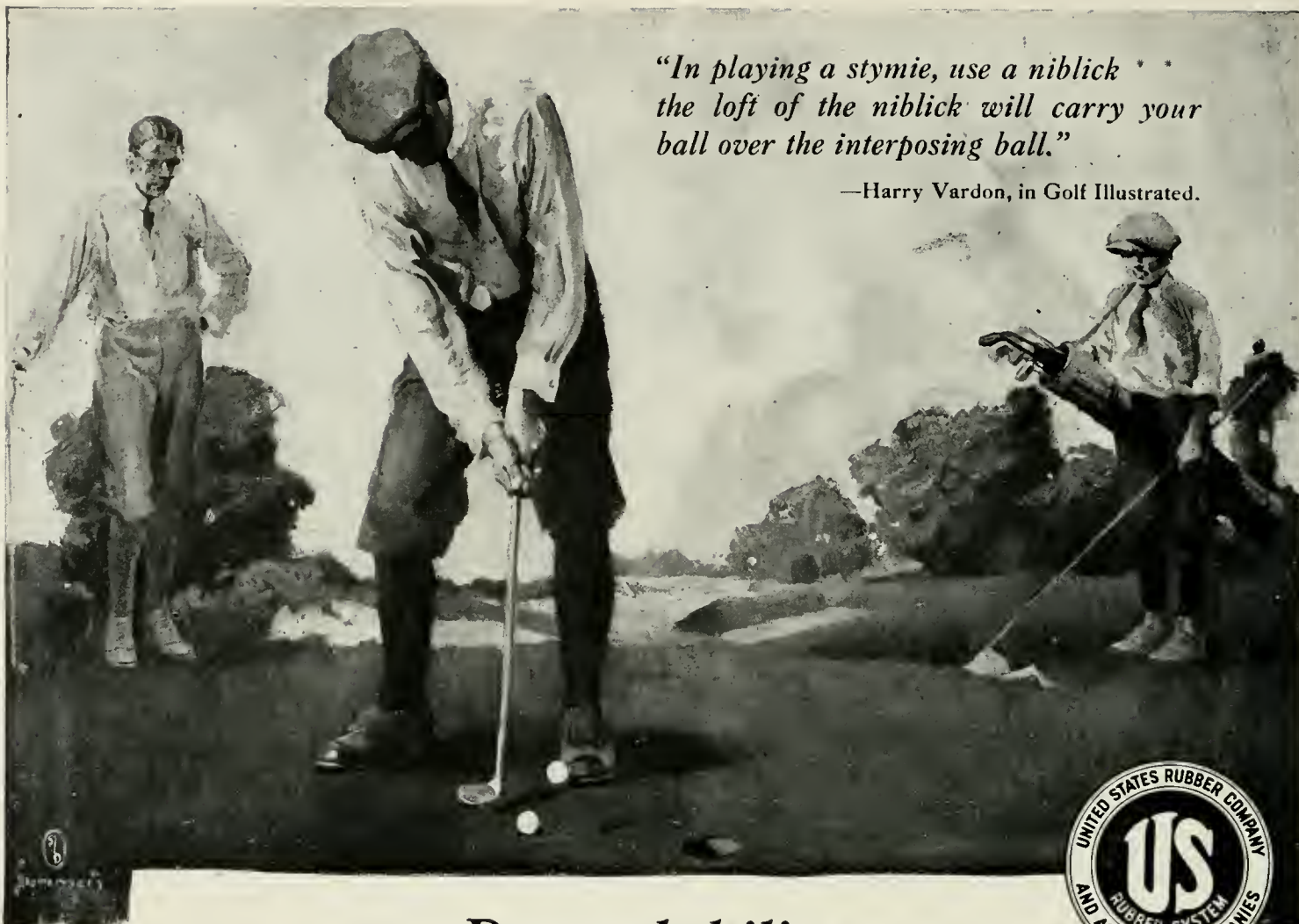


# GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY



*"In playing a stymie, use a niblick \*  
the loft of the niblick will carry your  
ball over the interposing ball."*

—Harry Vardon, in *Golf Illustrated*.



## *Dependability*

The new **U. S. Royal**, **U. S. Revere** and **U. S. Floater** Golf Balls are dependable balls. They help you out of the tight corners—make those difficult shots less hard to face. They fly true and putt true and are uniformly accurate from core to cover—well balanced, sound and lively.

There's a size and a weight to suit your style of play. Buy them from your pro or at your dealer's.



**U. S. Royal** \$1.00 each

**U. S. Revere** 85c each

**U. S. Floater** 65c each

*Keep your eye on the ball—be sure it's a U. S.*

# United States Rubber Company



Thanksgiving 1920





JOS. KUHN & CO.

# Overcoats and Suits

No amount of  
argument or  
conversation  
will as  
effectively  
*prove*  
the superiority  
of our  
Clothes  
as *seeing* them.  
You'll then  
discover that  
they're *better*,  
*finer*, more  
*reasonable* than  
the custom  
tailored kind.

For Men and  
Young Men

\$20      \$30  
to  
\$40



FOR 56 years Jos. Kuhn & Co. has lead in value-giving. We stand upon value and shall never stand for anything else. This event is in keeping with our policy that no clothes shall ever be bought more reasonably than at

*Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear*

**Jos. Kuhn & Co.**  
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

*Beautiful and  
Artistic  
Christmas  
Greetings*

Over a thousand select numbers shown for your choice. Get them now for the friend at a distance. We have them in U. of I. colors and emblem.

**STRAUCH**  
*Photo Craft House*

The Art and Gift Shop

BRING YOUR DAD  
WITH YOU

TO

**Schuler**  
Bros.

Confectionery

No. 9 Main St.

We Can Please You

—with—

DRINKS and CANDIES

When Eve passed the luscious fruit  
Then clothing came in style.  
We'll have to pass the fruit again  
In just a short, short while.

—*Sun Dodger.*

WELL, WHAT OF IT?

Salesman—"Now here is a hat that exactly fits your personality."

Frosh (anxiously)—"Don't you think it is rather flat?"

—*Sun Dodger.*

Lecturer—"Now when a person is deaf, his sight is more acute, for the law of compensation will work itself out."

Listener (thoughtfully)—"I've often noticed myself, that when a man has a sort leg, the other is somewhat longer."—*Virginia Reel.*

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"Who is that terrible looking woman?"

"That's my sister."

"Oh, that's all right; you ought to see mine."—*Record.*

BUT SOMETIMES WORDS  
FAIL.

"What do you call a man who plays a saxophone?"

"It depends on how rotten he is."—*The Yale Record.*

NATURALLY.

'Twas mid-night in the parlor

'Twas darkness everywhere.

The silence was unbroken, for

There was nobody there!

—*Virginia Reel.*

She—"And knowing my sentiments on the subject, did that odious Harold Connors insult you by offering you a drink?"

He—"That's what he did."

She—"And how did you resent it?"

He—"I swallowed the insult."

—*Orange Peel.*

"Do you serve lobsters here?"

"Yes, we serve anybody; sit down, sir."—*Medley.*

**University  
Pharmacy**

505 S. Goodwin

TRY OUR  
HOT CHOCOLATE

**Prescriptions**

Filled only by Registered  
Pharmacists

*Telephone Us Your  
Wants. We Deliver*

Main 134

FRED J. FRISON



**SOUVENIRS**

In gold and silver—Pins,  
Cigarette Cases, Knives, Pen-  
cils, Spoons with seal of Un-  
iversity—the better class of  
goods

—at—

**Wuesteman's**  
*"Hallmark Store"*

Champaign

# Once Upon A Time---

There was a little goofey. "He had a head." Papa and Mama "looked into it" and found "nothing," so they "passed the buck" to the U. of I., which was good for goofey.

Goofey thought he was a "man" and got "stung" on his "dates" and his "election bets" and in several other "ways and means," one of which was "portraits." He listened to "bunk" and went out of his way to be "slaughtered." "On receipt" of his "portrait" goofey's mama "hung a crepe on it" and "labeled it" a "mutilated future asset" and laid it gently in the bottom of the trunk to "play with the moth-balls."

"By the time" goofey was a senior "he was a man" thanks to the U. of I and old "father time."

He "quit gambling" and "taking chances" and other men's "dates" and "Sent Home a Weber Portrait" which was "framed and hung" and goofey's mama looks at it each day and "murmurs" "Goofey, my little goofey."

Start right and stay right—don't take chances and don't get stung. Have **Weber** make your portrait from your freshman year, through to your senior year.

---

---

## Weber

on John Street

## YES, BUT WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

I spent a year, some days ago  
In effervescent Borneo,  
Where all the people live in trees  
And whistle in the gentle breeze  
From epicontinental seas,  
And hassempfeffer bushes grow.

I met a little whiffenpoof,  
Who though me quite a simple goof.  
Until I caught it, standing there  
And held it by its long black hair  
And fed it beans and Camembert  
And shingles off my roof.

I fed it chert and other stone,  
And played upon my zitherphone  
And told my latest wheeze.  
It left upon the breeze,  
And sighed among the trees,  
And left me there alone.

---

### BOTTLED UP

"My stars, how did Jones cut his face that way?"

"Poor fellow was at a launching the other day, and he licked the pieces."—*Judge*.

## Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

### Accessories

Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

### A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

### Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.





*David, old dear, do you mind telling me just what you are disguised as?*



*As a collar advertisement. I claim that by concealing my handsome countenance I'm a living proof that one need not be a manikin to wear Lion Collars - rather clever get up, don't you think?*

... and at Pinehurst, N. C.

*A fact:*

At Pinehurst, where golfers from all over the country gather for winter and spring tournaments, it is Fatima that holds each season's record as the largest-selling cigarette.

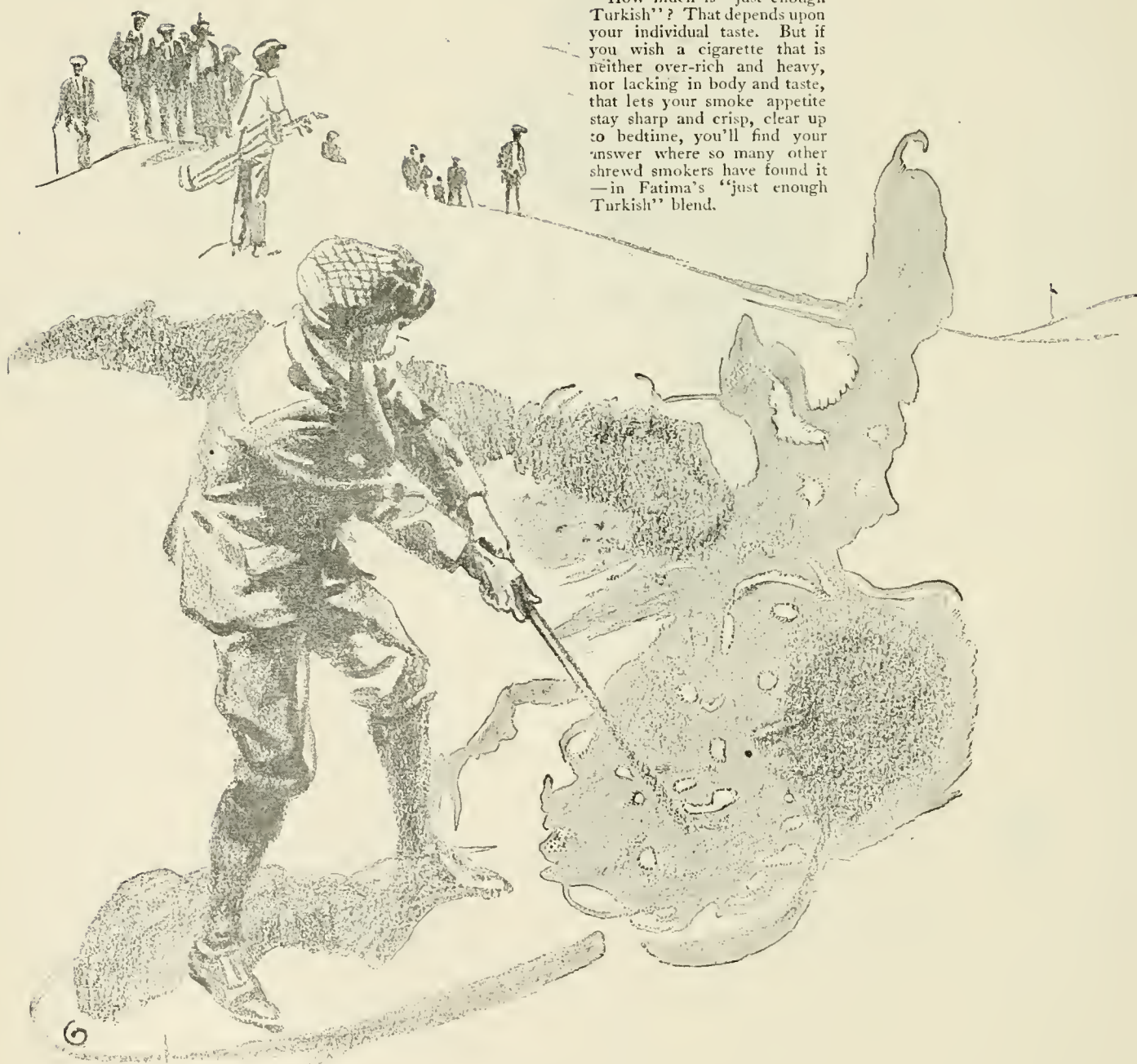
*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*

—more proof of  
"just enough Turkish"

How much is "just enough Turkish"? That depends upon your individual taste. But if you wish a cigarette that is neither over-rich and heavy, nor lacking in body and taste, that lets your smoke appetite stay sharp and crisp, clear up to bedtime, you'll find your answer where so many other shrewd smokers have found it—in Fatima's "just enough Turkish" blend.



First Simple Nimrod—"Hey,  
don't shoot. Your gun isn't load-  
ed."

His partner—"Can't help that,  
the bird won't wait."—*Voo Doo.*

I rose with best of manners,  
To give to her my seat,  
The question was which one of  
us  
Should stand upon my feet.  
—*Widow.*

## "KANDY"

Stick to "Kandy"

—for

Student Haircut

614 E. Green



## STETSON

SMALL wonder that men of  
position assign STETSON the first  
place among hats—what with the  
fine Stetson Quality, maintained to-  
day as for fifty years past; and the  
alert, vigorous Stetson Style!

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
Philadelphia

## WE SUPPLY ICE CREAM

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and  
other large gatherings where food refresh-  
ments are served. We guarantee prompt  
deliveries of the best ice cream made un-  
der strictest sanitary conditions and shall  
be pleased to arrange with committees and  
others for supplying this best of all  
refreshments and deserts.



### Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Bell 175      115-117 E. University      Auto 2107

## A LOVER'S IF.

*Beg pardon, Mr. Kipling.*

If you can love a girl and never show it,  
Nor let her see she's got you on the run;  
If you can be a fool and she not know it,  
You're better than the most of us, my son;  
If you can be in love but never jealous,  
Nor melancholy—only bright and gay;  
If you can be just warm but not too zealous;  
If you can keep her guessing day by day;  
If you can hold your mind upon your business;  
And turn your work off like an oiled machine;  
If you can seem indifferent to the dizziness,  
And make your heart take orders from your  
    bean;  
If you can play the game in all its phases,  
And get results according to your plan,  
If she can never lose you in the mazes,  
Nor make you feel like Fido with a can;  
If you can do this, fellow, you're a wonder;  
You're just the sort of chap we seldom see;  
I'm happy to have met you, and by thunder—  
I must admit you've got the bulge on me.

—*Virginia Reel.*





## Vest Pocket Autographic Kodak

Pictures 1 5-8 x 2 1-2 in.

*Price \$9.<sup>49</sup>*

Sometimes, even after a lot of thought in selecting a gift, you are not quite certain that your choice was wise. When you give a V. P. K. you're sure—everybody wants one—even the person who may already own a larger camera.

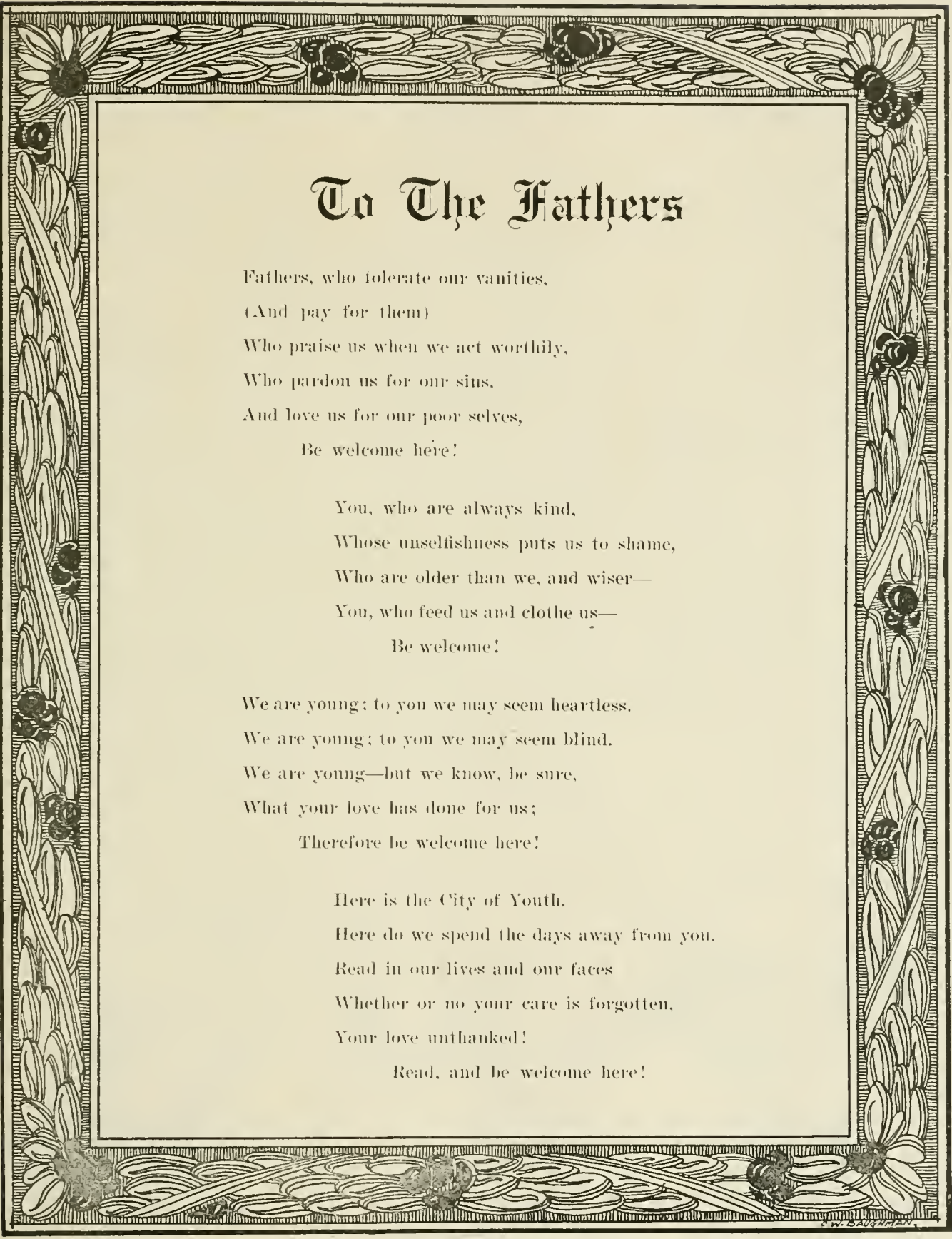
Two gifts in one—the purchase of a Kodak, Brownie, Premo or Graflex entitles the owner to one year's free subscription to Kodakery—a little photographic magazine that will help him make good pictures. So you see you give not only the camera but a worthwhile magazine as well.

<b>STUDENT SUPPLY STORE</b> Service    Saving    Satisfaction
--

"Chuck" Bailey

MANAGERS

"Shelby" Himes



## To The Fathers

Fathers, who tolerate our vanities,  
(And pay for them)  
Who praise us when we act worthily,  
Who pardon us for our sins,  
And love us for our poor selves,  
Be welcome here!

You, who are always kind,  
Whose unselfishness puts us to shame,  
Who are older than we, and wiser—  
You, who feed us and clothe us—  
Be welcome!

We are young; to you we may seem heartless.  
We are young; to you we may seem blind.  
We are young—but we know, be sure,  
What your love has done for us;  
Therefore be welcome here!

Here is the City of Youth.  
Here do we spend the days away from you.  
Read in our lives and our faces  
Whether or no your care is forgotten,  
Your love unthanked!

Read, and be welcome here!



# AN INDICATION OF WEATH- TRING.

First It—"Isn't that a beautiful openwork shirtwaist that blonde is wearing?"

Second It—"Open-work? Huh! That's not open-work—it just shows how many fraternity pins she has worn since she got the shirtwaist."

A steeple Jack  
Was Arthur Green.  
His monument's  
The best I've seen.

Election day a flustered gent  
ran into the First National Bank  
building.

"I bet \$1,000 on Harding," he  
shouted.

The elevator man took him up.

There were tears upon his lashes.  
As he murmured with a whine;  
"Down an alley off of Broad  
street  
There's a 'Family Entrance'  
sign."

What kind of ice-cream have  
you?  
Plain, vanilla and white.

# QUIT YOUR BRAGGING.

Headline reads—"Another Dan-  
ville Girl is Married."

"Where are you going my pretty  
maid?"

She blushed to the tip of her  
nose;

"To the hardware store, kind sir,"  
she said,

To buy the garden hose."

He met her on the campus

As the sun was sinking low;  
They strolled along together,  
In the evening afterglow.

They were a model couple,

As any in the land—  
She didn't hint to have a drink,  
Nor he to hold her hand.

"Yes, Hector, Mrs. Goldenline's  
parents are very rich," said Mrs.  
Rockabye, "I understand that  
they use a new needle with every  
record."

Teacher—"What part of hist-  
ory is hardest?"

Stude—"The Stone Age, of  
course."

# IF HE HAD PLENTY OF YENNE.

Miss Gertie, who came from Chey-  
enne,

Declared she cared nothing for  
menne;

But if one said, "Miss Gertie,  
Meet me at 10:30,"

She'd get there, you bet, before  
tenne.

# RHETORIC 1, UNDER COM- PULSION.

I heard the slim instructor say,  
"A theme is due within a day,"  
But I don't care! Subjects of  
themes just fill my mind, and  
titles are not hard to find, they're  
just hot air. "The Graveyard of  
Ambition's" one; "The Setting  
and the Rising Son," "When Bab-  
ette Bobbed Her Hair;" "Cash-  
iered," "The Poor Fish at the  
Bank;" "The Flush of Shame;"  
"The Slush of Fame;" "No More  
the Village Tank;" "Church Time  
and Were You There?" "A vag-  
abondish life I've led, and many  
sights have filled my head with  
subject matter; and I shall tell  
you of them yet, But at the pres-  
ent I'll forget to write my theme  
—I'll can this patter.





"How long did you take Chemistry?"

"Only two weeks."

"Hub! You didn't take it at all, you were only exposed to it."

A woman talks less in February than in any other month. There are only twenty-eight, or at the most, twenty-nine days in that month.

Brainless—"What does it mean when your hand itches?"

Bates—"That company is coming."

Brainless—"What does it mean when your head itches?"

Bates—"That they have come."

Rears—"What did you do with that old typewriter of yours that used to rattle so much?"

Sawbuck—"Oh! That one. I married her."

The cavalry charges cost the government a great deal.

#### MAYBE THAT'S THE REASON

Why is it a rich man always has the Twin-Six and a poor man the six twins.



"Reformers always did get my goat," opined Raoul Harvey. "Just when I find a dance that I can do without running myself to death, namely, The Toddle, they eliminate it. It was named wrong—it went too well with Toddy and went with it."

"Co-education is all right," said Raoul in a moment of abstraction, "The dear things don't clothe their limbs so I advocate that they clothe their minds as well as possible to make up for the deficiency otherwise."

"The chimes," said Raoul, "are wonderful. What tune is that they are playing?"

You ring her door bell softly,

He makes the darnest racket;

The maid admits you swiftly,

He dirties up your jacket.

He chews your new gray spates:

To meet her you advance,

And trip upon his doggone tail,

He fusses with your pants.

You take her for a walk,

He tangles up your feet;

She sits upon the sofa and

He sits upon your seat.

She treats you rather coldly

'Cause you don't like her pet:

How'd you like to kick that pup—

Consign it to the "vet"?

If there's anything to hate,

I speak for any man,

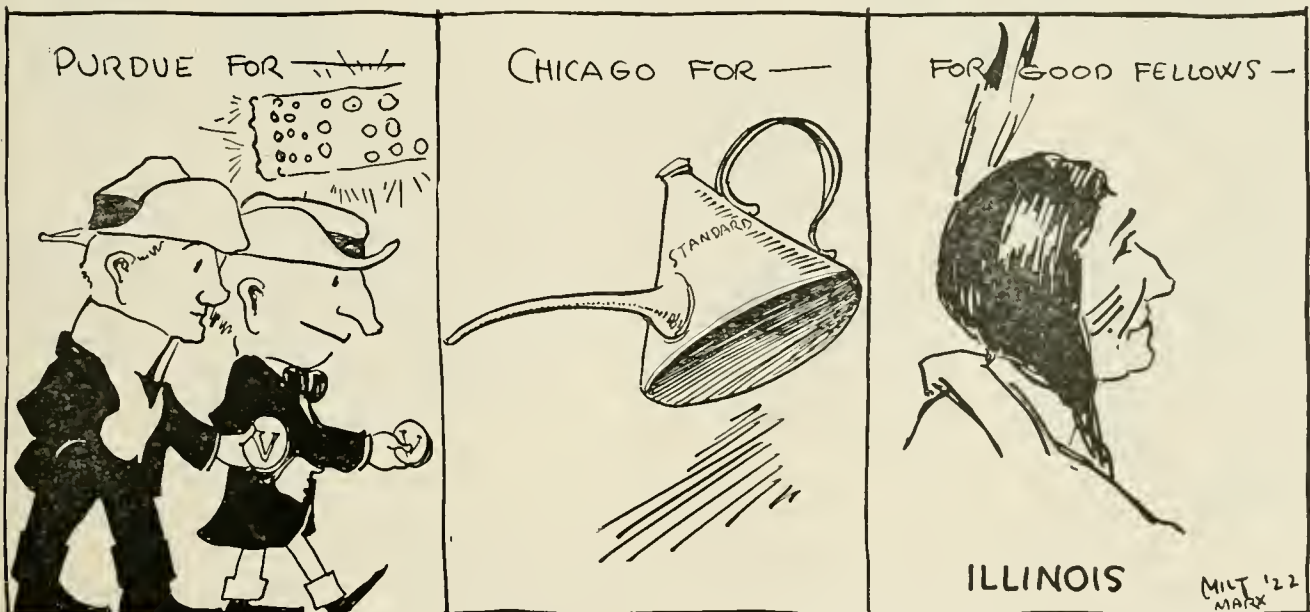
It's a square-mugged, spoiled,  
and petted

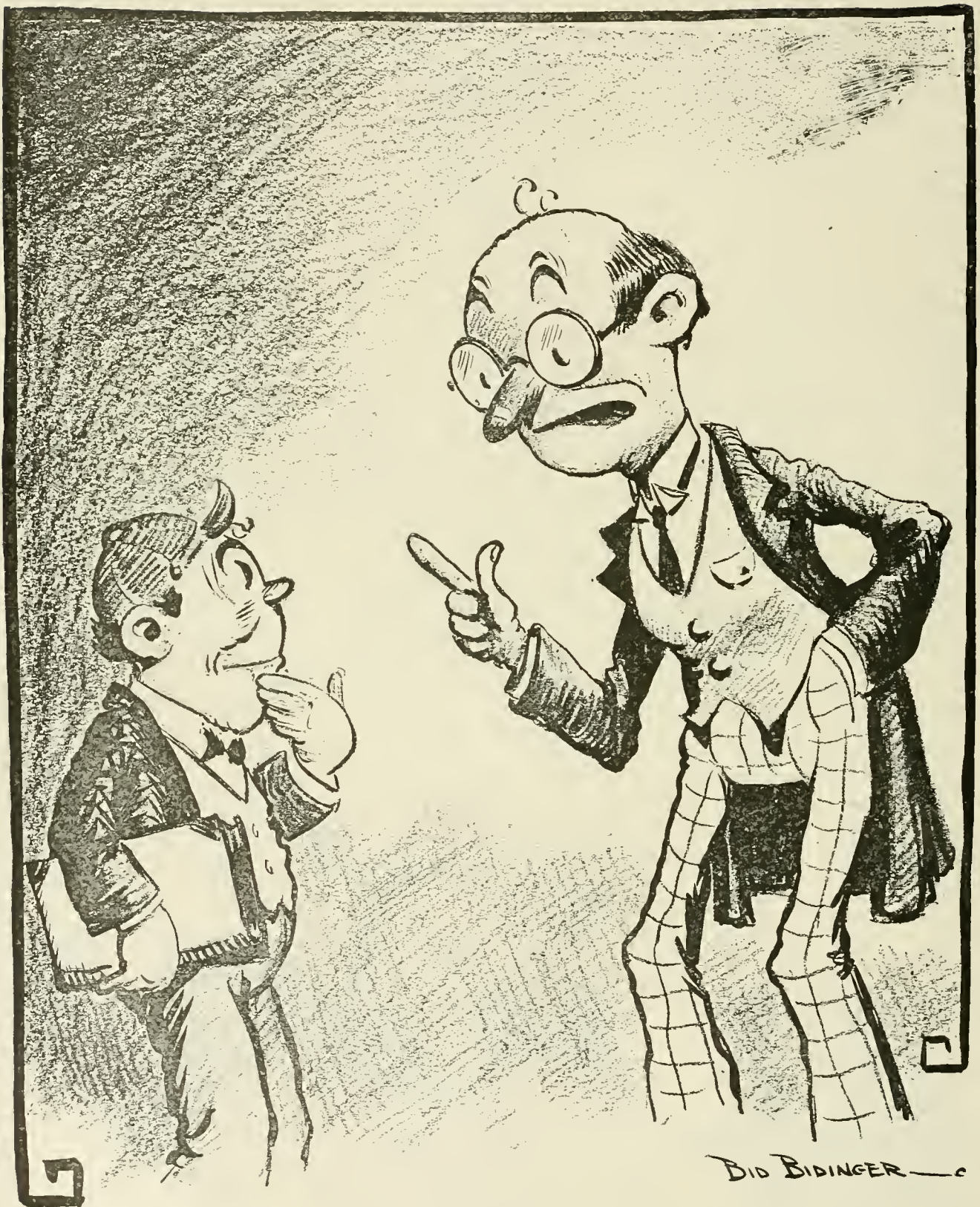
Pom—e—ra—ni—an—

Prof—"Name a modern improvement in the production of milk."

Stude—"Use of filtered water."

Woman first tempted man to eat, but he drinks home-brew on his own accord.





Prof: "You must learn to follow the advice of your seniors, my lad."  
Stude: "Yessir! But what do you do when they graduate?"



## MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR.

The Duc d'Which rode slowly along the forest path, trailing his feet in the wayside ash-piles. His strong seamed face was lined with sorrow. His shield of Alice blue hung mournfully from the surcingle, and the large honest hooves of his rented palfrey hit the medieval trail with funeral cadence.

For the Duc d'Which was low. He was out. The reason? Ah, what but the old old one—Love unrequited. The celestial daughter of one of the most successful forgers of the realm—The Aragon Scaviosa, they called her—even she had but that very morn said "Nay" to his impassioned plea. Verily, the Duc was low, in the fullest sense.

About midday he halted, heaved two resonant sighs, and prepared to prepare his lunch.

As he was cutting choice morsels from a clove of garlic a lusty ranger appeared from behind a Bridal-wreath bush—doffed his cap, and said:

"Most noble lord, you are, in the argot, what might be termed low. Permit me to cheer you by the means of a single question."

"Varlet," quoth d'Which, wiping the tears out of his eyes, "Go to; ask that question and be off."

"Great Duc," quoth the ranger, with a sly smile, "Tell me: didst, in thy travels, e'er hear the tale of the dirty shirt?"

"Nay," replied the Duc with tempered curiosity. "What of it?"

"Why, this, my lord," quoth the ranger. "That is one on you!"

Whereupon the ranger departed with remarkable agility, whilst the noble lord swore great oaths and railed bitterly at his misfortune.



THE ORIGIN OF THE 'IMPORT' DATE.

## HINTS TO HONEYMOONERS



H. Forbid, who thinks he is a better judge of real estate than Columbus was, is generally as happy as a pitcher fanning Babe Ruth with the bases full. He prescribes marriage, with reservations, however. There are points to be considered he says, (though he himself has been lucky, so lucky he could fall in the ocean without getting damp.) As a reformed married man, H. suggests to honeymooners.

*To the bride:*

1. Remember that no man likes to have you pare corns with his pet razor.
2. Don't mind old shoes being thrown at you as long as there are no feet in them.
3. Remember—you must eat sometimes.
4. Don't ask him not to shave his neck, at least not the first week. Wait until you are mad at him and then take up his defects one at a time. You may need some ammunition for the defense.
5. Don't be afraid to put your head on his shoulder on the railroad train, everyone is "hep" to you anyway and he can't be made to feel any more uncomfortable than he is.

*To the victim:*

1. Let her write notes telling her girl friends how happy she is—that is the first week, don't ask her to put it off, do you want to make a liar out of your wife the first month of married life?
2. You must eat—sometimes.
3. Calm yourself. Remember that hundreds of thousands of men have lived a long and useful life although every one of them at some time on their honeymoon has burst suddenly into his room and for the first time seen friend wife with her hair done up in curlers.

Marriage really isn't a failure, he says, it is merely voluntary bankruptcy.





What the deuce do they need so many trunks for?

There is not necessarily any affinity between genius and a weak stomach.

He: "May I kiss you goodnight?"

She: "No, I'm engaged."

He: "Oh I wouldn't kiss a man's Fiancee. I'll be round next week."

He was hard-boiled, a sergeant and doing his first "cruise" in the tropics. He was confident of his polygot Spanish.

One day, on police duty over a detail of "spick" prisoners he called to an hombre.

"Hey, hombre, banka (come here.)"

The hombre bankaed.

"Hombre, take esta swill can and throw esta swill over esta sea-wall."

Hombre, not understanding. "No intenda, Senior, no intenda."

"What? You don't intend to? You rat," and he threw the hombre head first into the can.

Will wonders, etc.? We just passed three students on the street and they were talking about the league of nations.

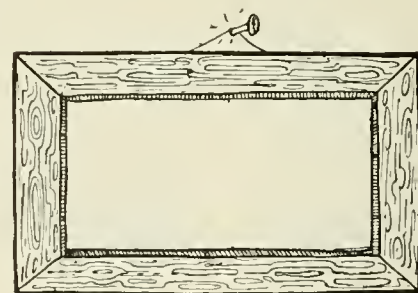
"24—"It says here a slide-rule will do half your work for you."

"21—"Ves?"

"24—"Wonder what two of 'em cost?"

I dote on riding bicycles;  
I'm crazy about Shaw.  
I love to swallow icicles,  
And taste them as they thaw.  
Green River is intriguing  
And Chopin I adore;  
And as for Fitch and Meeguing—  
I like them more and more.

I must admire a myriad things,  
Which Art (or Nature) brings,  
From Samarkand (or Calicut)—  
But all, e'en curried eggings,  
pales  
Before your image, love. (White  
whales,  
The Harvard Classics, Halibut!)

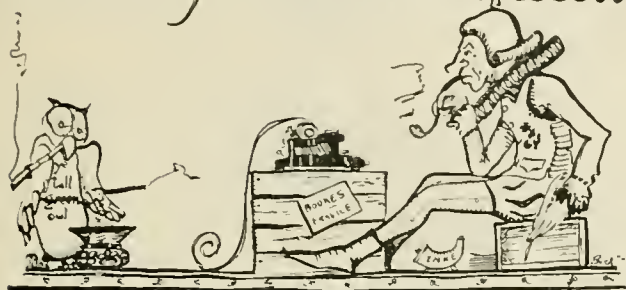


The first authentic photograph of the Illinois polo team in action. Absence of "I's" on the sweaters is due to failure of the numerals to arrive on time for *The Siren* photograph.

#### *Second Hand Information*

He was a young 'un in college;  
Loose with his mouth to begin,  
He learned a lot about women,  
We learned about women from him.

# The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



(Being the morbid meanderings of a malcontent.)

Sunday 14—Awoke the morn to find friend spouse arrayed in a new gown which she informed me staggered the domestic exchequer to the tune of twenty pounds and much wroth am I for i'truth it is by that token worth forty times its weight in gold.

Monday 15—About the quadrangle the day, where I learned The Toddle, a new dance hereabouts, has been banned. Yet I saw an elderly gentleman doing it alone adown the main thoroughfare possibly to show his independence.

Tuesday 16—Not being well up with the daily events it has but come to mine auditory organs that the tea dansant has been revived at a campus grogery and the shade of a departed stalwart son and battler of past generations seems to hover over my shoulder and murmur "deliver us." To dinner with My Lord Sir Loin, eating alone, as is my delight. I love quiet.

Wednesday 17—Words with Mr. James Buzzwell today for his indiscriminate heckling yet withal I love the man for he swings a wicked lariat. Etf-soons did to the beanery for Java and sinkers (a wicked habit) and to listen to the cackling of those who there foregather, eke to ponder as a result as to the scarcity of filler in the brain pans of so many notables of our midst who see neither sermons in stones nor idleness in idling and who, in sooth, were they to be confronted with "Sartor Resartus" on the bill of fare would probably order it "for a change."

Thursday 18—With a mentor to a neighboring eating club to dine. The brothers waxed musical and I thought of my innate modesty and gave thanks that I am not egotistical as they.

Friday 19—Up betimes and to the outskirts to buy the bird that will next week grace the family board. It flew to safety in a tree and the farmer assuring me it would come down it did, and yet my pocket tells me it didn't.

## TO THE FELICITOUS FELINE, MILADY'S CAT.

Minnie Matilda Meow,  
Fortunate Feline art thou,  
As you bask in the sun's bright ray.  
No worries or cares  
Will whiten your hairs.  
No thought of tomorrow dull joys of today.

A saucer of milk  
From a mistress in silk  
Or a joint from the garbage man's pail.  
Called "kitty" or "cat",  
Whether pretty or fat,  
Your days are free from travail.

Love comes to thee  
Unbidden and free  
And leaves in your heart no thorn,  
Your sweetest desire,  
Is to lie by the fire,  
Happy because you are warm.

Judging from the rapidly widening hiatus between ends of skirts and tops of hosiery, modern woman is a firm believer in this "never-the-twain-shall meet" idea.—*Pelican*.

Kitty—"Jack was miserable when he kissed me goodbye at the station."

Catty—"I don't pity him one bit; he didn't have to kiss you."—*Boston Transcript*.



First Super Joiner: "I say old chap! What 'frat' picture is this we're in?"

Second Same: "Don't know old fellow but if we belong here I'll give you odds it isn't Phi Beta Kappa."



Football Star (after game)—“Well Dad, I got my “I” today.”

Dad—“So I see, son, and that fellow who played center got an awful crack in the nose.”

OH MY NAME IT IS JACK HALL AND I’LL  
TELL YOU OF MY FALL

Twenty years ago I wandered into a mining town in the west. I was down to my last dime. I walked into one of the dance halls to watch the dancing. A well dressed man tapped me on the shoulder; “Do you want a job,” he asked.

“Look at this,” and I displayed the thin coin, “do I?”

“Come with me,” the mysterious stranger commanded.

He took me to the town bank and installed me as clerk. There I worked for two years, thoroughly satisfied until one summer day came two surveyors who wrecked my life. They discovered that the bank would have to be moved into the next county. That night after banking hours we moved the furniture and then started to put the cash into the new vault.

On one of my trips a thousand dollar bill fell out of my pocket and when the banker checked up he discovered the loss. He was terribly angry and finally blurted out:

“I’m going to take that out of your pay this week.”

And I quit.



Photograph of a dear young thing about to fly.  
From her lover? Oh no! From the chaperone who  
has just caught her in the act of Toddling.

I sat one day incognito,  
(A dreadful thing to be, you know,)  
And strummed a Ziloclase,  
When from a rotted Chiffy tree  
A Hassenpfeffer looked at me  
And made an awful face.

The Ziloclase is sweet to me,  
And this from that within the tree  
Was out of place.  
I hit him on the portico;  
“Avaunt you thing, get up and go.”  
He made another face.

We—“I have a broad acquaintance on the campus.”

They—“Yes, I saw you with her last night.”

Elaine—“Art certainly is a drunk, but he seems  
to have acquired a lot of polish while at college.”

Helen—“Yes, a sort of liquid veneer.—*Purple Cow.*”





## LITTLE TALKS ON LITERATURE THE BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY

By Clytie

Have you read—

It's wonderful, simply *wonderful*! I don't know when I have read a story so touching and yet so vital.

That's the function of the novel, don't you think, to touch one, and yet be vital and compelling?

I don't know when I have been so moved as I was when Cynthia Lard, the heroine, you know, told the rich Lord Spitzberger of Spitz that she couldn't ride in his automobile any longer, that she was being slowly stifled and had her own life to lead. It seems that her doctor had recommended walking. She had to lead the simple life to avoid getting fat.

She is the symbol of the Emancipated Woman, you know.

Are you getting tired of the Emancipated Woman? I think that the strong, virile man with compelling eyes is coming in soon. We can't have Emancipated Women and the Compelling Man too, can we? We just simply *couldn't*!

I was reading a review of ——— the other day. I didn't get to read all of it. I just glanced at it. It said some of the nicest things about the book, that it was perfectly remarkable in some ways. I don't just remember what they were now.

What? Oh, I'd just love to let you take it, my dear, but I haven't finished it yet. I've only read the first chapter and the last page!"

Had you heard that the new skirts are to be shorter?

The air, with frost is laden  
Southward the birds have flown  
Oh tell me, pretty maiden  
Do you still roll your own?



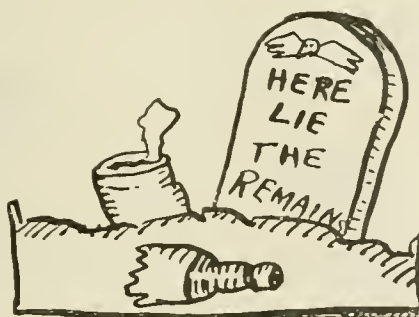
Now rises the dripping ghost  
Of Horatio Dodding, Ph.D.

Saying:

What have my deep researches  
Booted me? I composed  
A method which would save  
The Ship of State;  
My "International Finance"  
Bade fair to bring great riches  
To a beggar world.

Then—

A wool-wrapped wolf  
Told me of an unborn oil field  
Somewhere in Texas.  
He took my savings . . .  
Good bye, my  
"International Finance".  
Bah!



A poet wrote  
"Her cheeks were red"  
"That's right," I said  
And brushed my coat.

In the hobo parade,  
A man dressed as Napoleon,  
Was given a prize  
Of a bottle of  
Toilet water.

How times have changed.

The first thing we know  
Jack Dempsey will be  
Awarded a pink knit  
Thermos bottle container  
Instead of a  
Championship belt.

Speeding motorist to cop—"Let  
me go man, I'm dashing for a  
minister, just found a girl who  
can cook."

Cop—"Go to it."

The absent minded professor,  
shipwrecked while on a Polar ex-  
pedition, sat on a cake of ice and  
thoughtfully munched his share  
of the available blubber. Sudden-  
ly he sat upright and slapped his  
leg. "Great Jehosphiat," he ejac-  
ulated, "now I know what it was  
I forgot to bring when I left home  
—My overcoat."

Ah! Life is such a lively play,

Let us with joy revive,  
Make smiles the style and all the  
while  
Thank God that we're alive.

He—"A fool used to blow out  
the gas . . ."

She—"And now?"

He—"He steps on it."



# The Siren



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IT is with us again. The day of turkey, sage dressing, mashed potatoes, cranberry sauce, a one day holiday and pepsin.

The day of Thanks—a day of days, among other days that are also days of thanks. Notably among these we list Christmas, January 1 and the marriage day. At Christmas we give thanks for what we get, the first of the year we used to give thanks for what we got and on ones marriage day he does the same.

But on this day, the last Thursday in November, we give thanks for the strength of Plymouth Rock, which endured the erosion caused by the thousands of brogans which scuffed its surface one day when landed the vast horde of Mayflowerites, forefathers and mothers of millions of "Mayflower descendants" who now infest every nook and cranny of these United States vieing with the tribe of the F. F. V. and the members of "the world's oldest college fraternity" for the honor of heredity and incidentally, of numbers.



REFORMS are the result of careful counter agitation or hectic reasoning.

The recent campaign that resulted in the elimination of the Toddle smacks strongly of the latter. Not that the Toddle was all to the merry but that the reasoning of the campaign came late, and was not the result of careful consideration.

From the Toddle, a really more or less respectable excuse for proximity the student body returned again to the Camel Walk or its latest substitute, at any rate a dance that although not so suggestive in appearance gives twice the opportunity afforded by the comparatively innocent dance which simply because it resembled in some respects the much maligned "shimmy" was given the gate.

And the men, given the blame for the introduction of the Toddle are still blinking and wondering just which girl it was that taught them the blamed thing.



As an honest baseball player said to the gambler who offered him a bribe, "No metal can touch me."



THERE are two classes of people in the world, the trotters and the pacers.

The trotters are those, who when walking swing their arms so that the right moves forward with the advancing of the left foot and vice versa.

The pacers are those whose arms swing with the same motion of their lower extremities. The right arm swings forward with the right leg, the left arm with the left leg.

And just as it is in horses the trot is the natural gait. There are millions of persons who are "trotters" but only a scattered few who may rightfully be classified as "pacers." The pacers are the super-celebrities.

Julius Caesar was a pacer. Napoleon was a pacer. Abraham Lincoln was a pacer. There have been others but these stand out as worthy examples of the class. Caesar and Lincoln were not permitted to remain on the world's track long enough to display their full powers. Napoleon was a true pacer but his best work was done on a fast course. He was no mudder. The mud at Waterloo was what defeated him.

Only the interference of death or providence can worst the pacers.

A trotting horse may be trained to pace but it is not dependable. Under the stress of a nose finish he is apt to "break." To compete against pacers one must be to the gait born. Pacers are sometimes made but like self-made men, they are never quite finished.

The ex-kaiser's thirst for world power may be traced to his belief that he was a pacer. The imperial swipes, exercise boys, trainers and jockeys, more commonly known as cabinet ministers, secretaries, diplomats and staff officers permitted themselves to be deceived as to the ability of their entry. The former war lord held the gait for awhile but "broke" in the stretch.

It is barely possible that among the men and women that attend the university is some being who is a pacer. There are scores here who will undoubtedly pose as pacers instead of being the trotters they are. But it is easy to distinguish between the two. A trotter's record may make him appear as a pacer but watch him walk. That is the final test. To be a born pacer his arms and legs must work together.

A woman chairman of a certain sanitary commission is heartily in favor of baseball because she heard that "swatting and catching flies" is an important part of the game.

DAD'S DAY—when the paternal ancestor (and the maternal too is welcome) comes to Illinois to see what little Oswald is doing with his opportunities. May Dad be not disappointed. May he gloat over the stocked laboratories, over the polished quiz section chairs and the south campus. May he revel in the promises of the new state administration, but most of all may he fail to see the tea dance, the sorority porch fussers, the jazz-bow ties, the E's and the cut record. May those things be spared him, that he may enjoy the day with light heart and conscience untroubled.

---

#### MY SENTIMENTS.

---

Somebody's got to be steady,  
And stick to the regular job.  
Somebody's got to be ready  
To toil with the laboring mob.

Somebody's got to be trudging,  
The path from the house to the mill;  
Somebody's got to be drudging,  
At work that has never a thrill.

All of us cannot be left to roam  
Careless and blythe and free—  
Somebody's got to stay at home . . .  
Somebody else—not me.

---

#### THE GIRL OF YESTERYEAR

What has become of the old-fashioned girl we used to know; the one who would come to the door to meet us, and whose dainty complexion would beam with smiles as we would ask, "Wouldn't you like to go to the movies?" What has become of her, you ask? She is standing on the street corner waiting to hop on the running board and cry: "Hurry up, Sweet Patootie, we're late as H—I now!"

—Virginia Ree?

---

#### DOCTOR, DO MY EYES FAIL ME?

"Georgette blouses lowered 33 $\frac{1}{3}$  per cent," says an ad in the Elgin Courier.

---

There was a young fellow named Quayle,  
Whose physical make-up was frayle.  
He ventured to go  
To a dance in the snow,  
And that is the end of the Quayle.





Jeemes, '22, is reading, for the third time in his collegiate career, the Illini's announcement that there will be a one day vacation, namely: Thanksgiving day. He and his Freshman understudy are doing their best to register thankfulness.

### A DAY AT SCHOOL.

(By little "Dot", aged 19.)

This morning when I awoke I thought what a nice day it was. The sun was shining and I said, "My but I will get lots of work done today." Then I was called to the phone and some boy wanted a date for the week before Christmas. I ate my simple breakfast and walked on to school. I met a boy who wanted a date for four weeks from Tuesday and so I reached my eight o'clock class.

French is such a bore I think, don't you? But there is a boy in my class he has the nicest blonde curly hair he asked me for a date for seven weeks from Saturday.

I met one of the girls on the campus she was sad because nobody had asked her for a date and here it was ten o'clock. I said, "well dear cheer up here comes some boys we know," and they bought some drinks only I don't think one ought to have anything between meals so I only ordered a malted and rolls and coffee. Then I went to another class and I had to answer not prepared as I was out the night before and had to climb the fire escape but I will write about that some other time.

Six boys called up at noon. After lunch I wrote father again for a fur coat and then I went to the Library but I met Jim and we talked for quite a while. I heard some one say that the Library ought to be lots larger and I think that this would be a fine idea. I just know that people can often hear what we say there it is so crowded. Then I had another class and I was to meet Jerry afterwards but who should come along but Tommy and he had a car so we went out and I was nearly late for supper.

We love new words. We are at that beautiful age when a knowledge of elegant slang is not counted against one as it will be in a few years. Thus we like to read of worms and smelts, and shifties. The Illini had a pretty little feature story about shifties one morning. Of course it did not tell what shifties were; that would have spoiled everything. We shall imagine that a shifty is a sort of a hustler.

The summer brought to our knowledge the comic smidge and the recurrent hollyhock. Since these are quite local, as is the snake-race on California street, only the two of us will understand the terms. We like them all the more for this, and we like to repeat them often because nobody knows what they do mean.

Soon both of us shall have forgotten.

Adam—"I had a wonderful time at the dance last night. Helen gave me seven numbers."

Eve—"Does she dance well?"

Adam—"I don't know."

—Tiger.

### A DIFFERENCE.

"Some stories are like wine. They improve with age."

"And others are like apples. You know what age does to an apple."—Juggler.

### DIFFERENTIAL.

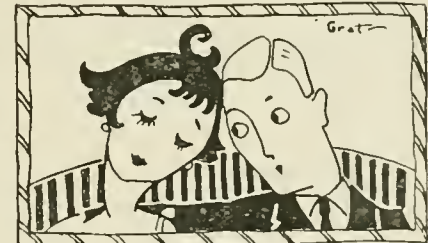
Ollie—"Doesn't a woman look upon an eligible man as her prey?"

Garky—"No; as an answer to her prayers."—Sun Dial.

'24—"Why the happy look, freshman? That girl just smile at you?"

'24—"N-a-n-o, but she looked as if she might have if I only knew her."—Brown Jug.

### HEREABOUTS



A rag, a bone, a hank o' hair  
Will rate a date most anywhere.

S

### PERHAPS.



Perhaps this is why the wild animals are wild.





An Oregon car came down  
the track,  
Missed the curve—flopped on her  
back;  
The motorman jumped, but the  
connie was slow,  
The friends of the family sent  
roses you know.

The Kentuckian drawled out  
that he "jes" couldn't understand  
this thing anyway he reckoned,"

News Item: Honor Commis-  
sion holds bad cheque artist is  
violator of rules.

He stood before the soft drink  
shop;  
With lifted hand he swore,  
"I could not love thee, dear, so  
well  
Loved I not honor more."

If Helen of Troy . . . . .  
Had been born a boy . . . . .  
Just think of the strife . . . . .  
And great loss of life . . . . .  
And spending of tin . . . . .  
That wouldn't have been . . . . .  
If Helen of Troy . . . . .  
Had been born a boy. . . . .

### FOOLED HIM.

She—"Can you drive with one  
hand?"

He (eagerly)—"You bet I can."

She (sweetly)—"Then won't  
you please pick my handkerchief  
up off the floor?"—*Sun Dodger.*

On—"What did you see at the  
movies last night?"

An—"Wallace Reid in "He  
was a Confederate, but he wore a  
Union suit!"—*Tar Baby.*



He (jealously)—"I have seen  
you running around with a lot of  
men."

She (tenderly)—"But, dear, I  
am on my last lap now.—*Record.*

The co-ed who started the  
double-B with a "yea" might find  
something in common with the  
Edna who was so sorry, when Illi-  
nois kicked out of bounds on the  
kickoff, that the ball did not clear  
the goal posts.

Knicker—"Do you think he was  
serious?"

Bocker—"About as serious as  
a girl who snuggles into your  
arms and tells you not to kiss  
her."—*Chaparral.*

### CONTRIBUTED BY MISTAKE.

(*Editor's Note*—Evidently this  
is intended either for Dr. Leigh-  
ton or Ill. Mag. Undue space  
forces us to print it, with bookoo  
apologies to its true consignee.)

### THE PASSIONATE GEOLO- GIST TO HIS LOVE.

See!  
Over the epicontinental seas,  
Across the weedy flats,  
Down the drowned valleys,  
I come to thee!  
See!  
I come to thee and  
Bring thee gifts—  
I bring thee gifts  
Of amphibole and pyroxene,  
And not too much biotite mica.  
Take them!  
I don't want them!

### HIGH PRICED.

The Fair One—"I see here  
where a man married a woman  
for money. You wouldn't marry  
me for money, would you?"

The Square One—"Why, no; I  
would not marry you for all the  
money in the world."—*Tar Baby.*







# Books, the Stage, and kindred highbrow Topics



Lacking some of the finer touches that made "This Side of Paradise" stand out, yet touched with the same master strokes, F. Scott Fitzgerald's "Flappers and Philosophers" has just left the editorial desk, snatched up by an eager disciple of the Fitzgeraldian school of whom there are many, even in an institution such as the University of Illinois.

The book, already rapidly taking its place among the six best sellers alongside of "This Side of Paradise" is a collection of short stories, some of which you may have read as they appeared in popular magazines. Among them are; "The Ice Palace," "Head and Shoulders," which has been "done" by the movies, "Benediction," "The Off-Shore Pirate," and others. Some of them are pleasing, some are a trifle chilling and one, "Benediction" is decidedly depressing, yet so true to life that you will read it again, under the same impelling influence that causes you to pick at a cold sore. It hurts, hurts ducedly, but you *must* do it.

To young writers Fitzgerald is as a dash of cold water to a feeble flame. He suffocates ambition. In his early twenties, handsome as a Byron or a Brooke, athletic, wealthy and proclaimed as a genius after his first published work he has reached at an early age that pinnacle of success that is the aim of all who have followed the lure of the longing to write. He has left to the struggler only the hope that comes with the knowledge that far greater men have reached attainment late in life, and that there is always room for merit.

Fitzgerald is a product of that eastern influence of which few mid-westerners admit the lack, but which we all, deep in our hearts know we do lack. He knows that which we have always wished we did know, yet have never taken the time to learn. He is an intimate of those whom to most of us are simply names. He knows, for instance, the sort of collar Euripedes wore when he went out for the evening, or whether or not Leander wore a bathing suit.

He is in short the sort of chap who, had he lived in your home town, would have been called "queer" in his boyhood.

And he is a genius. He has created the heroine

of the novel for the next decade and best of all he tells of life as it is, and as no other writer has told of it in this generation. He builds you a beautiful golden ball, then splits it with a sentence and shows you its putrescent center. He tells the story as it is, not as you wish it to be, which, provided you get away with it, is a certain indication of that quality we call genius.

—S—

Occasionally there appears in a hand full of black beans, one so white, or so near white that it attracts immediate attention. Mask and Bauble's production of "The New York Idea" was just that. Surprising in its cleverness of presentation, is the least that can be said of it. The campus players may be justly proud of themselves and the University more than proud of them. Future presentations by Mask and Bauble will find ready support on the campus.

Pierrot has pledged, and although a bit tardy in its initiation, is getting there. It is a worthy organization among the theatrically inclined of the campus. The thing we expect most from Pierrot, aside from turning out a creditable student opera is to stage that opera in Chicago, with the view of extending the scope of its presentation at a later date. Perhaps in the millenium we may even see real women in the east—who knows?

Incidentally, while on the subject of plays—there have been no road shows in Champaign or Urbana worthy of even passing comment since the start of the school year. Our local theatrical men, having undoubtedly felt the pulse of the theatre-going crowd have returned a decidedly uncomplimentary verdict as to the tastes of that crowd.

## AS THE DAY DIED

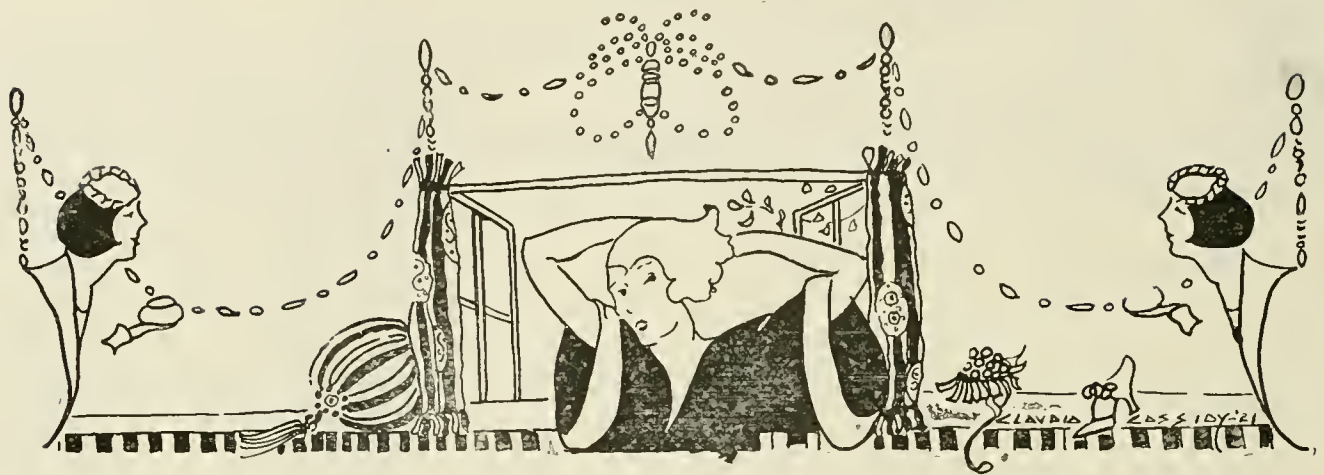
Awgwan—"What a sick looking watch!"

Punch Bowl—"Yes, its hours are numbered."

Girl—"What's the nearest port in a storm?"

Date (getting the idea)—The davenport!"

—Fivol.



Pity the modern young thing, who, having bobbed her hair has nothing for her maids, Hortense and Fifi to do and in desperation has to let one remove the right slipper, one the left and then send them off undeserving of their salaries.

#### THE NATION'S PRESS.

Excerpts from The Plymouth Rocker, Thursday, Nov. 25, 1620.

Brother Jeremiah Longphiz dropped in town today for the shindig and reported a new fence and new paint on his barn. Says this Thanksgiving idea is fine stuff, but it seems to him too rambunctious and un-Godly. Jerry left a big turkey for the editor. Thanks Jere.

Several of the brothers got together one day recently and decided to give a day of Thanks to be called Thanksgiving. Coming today it was a big success. Arrangements were in charge of Brother Zacharia Winterbottom and the Laidies' Aid was represented by its chairman Prudence Brown. Several Indians were present. A good time was had by all.

Brother Pleasant Meadows drove in from Praise Be Given Hollow yestiddy afternoon, spending the night with the editor. He was to leave after the celebration today but having et pretty heartily was put to bed by the good wife with a flagon of pepsin water to settle him. He is resting well.

Brother Hezekiah Sharpknees appeared before Magistrate Blackstone Goodfaith in municipal court this morning and was sentenced to the stocks for winking at Chief Gakamolahootcha, our distinguished guest for the celebration. It seems Hez saw the chief in his blanket and thought he was a young squaw with one of them new trick wrappers on. Hard luck Hez.

Little Perseverance Brown had a narrow escape today when she got a piece of wish-bone stuck in her throat between the church and the picnic grounds. Quick work by Brother Brown saved the child. He stood her on her head and shook her. Quick wit we call it.

The Plymouth fire department showed its speed today when for the first time it answered a call. A fire started in the new home of Brother Restin Peace and the flue blazed up merrily. Headed by Brother Thankful Duun, chief, the department made a record run and extinguished the raging blaze. We are justly proud of our department which is one of the best on the eastern coast. The house was totally destroyed.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Sister Hope Forbest was punished at the ducking stool Saturday morning for talking too much and she remarked at Sabbath school that it had saved at least part of the regular Saturday night confusion at her home.

Agitation against The Toddle, a dance, is being started by certain of this locality who haven't mastered the step. A fair-minded committee composed of two non-Toddlers will be appointed to supervise dances hereafter.

We saw a brown jug in Brother Faith Windfall's basement window one day recently. How did it turn out, Faith?



IF THEY HAD LIVED TODAY!



'The Courtship of Miles Standish'

UP TO THE MINUTE EPI-  
TAPHS.

Ah, what a fool;  
For hours each week  
I lectured and  
I quoted Greek.  
My students slept,  
I grew obese,

And now I sleep.  
But not in peace.

Here lie the bones  
Of a campus belle,  
I flirted much  
And many fell.  
They married others—  
Left me flat—  
I'm buried now  
In a new Spring hat.  
And really it's the most wond-  
erful thing. A Paris creation  
with the dearest little bow on the  
side, like this, and . . . . .

I knew the bottom of a glass  
Quite well;  
But best to let that pass,  
I'll tell  
What I accomplished when alive,  
Until I died—at thirty-five.

My name was Adam,  
Heard of me?  
Eve picked something  
Off a tree,  
I ate. What happened?  
Well you see,  
The fruit fermented  
And pickled me.

Fresh: "The doctor told me that if I didn't stop smoking I would be half-witted."

Soph: "Then why didn't you stop?"—*Tar Baby.*

F. F. F.

'Member the good old days when smokin' was a man's game?

Love is a little word—but think of its many uses.

Soph—You want to keep your eyes open around here today.

Fresh—What for?

Soph—Because people would think yor are a fool if you go around with them shut.—*Pelican.*

IF THEY HAD LIVED TODAY.

*The Birth of Themistocles.*

Scene—Agememnopolous Chain restaurant Uo. 2, Athens.

Characters—Themistocles Sr., and Agememnopolous.

Themistocles enters (right) and drapes himself over the cigar case.

T.—(gruffly) "Hello 'Ag.'"

A.—(saucy and patronly) "Hello 'Tockels, how's tricks?"

T.—"Makin' out. How's the near beer?"

A.—"About the same distance."

T.—"Dish up two."

A.—"Ham sandwich? Nice fresh ham."

T.—"Nope, drinks. Drinks on me. Kid born out at the shack today."

A.—"No kidding?"

T.—"Nope, straight stuff. Named after me. Looks like me too, little devil, you ought to hear him talk. Real intelligent for a kid his age. etc., etc., etc."

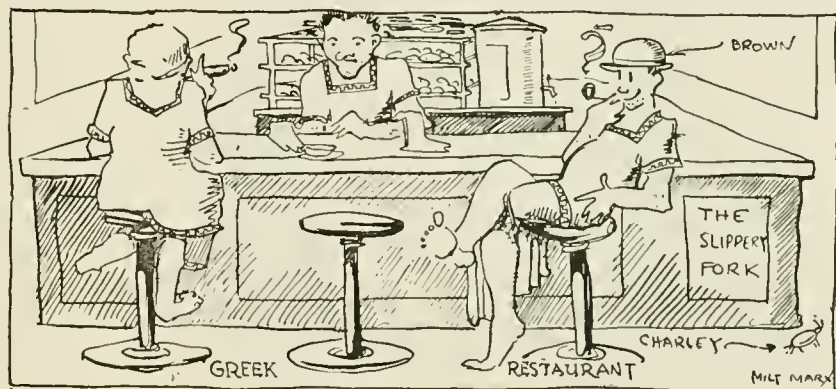
A.—"Wait a minute. Congratulations. (Attempting to change subject). Whatta ya think of the election?"

T.—"Oh, O. K. Have a cigar?"

A.—"Don't care if I do."

T.—(Hopefully) "Well don't take unless you want it." (Pays for cigars and near beer.) "Guess I'll ooze along and pass the good word to the boys at the Elks. Solong." (exits.)

A. "Ho! Hum! Life is just one darn thing after another."  
(Curtain)







# Men and

You've been talking mouthful after mouthful about the co-eds. The poor co-eds. Rolled hose! Galoshes! Powder and rouge! Short skirts! Cootie garages! Whatnot! The same old line, revamped to fit the mode, morning after morning, world without end. Blatant men and boys, eternally tooteling the raucous horn of a fancied sex superiority. Tommyrot!

Let us leave the pretty dears in peace for a space, and turn the critical lamp upon ourselves. Consider the typical Male Student. A few attributes, just for a starter:

Little black "Jazz" bow neck-ties; bandoline; just the right sort of hair trim—"Sorta square in the back, you know, Mr. Brown"; brogue oxfords; rancid cigarettes; home-brew, and then Spearmint; gossip, gossip, and more gossip; shady stories with no point; humped shoulders; unpolished shoe-heels; soda-fountain politics; loud boasting about amorous conquest; corduroy vests.

Is any of this familiar to you?

And what has the Male Student in his head that the co-ed has not? Is he a better observer? Does he read more? Does he ever think in a straight line? Is he particularly honest? Is he extraordinarily decorative?

It hate like the deuce to go on this way, boys, but your constant blabla-bla about the girls has driven me to it. You haven't a blessed thing on the maligned co-eds except your louder voices and greater capacity for food.

Loosely supervised and "self-governing" habitats of the male student become, in a remarkably short time, deserts. Disorder, mess, dirt, lack of ventilation, lack of system, lack of refinement, lack of brains. Look at your student's desk! Here are four dog-eared novels, last week's S. E. P., and three bright, untouched textbooks. Here is a pair of socks and a handkerchief, one glove, a collection of grimy Orph' stubs, a box of shoe paste, five old quizzes, ranging in grade from E to C, two old themes marked "Revise", a tube of dentifrice, and empty and crumpled Fatima carton, innumerable cigarette stubs, and . . . over all, an omnipenetrant layer of ashes and dust, ashes and dust, ashes . . . O Man!

"No," she said, "I have a class, I can't have a drink with you this hour." Perhaps she explained further; I don't really know; you see, I had fainted.







# Women

She said that she was sorry, but she had a date Saturday night—perhaps Sunday . . . ? And I, fool that I was, and not knowing the customs of the place asked her for a date then, which was of course what she wanted. . . . The dinner bill was, I think, eleven fifty. She turned me down for a dance date the next Friday.

A maid went tripping down the street,  
Her skirts were short—but very neat;  
A second passed—I stopped, stock still,  
I smiled, and said, my brain athrill,  
“Excelsior.”

A torn hair-net, two postage stamps, a small note book with notations concerning dates, a wadded handkerchief, soiled, a lip-stick, a powder puff, also soiled, a Dorine box, one and a half sticks of gum, a pencil, a key, two green trading stamps and a violet Milo—comprised the contents of milady's purse.

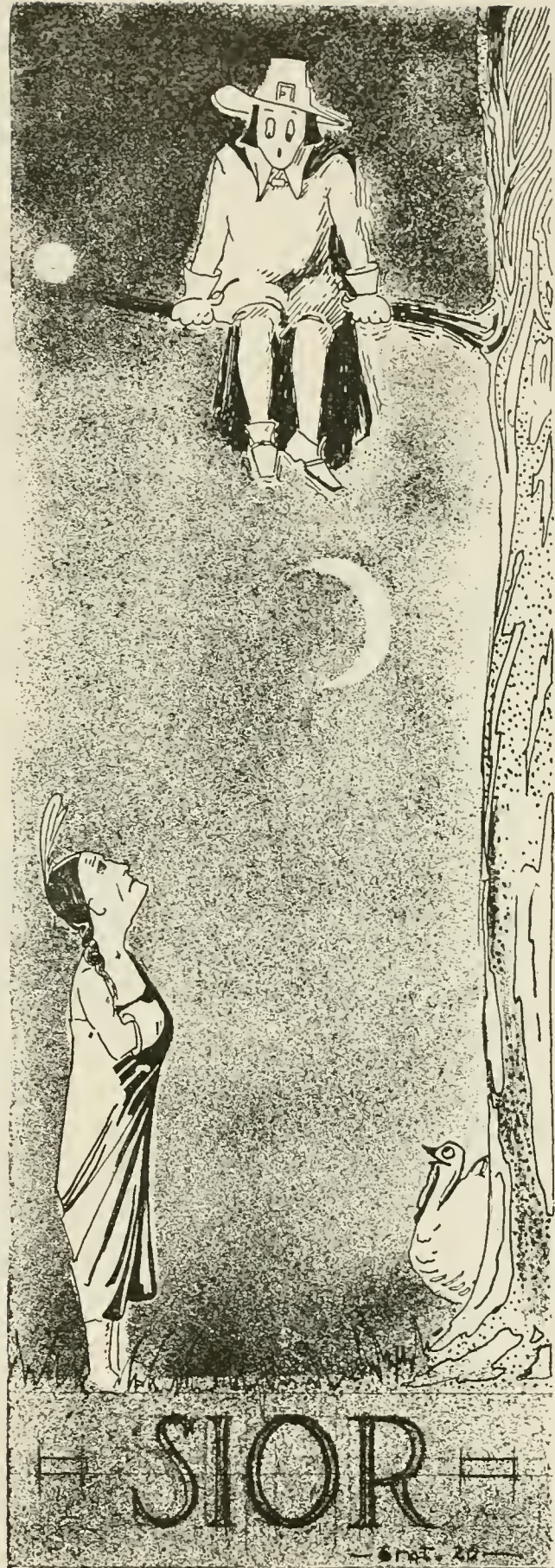
With visions of a home, little children playing by the fire and crisp French fries I asked her for her idea of Paradise. She replied: “A date every night, drinks at Mosi's with five different fellows a day, no studying, someone else to do up my silk hose, a limousine, a Pom and two maids.” I jangled the five cents in my jeans and went moodily onward.

Her maid was out for the evening. We got dinner together. I cooked the steak, she the potatoes, I the coffee, she the desert, I prepared the gravy and she the salad. For dinner we had steak, coffee and gravy. I had also sliced some bread.

From The Spectator, Monday, Aug. 25, 1712:

“Chloe is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is pretty. This idiot has a very good ear and a most agreeable shape but the folly of the thing is such, that it smiles so impertinently and affects to please so sillily that while she dances you see the simpleton from head to foot.”

She lingered in the doorway—“Say, what day does Thanksgiving come on this year—I know it is the 25th, but what day of the week . . . ?”





# Best From The Rest

## LESSONS' END.

### *Multiplying Difficulties*

The teacher, a lady of questionable age, was having a hard time getting Johnny to memorize the names of the kings of England.

"Why, when I was your age," she finally exclaimed, exasperated, "I could recite the names of all the kings forward and backward."

"Yes'm," replied Johnny, unmimpressed, "but when you was my age there wasn't nearly so many kings."—*American Legion Weekly*.

### *Compensation*

She stood on the staircase

And said with a frown,

"You musn't come up,

'Cause my hair's coming down."

—*Chaparral*.

When the newspapers refer to a man as a "club man" you may be reasonably sure they don't refer to a pressing club.

She was so very shy you know,

Sweet little Alice Springer;

She never spoke of mistletoe,

But called it—mistlefinger.

Robert—"Is Evelyn modest?"

Ruth—"Extremely. She even hides her dimples."

Robert—"She must wear a heavy veil."

Ruth—"How old fashioned you are!"

—*Dirge*.

"Now give an example of how 'circumstances alter cases.'"

"Well, Milwaukee isn't famous any more."—*Froth*.

"Get off my feet!"

"It's too much of a walk."

—*Virginia Reel*.

## COMFORTING.

Contributor—"What do you think of my last poem?"

Editor—"Well, I'm glad to hear you call it your last."

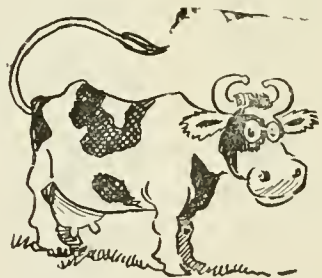
—*Chaparral*.

## AT THE WEDDING.

He—"Have you kissed the bride?"

Him—"Well, not lately."

—*Gargoyle*.



## THE ORIGINAL SOURCE OF MILK.

Volsteadily speaking: An optimist is a man who thinks he can make as good beer at home as he could buy in the old days. A pessimist is a man who has tried.

—*Froth*.

'70—"What's the matter with your head?"

'70 S. (bandaged head)—I winked at the bar-maid and she thought I was trying to flirt."

—*Record*.

"Well of all the nerve," she said, slapping his face when he kissed her.

"Well, then," he shouted, "if that's the way you feel about it, get off my lap!"—*Iowa Friol*.

Biggs—"Aren't you a little drunk?"

Jiggs—"N-othing --hic--little about me!"

—*Dirge*.

## PRECOCIOUS LAMP.

Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma—"Oh, about three years."

Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."—*Philadelphia Watchman-Examiner*.

## WASHED WITH CARE.

Mr. Newlove—"This lettuce tastes beastly—did you wash it?"

Mrs. Newlove—"Of course I did, darling—and I used perfumed soap, too!"—*London Mail*.

First Passenger—"Say, Jack, look at that blue fox fur on that girl over there."

Second Passenger—"It's pretty, but no fox ever lived that color."

First Passenger—"No, but it dyed that color."—*Virginia Reel*.

## TAKE HEED, OH FAIR SEX.

"Father, what is innocence?"

"Innocence, my son, is a woman who believes that her husband likes cloves."—*Burr*.

## PRECIOUS.

"Oh, George, is it really a diamond?"

"By gosh! If it ain't, I'm out four bits."—*Hum-Bug*.



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Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.  
“How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?” she asked the Lioness.

“Only ONE,” replied the Lioness—“but it's a LION.”

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Applying for a divorce, an old Georgia negro said to the judge: "It's only cost me a string of fish to git married, Jedge, but I'd give a whale to git rid of her."

—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Liza, what for did you buy dat box of shoe blacking?"

"Go on nigga', dat ain't shoe blacking; dat's ma massage cream."

—*Yale Record*.

As the old darkey said, "A chicken am de mos' usefulest an- imule dere am. Yo' can eat him befoah he am bohn and aftah he am dead."

—*Farmer and Breeder*.

The nurse had just taken Rast- us' temperature when the doctor arrived.

"How are you feeling?"

"Hungry doctor, hungry. All I got to eat was a piece of glass to suck on."

—*Edmonton (Canada) Journal*.

"Sam, you ought to stay at home and keep out of trouble. Look at your eye."

"Man, yuh don't know what yuh talkin 'bout—home am trouble's headquarters!"

—*Louisville Journal*.

"Rastus, what's an alibi?"

"It's proving dat you was at a prayer meetin' when you wasn't, in order to show dat you wasn't at the crap game when you was."

—*Ithaca Journal*.

"Rastus, did your soldier son get any medals?"

"Say, dat boy wus de mos' med- dlesome lad in de whole regiment"

—*New York Evening World*.

"Well, Henry, in trouble a- gain?"

"Yas, yo' Hommah; 'member you was mah lawyah last time? Don't need one dis time, 'cause ah's gwine to tell the truth."

—*St. Louis Republic*.

That That Is Is That  
That Is Not Is Not Is  
Not That It It Is Is It  
Not

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### HER LIPS.

Her lips are like a red, red rose;  
(The last one of last June.)  
Her voice is like a melodie,  
She's singing out of tune.  
So fair is she, that pretty lass;  
So deep in love am I,  
Yet what it is in her I see  
I really can't desery.  
For all of it is false, my dear,  
The lips, the lashes—hair,  
She talks in monosyllables;  
Her cerabellum's bare.  
Yet—why should I object to that?  
I care no fig—not I,  
For what is more important is —  
The fact that she gets by.

### LADY! LADY!

"Gotta get a new room."  
"What's the matter?"  
"Can't sleep with the shades up every night."  
"Why don't you pull them down?"  
"They're not my shades."—*Octopus.*

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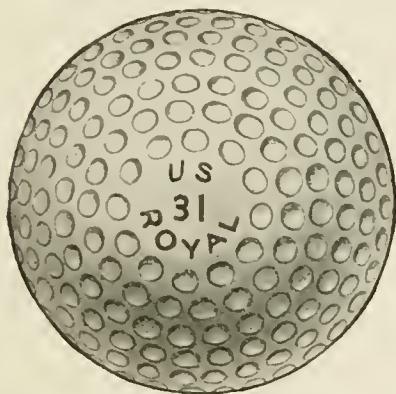
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He: "What makes that fellow glare at me so?"

She: "You're sitting on his ice cream."—*Yale Record*.

"Jimmie, give me a cigarette, please."

"Sure, have one."

"Thanks, you see I'm smoking just a given number daily."

"So I see. The more given the more smoked."—*Virginia Rect*.

"Madam", said the conductor politely to the lady, "You must remove that suitcase from the aisle"

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, conductah, dat ain't no suitcase. Dat's mah foot."

—*Ithaca (N. Y.) Journal*.

He—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor last night?"

Him—"Sure. Did you think it would go through?"—*San Dial*.

Corporal—"I hear they have found Christopher Columbus' bones."

Dark Private—"Why man, I didn't know they shot craps when he was alive."

—*American Legion Weekly*.

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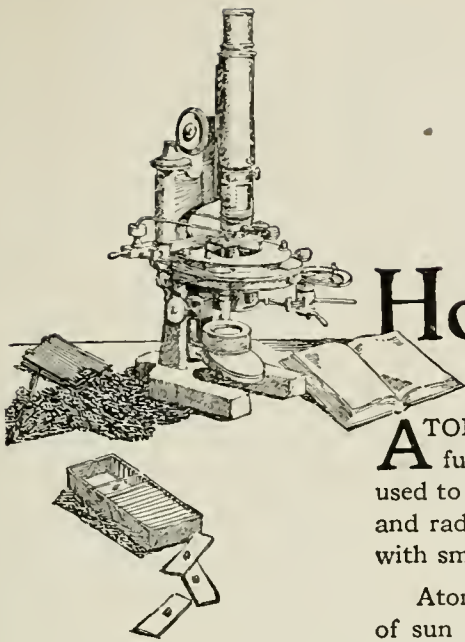
## The CO-OP

Mezzanine floor

Gift Shop

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# How Large is an Atom?

**A**TOMS are so infinitesimal that to be seen under the most powerful microscope one hundred million must be grouped. The atom used to be the smallest indivisible unit of matter. When the X-Rays and radium were discovered physicists found that they were dealing with smaller things than atoms—with particles they call “electrons.”

Atoms are built up of electrons, just as the solar system is built up of sun and planets. Magnify the hydrogen atom, says Sir Oliver Lodge, to the size of a cathedral, and an electron, in comparison, will be no bigger than a bird-shot.

Not much substantial progress can be made in chemical and electrical industries unless the action of electrons is studied. For that reason the chemists and physicists in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the very constitution of matter as they are with the development of new inventions. They use the X-Ray tube as if it were a machine-gun; for by its means electrons are shot at targets in new ways so as to reveal more about the structure of matter.

As the result of such experiments, the X-Ray tube has been greatly improved and the vacuum tube, now so indispensable in radio communication, has been developed into a kind of trigger device for guiding electrons by radio waves.

Years may thus be spent in what seems to be merely a purely “theoretical” investigation. Yet nothing is so practical as a good theory. The whole structure of modern mechanical engineering is reared on Newton’s laws of gravitation and motion—theories stated in the form of immutable propositions.

In the past the theories that resulted from purely scientific research usually came from the university laboratories, whereupon the industries applied them. The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company conceive it as part of their task to explore the unknown in the same spirit, even though there may be no immediate commercial goal in view. Sooner or later the world profits by such research in pure science. Wireless communication, for example, was accomplished largely as the result of Herz’s brilliant series of purely scientific experiments demonstrating the existence of wireless waves.

**General Electric**  
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



*Marcy*

A NEW

# ARROW COLLAR

A COLLAR THAT'S RIGHT  
FOR THE KNOT THAT'S  
TIED TIGHT   

*Cluett, Peabody & Co. Inc. - Troy, N.Y.*

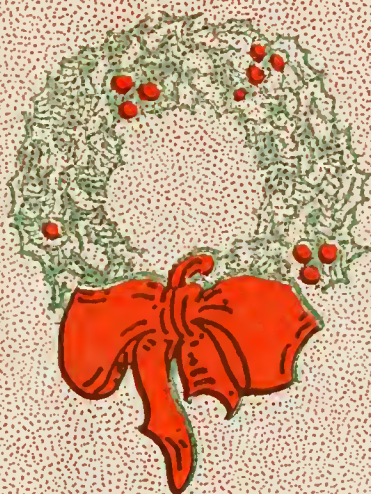


# THE SIREN

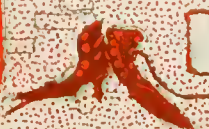
CHRISTMAS  
1920

DECEMBER 1920

NO. 1



Don't  
forget  
to write  
with care  
and  
style!



THE  
SIREN



*Jos. Kuhn & Co.*



## Gifts Men Appreciate

Any man would appreciate a Christmas package containing a thoughtful assortment of personal furnishings—tastefully chosen. A man is proverbially tardy in keeping his wardrobe stocked, yet he is properly sensitive about his appearance. He doesn't have time to choose among a lot of half worn things. He wants to take the first thing in his drawer and know it is wearable, that's why we say that furnishings, especially from Jos. Kuhn & Co. are "Gifts Men Appreciate."

### COLLAR BAGS ARE THOUGHTFUL GIFTS

We call your attention to the generous assortment of these useful articles which any man would appreciate. Here they are in octagon and round shapes in soft leather with silk and poplin linings at popular prices.

### MUFFLERS FOR STREET AND DRESS WEAR

Protect the collar and throat and add a bit of color to a man's outdoor dress where it is more effective. These are in silk, wool and mixtures in several styles of knitted and tapestry designs—indeed a serviceable gift.

### THE SCARF IS THE "SMILE" IN A MAN'S DRESS

It can make or mar a man's appearance quicker than almost any other part of his dress. We have arranged our neckwear stock to make selection easy, from the rich, quiet patterns for the mature man to the livelier fancies of youth.

*Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear*

**Jos. Kuhn & Co.**  
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

DID YOU EVER

TRY THE

## Court House Cafe

Why Not? We seem to  
Satisfy Quite a Few

Give Us a Trial

Opposite Court House, URBANA

*Give Candy for  
Christmas*

**Schuler  
Bros.  
Confectionery**

No. 9 Main St

**Specials**  
*for the Xmas Season*  
*Schuler's Own 60c*  
*Boston Cream Candy 50c*

### THEATRICAL ANTIQUITY.

Frank—"How'd you happen to get a date with that chorus girl?"

Farther—"Intimate friend of my grandfather when he was in college."—*Sun Dial*.

—S—

### MIXED RELATIONS.

Two microbes sat on a pantry shelf,

And spoke in accents pained,

As they watched the milkman filter the milk,

"Our relations are getting strained."—*Exchange*.

—S—

Medical Officer (Examining Wood B. Recruit)—"Any scars?"

W. B. R—"Nope, but I've got some swell cigarettes over in my coat pocket."—*Virginia Reel*.

—S—

Passenger—"Is this a fast train?"

Conductor—"Yes sir, it is."

Passenger—"Well, we haven't moved for an hour. Why don't you get out and see what we are fast to?"—*Virginia Reel*.

—S—

The other day a man dashed in to Grand Central Station with just one minute to catch the Twentieth Century. He made the ticket window in two jerks.

"Quick! give me a round trip ticket!" he gasped.

"Where to?"

"B-b-back here, you fool!"

—*Argwan*.

—S—

### WELCOME RELIEF.

"Look 'ere—I asks yer for the last time for that 'ar-dollar yer owes me."

"Thank 'evins!—that's the end of a silly question."

—*Blighty*, London.

—S—

### Gave Them Repertoires.

Clown—"What became of the ventriloquist you used to have?"

Circus Manager—"Oh, he found he could make more money selling parrots."—*Yale Record*.

Attractive Gifts for  
Christmas  
at

*"Your  
Shop"*

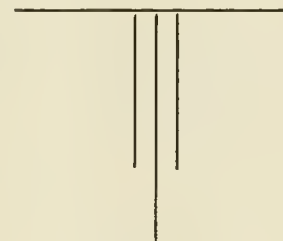
*Women's Wear For  
Those Who Care"*

201 Neil Street Champaign, Ill.

Dainty Lingerie, Wool and  
Silk Hose, Blouses, Sweat-  
ers, Corsages.

## CHRISTMAS JEWELRY

Of quality—watches of merit  
—souvenirs in gold and  
silver—



That's Us

**WUESTEMAN**

Champaign's Leading Jeweler

## Special Christmas Sale of Hats

Large Variety

Reasonable Prices

**McWilliams and Gleim**

*Hatters for Ladies*

317 N. Neil Street

## A SATISFIED PATRON MEANS A STEADY PATRON

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

**Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.**

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

### THE PASSING THROUG

The native of New York had brought his Ozark cousin to see the sights. Together they gazed to the cloud-swept upper stories of the Woolworth building, mounted the Statue of Liberty, and did the weird curb market. Finally they stood at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, waiting for a chance to dodge the long procession of automobiles and throngs of pedestrians.

The Ozarkian calmly watched the hustling thousands. Then he turned to his friends.

"Picnic in town?" he inquired.

—American Legion Weekly.

—S—

Stude—"See this chalk on my shoulder?"

Roommate—"Yeh."

Stude—"Well, that ain't chalk"

He—Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor last night?

Him—Sure. Did you think it would go right through?

—Sun Dial.

With Patricia's pretty face.

Cheek would both be set with

dimples

Like the cheeks of dainty Mand—

But I don't expect to meet her

Here at Stanford, on the Quad!

—Chaparral.

—S—

### NO, THE HUMIDITY.

He—"I had a terrible dream last night. I dreamt I was dead. And what do you suppose woke me?"

She—"I haven't the least idea. The heat?"

—Jester.

Holme—Did you know that Mike lost three fingers shooting craps?

James—No. How did he do it?

Holme—He didn't know that they were loaded. —Voo Doo.

—S—

### YUM, YUM

"One enjoys a good grind now and then," said the humorous cannibal, as he devoured the valedictorian. —Burr.

—S—

Gold has a tantalizing glitter, diamonds fascinate and the crinkle of a new bank note is as the music of the Gods, but when three fellows within an hour slap an editor on the back and say, "You put out a darn good sheet, this issue," the little birds join in on a Requiem that almost dims the din of the "Anvil Chorus."

## In What Condition is Your Heating Plant?

Are you wasting high priced fuel with those leaky valves,  
uncovered basement piping and boiler?

These defects can be remedied at small cost if you will call

**Champaign Plumbing and Heating Co.**

*"Quick Service Plumbers"*

Garfield 1695



## THE MOVIE FAN

She was ten years old, and she had gone almost every evening of her life to the movies. For the first time she was taken to see a play on the legitimate stage. It was a melodrama, and she was delighted.

Breathlessly she sat at the end of her seat and watched and listened and was thrilled.

At last the curtain descended upon the first act.

"Oh, mother," she turned, "it's wonderful! Oh, please, mother, may I be allowed to stay for the second show?"

—Film Fun.

—S—

A freshman slipped on a bit of ice

And descended violently;

"I may look green to all the world,

"But I'm black and blue," said he.

—S—

We work with both our brain and brawn,

To get our daily meat;

The bed-bug has no brain at all—

Yet gets enough to eat.

—S—

My Sweetie labors every day,

She has a steady job.

Her culinary art, they say,

Would elevate the mob.

She awful sweet and kindly too

Possesses every grace;

Ah! Sweet how quick I'd marry you,

With any other face.

—S—

An old farmer from Ala.

Hit his wife on the head with a ha.

When they questioned him why

He replied with a sy—

"She drank all my licker up! Da!"

—Virginia Reel

—S—

How do you like Cuba?

Oh, it's a rum country. —The Georgia Cracker.

Rupert Hughes was one of the principal speakers at a dinner given to Sir Gilbert Parker by the Dutch Treat Club the other day. He said that he had always been curious to see a Sir, that titles had always been a mystery to him and it was a unique experience to contemplate a man who had been Sired. Hughes said that he had always figured that Sir was a mark of distinction in England but was used here only by women who thought they had been insulted.

—Tatler.

—S—

He—"May I kiss your hand?"

She (lifting veil)—"My gloves are on."

—Record.

## Wear a New Overcoat When You Go Home

ZOM'S line of well-made—stylishly cut—all wool Stratford overcoats furnishes a wonderful opportunity for University men.

These highest-grade garments are being sold at prices which cannot be matched.

This is not the conventional "sale." Zom is not an addict. He is overstocked for the first time in his business career.

*\$30 and up*

**Roger Zombro**

Apparel for University Men

Green street—of course

## Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories  
Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

NOTICE!

## *The Different Cream Doughnut*

612 So. Fifth St.

*Just off Green*

Special Attention Given to Parties

*Wholesale and Retail*



*Isn't it rather unusual, old dear, to toboggan in a stiff collar?*

*Ordinarily yes, but this Lion Collar is so extremely comfortable, it never occurred to me to wear anything else.*

*Men are lucky things when it comes to dress. Wish I were a man!*

*I'm glad you're not.*



Try Some Hot Waffles on Your Way Home

## THE WAFFLE SHOP

### ALWAYS OPEN

Clows' Waffles, Homemade Coffee, Grandma's Doughnuts

Pure Cream and Maple Syrup with Each Order

Doughnuts Sold by the Dozen  
to Fraternities

*Right across the street from the Innman on Walnut*

#### NEW FABLES IN SLANG

(Apologies to Lemon Ade)

Once upon a Time there was a Senior, a most brilliant Lad with Phi Beta Kappa and other Dis-eases. Also there was a Frosh, most Ignorant, eleg-able for one Degree Only: G. B., P. D. Q. Grand Bounce P. D. Q.

Now the Seat of the Senior's trousers were the envy of his Boudoir mirror from much Sitting at a desk. The Knees of the lowly Frosh's pants were of the same Shiny hue, also much study. Yea, the Study of much Speckled Ivory.

On the evening of a Bright, Sunshiny day, our Heros inveigled each Other and themselves into high society. In other words, they played that noble Pas-time which amuses alike, Millionaires and Humans—Ethiopian marbles.

Now the Senior was shown that 6 followed by 7 equals minus while the Frosh proved that 7 plus 7 plus 11 plus 11 is decidedly plus.

MORAL: What good is an education.

—S—

The other night while going home  
Somewhat later than usual  
I was waylaid  
By a masked marauder  
Who massaged my ribs  
With a Colt .38  
And asked me very politely  
For my cash  
But when I told him that I had  
Been out with a cored  
He handed me a five dollar bill  
And passed on silently.

—Gargoyle.

#### PARADISE LOST

Moonlight; soft breezes sighing through the trees; a girl—the only girl; a rustic bench for two. You sit down, so close her hand in yours. You've almost reached Heaven when—along comes little brother. O hell!

—Burr.

$$\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$$

If you dont go half way with your friends, there can be only one result. Christmas is the best time to catch up with all the people you have been meaning to write to. And you can start something on your own side of the ledger by remembering friends who won't be expecting a greeting card from you.

Make up your list today. Over 1200  
artistic numbers for selection.

Scatter Sunshine with  
Christmas Cards

## Strauch's

Wright Street

Next to Campus



A woman and a mirror  
 Are inseparable freaks.  
 You'll never find the first  
 The last rejecting;  
 But the mirror, it reflects  
 And very seldom speaks—  
 While the woman always speaks  
 Without reflecting.

—Puppet

—————S—————

Just when we think we can make both ends  
 meet somebody moves the ends.

Let MUNHALL Quote Lowest  
 Prices on Your  
**Publications, Stationery  
 Dance Programs**  
**MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE**  
 On Taylor Street Just East of Neil  
 CHAMPAIGN

## *The APOLLO* CONFECTIONERY

*When you get Apollo Confections  
 You Have the Best*

*A Special  
 Offering of Christmas Candies*

MOUYIOS BROS. Props.  
 URBANA, ILL.

## FROM THE ADVERTISEMENTS WE WONDER--

Whether all mothers are happy when their children spill scalding water on the varnished table—

Whether the collar ad man thinks its Sunday all the time—

Whether the persons in the underwear ads are always in such a happy family circle—

Whether the persons in automobile ads are really as small as they appear—

Whether the man smoking a corn cob pipe with Mr. P. Adelbert's tobacco never lets his furnace go on a vacation—

—Widow.

—————S—————

## SWELL STUFF

A fool there was and he loved his brew,

Even as you and I;

So he took some hops and some other crops

And put them on to stew;

But the stuff got thick and it had no kick,

So he used it for shampoo—

—Burr.

—————S—————

He was unmistakably New England  
 With a line of God-fearing Puritan ancestors,  
 Looking out from under his near-sighted eyes;

And I wondered by what whim

Nature had placed him in our philosophy department  
 To preach the non-existence of God—

—————S—————

He creeps in like Methuselah

And mumbles a musty lecture

From a yellow note-book,

On Thermopylae.

Some day I mean to bewilder him

By asking who was victorious at the Marne.

—————S—————

## DO YOU?

These co-eds are a noisy lot,

I like 'em;

They make you blow the cash you've got,

I like 'em;

They call you tight, they think you're green,

Unless you shell out every bean,

They're the worst darn pests I've ever seen,

I like 'em.

—Octopus.

—————S—————

## GOOD RIDDANCE

"Well, Margaret is engaged."

"Who's the happy man?"

"Her father."

—Jester.

—————S—————

"Remember the old days when we used to paint up the town?"

"Yep—and now they use water colors."—Froth

## Hats that Reflect Individuality as Well as Style

Barnhart Millinery  
possesses all the  
distinctive features  
of Winter and  
Spring Fashions.

Mary A.  
Barnhart

Flatiron Building

URBANA

IT WOULD MAKE A  
SLOW-POKE WORRY-  
JUST TO  
SEE THE  
WAY WE  
HURRY!



APERSON'S LITTLE  
PLUMBER

At

120 S. Race

URBANA

Phone M. 906

## TELLING IT TO THE JUDGE (From "Topics of the Day," Literary Digest.)

"Well, well, that's a frightful case. What made you marry 14 wives?" asked the judge. "Well, your honor, I didn't like the number 13."

Jefferson (Texas) News

Judge: Where did the automobile hit you?"

Rastus: "Well, judge, if I'd been carrying a license number it would have been busted into a thousand pieces."

Schenectady (N. Y.) Union-Star

"Officer, what is the prisoner charged with?" asked the judge.

Cop: Mostly soda water, sir."

Boston Record

Prosecuting Attorney (to opponent): "You're the biggest boob in the city." Judge (rapping for order): "Gentlemen, you forget I am here."

Syracuse Herald

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the lawyer. "I'd rather not. They were not fit words to tell a gentleman." "Then," said the attorney, "Whisper them to the judge."

Progressive Farmer

To new maid: "This is my son's room. He's in Yale." "Ya?

My Brudder ban there too." "What year?" "No year, da jodge yust say: 'You Axel, 60 days in Yail.'"

Truth Seeker

—S—

Maid Servant—"The madam sent me to exchange this raisin cake—we found a fly in it."

Baker—"Tell your mistress there's nothing doing. But if she returns the fly, I'll give her a raisin in place of it.—Kasper (Stockholm)."

*The Christmas Store  
of Urbana*

*McAllister's*

*"A GRAND AND  
GLORIOUS  
FEELING"*

to know where you can procure your Christmas things without unreasonable cost.

The McAllister Store is a wonderful *Christmas Store*. It sparkles with the spirit of the season.

*Students will find our SERVICE and MERCHANDISE to their liking.*

—Hundreds of students will tell you.

## *A Few Suggestions for Her Christmas*

Silk Hosiery...\$1.35 to \$3.50

Real Kid Gloves.....  
.....\$3.00 to \$4.50

Silk Lingerie...\$2.50 to \$8.95

Tooled Hand Bags.....  
.....\$3.95 to \$10.50

Hurd's Stationary.....  
.....65c to \$1.95

Bathrobes...\$5.95 to \$12.50

Snowy Hand'chiefs.....  
.....15c to \$1

*Shop in Urbana*

*at*

*The McAllister  
Stores Co.*

*"The Christmas Store"*

# Good-bye Bunch

***I**T'S SURE GOING TO BE  
mighty quiet around 606 East  
Green when all of you are gone.  
We hope every one has a real  
vacation and remember that we  
hope each of you enjoy a . . .*

*Merry Christmas*



606 E. Green St.

*Chuck Bailey      Shelby Himes*  
*Managers*





Just one of those heart-breaking little incidents of the Junior Prom. Benny, 'way back and to the right, is in his own dress suit; some playful Brother, however, waggishly tied the Rent Tag where you see it just as Benny was leaving the Frat., house. In the foreground observe Beauty and Chivalry. how they chuckle at the situation. Chivalry took the Rent Tag off his coat, you can wager.

(The border decoration is allegorical, and means, "Snake chasing Chicken through Eden.")

—S—



THE GIRL:—Oh! He must be awfully cold without his overcoat.

#### HORATIO POTTER'S CHRISTMAS EVE

Horatio Potter, sixty and a prohibitionist, scanned the daily for inspiration. He wished to spend Christmas Eve., without spending much else.

It was the day before the holiday and Horatio had neglected plans for the great occasion. His eye turned toward the theatrical column, for whil, he was a modern reformer and did not believe in banal amusement he felt that as Christmas comes but once a year one might be excused for a slight discrepancy on the eve of that day.

The first announcement to greet his eye read: "O'Rafferty's Raft," a rollicking comedy of the three-mile limit. Twenty dollies all under twenty," and he turned the page rapidly. Next he saw: "Sandy's Jazz orchestra, all this week at Al's Near-Beer Cabaret. B. Y. O. L.," and his eye again roved on. "The Greater Love, a stirring drama of sex, children not allowed," next smote his retina. The newspaper dropped to the floor.

Horatio walked slowly to his apartment. "I will spend the evening in thought," he murmured, and let the maddened world go by."

He settled himself before the fire-place.

Then with a whoop the people in the flat above put "That Toddlin' Teaze" on the Victor.

Horatio has never been the same since.

According to Doc Carman, the storms which affect this part of the United States originate in the Puget Sound region. Why not sell it to Canada?

—S—

"No, I can't, I've got to study."

"All right, now I'll tell one."

—S—

One night, within a seminar,

A man whose name was Potiphar  
Was shot.

He was the idol of Bayonne;  
But now his pride and hope is gone  
To pot.

One moment he was reading books  
Another, and the dirty crooks  
Beaned him.

And with one syncopated breath  
That rude old gent that we call death  
Gleaned him.  
Such is life.



Roomate: Do you ever wonder at that economic circumstance which has us both brush hair, clothes, and shoes with the same brush?

Why is history hard?

Well, we've had a stone age, a bronze age and an iron age and now we're in a hard-boiled age.

—S—

"Its not prohibition that gets my goat," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kaintucky; "its its effects. In the good old days a moonshiner had more or less class distinction, now he's classed as a common bootlegger and the dignity of the profession is lost."

—S—



Picture of a cop. Apropos of nothing.

—S—

#### EMBARRASSING.

"I don't like these "pay-as-you leave" street cars."

"Why is that?"

"If you accidentally become acquainted with a young lady on them, you are always under obligations."—*Punch Bowl*.

—S—

Where is the authentic case of the senior who still wears the orange and blue '21 baggage tag which he, as a freshman, purchased?

#### A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY.



From the campus Lethe rises  
Bob-Haired Phillippa:  
"In nineteen-sixteen I made  
A date for the Promenade  
Of nineteen-twenty. And the  
Man,  
So well loved in the early days, be-  
came  
Completely cellar gang; he chew-  
ed tobacco,  
Gambolled in corduroys, well-nigh  
forgot  
The art of shaking shins. And  
when I kept  
That sad archaic date he came to  
me on foot,  
Wearing a red cravat. Oh, learn,  
My younger sisters, not to fill  
From end to end your date book,  
All too hastily.

—S—



#### REMINISCENT.

Uncle and niece stood watching the young people dancing about them.

"I bet you never saw any dancing like this back in the nineties, eh, Unkie?"

"Once—but the place was raided."

—S—

#### A DEFINITION

Each flea firmly believes that he lives on th most wonderful dog in the world. That's patriotism.

—S—



HOMAN

He—"Do you think you'll Tod-  
dle down there tonight?"

She—"Oh! We'll take a taxi."

—S—

#### GOOD BIZZNESS.

"I vish I vas as religious as Abie."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven der collection box comes aroundt."—*Yoo Doo*.



### SCRAMBLIT'S SOLILOQUY

(With apologies to W. Shakespeare, Esq.)

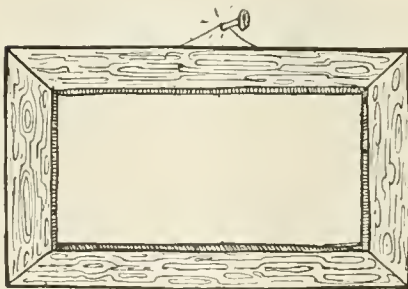
To roll or not to roll, that is the question. Is't wiser in the minds of smelts to suffer pains and distempers of outraged nature or take precautions 'gainst a sea of troubles and by uprolling, end them? To sigh, to peep no more; and by increasing length we stop the eye-aches and the thousand natural shocks that man is heir to: 'Tis a consumation devoutly to be wished. To sigh, to peep—To peep, perchance to blush; Aye, there's the rub.

—S—

Her lips, petite, alluring,  
So perfect, rosy, smiling,  
Enticing him to kiss her,  
Her eyes are closed beguiling.

In tears, his eyes brim over;  
Oh darn that kiss he gave her!  
Why won't those lipstick makers  
Change that rotten flavor?

—S—



First authentic photograph of the Freshman Class of Phi Beta Kappa at the University of Illinois. The man at the extreme left is also a member of Theta Nu Epsilon.



I know "it is more blessed to give than to receive," opined Raoul Harvey, "but I'm dead broke and I'm blessed if I can see how I'm going to get a winter coat unless some one gives it to me."

"How times do change," Raoul said, chewing a soda straw, "I heard a young fellow as a girl to let him kiss her hand the other night and she said, lifting her veil, 'My gloves are on.'"

"A good speech," said Raoul at the fraternity banquet, "should be like a ladies' skirt. Long enough to cover the subject, yet short enough to be interesting."

—S—

Were you hurt when you fell on the ice?

No. I lit bottle side up.

—S—

### STRANGE.

The hero passionately pressed his suit, but the more he increased his pants the less Trilby loved him.

When a girl wears long skirts it doesn't necessarily mean she's a prude.

No, she doesn't want to show bad form."

—S—

She—"Did you pay for that yourself?"

He—"No. I wrote a check for it."

—S—

### BEAUTY IS SHIN DEEP.

He—"Are you saving anything for a rainy day?"

She—"Yes, indeed, I never wear silk stockings around the house."

—Aurigan—

—S—

It might be I could manage,

To get myself a date;

If I but had a Fliver

Or else a Mastie Eight.

—S—

"Mandy, is dat 'ere husband of yours lazy?"

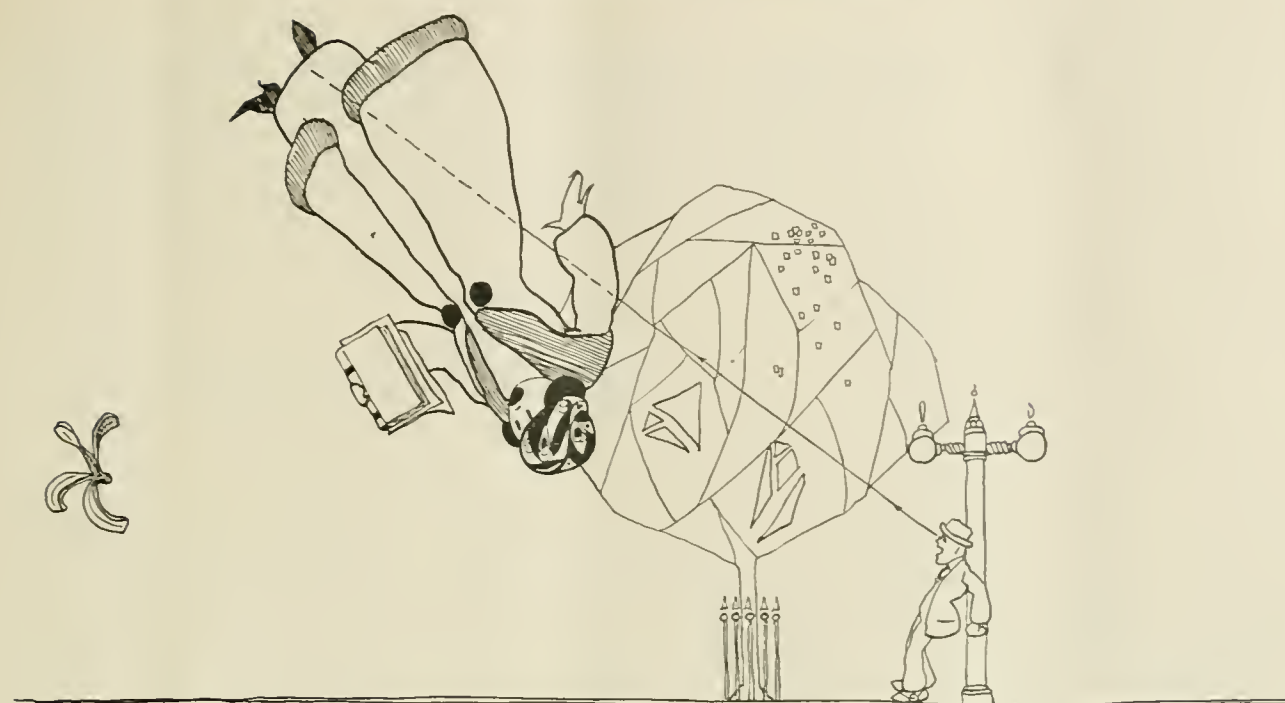
"Lazy? Why, man, dat husband ob mine lays down, and is too lazy to curl up."

—S—



She: Robert, are you shimmying?

He: No! I just put on my winter flannels.



HOMAN

# IF SIR ISAAC NEWTON HAD BELONGED TO THE PURITY LEAGUE.

The Youth sat glumly beside the Artful Maiden, wondering what to say next. At last:

"Well, I guess I'd better be goin' " he mumbled.

"Oh, don't go," she coed mechanically.

"Yeh. Gotta go."

"Hones'? Well, gladdametcha. Hadda lovely time."

" 'Bye."

"Bye."

He plodded homeward. How was he to know that for the first time in the semester the A. M. had not been kissed "good-night"?

—S—

We may look for a drop in the price of plank steaks—lumber is getting cheaper.

—S—

The preacher said: You are one."  
They tried to decide which one.  
And we don't know which won.

—S—

There is a vacation resort in the White Mountains where a hair net will only last twelve hours.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

A handful of tacks wrapped in cheese cloth and rubbed vigorously over polished furniture, will remove old scratches.

—S—

A fresh egg dropped in water will float or sink, we forget which.

—S—

Sour cream served on the boarders will enliven an otherwise dull meal.

—S—

To prevent hair in the ice water, shave the ice.

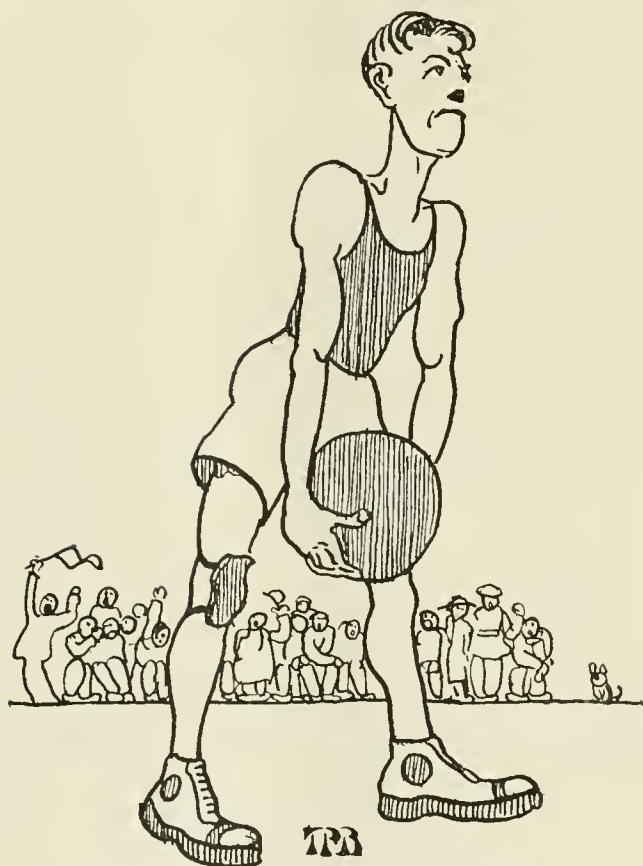
—S—

The violin is a great instrument. It gives many a chin a rest.

—S—

"What would you do if I turned you down?" she asked shyly as they sat on the sofa. Our non-chalent hero looked into space and said nothing. After a few moments of silence she nugged him and said, "Didn't you hear my question?" "Beg pardon said our n. c. h., I thought you were adressing the gas.

## SUBCONSCIOUS STUFF



Erstwhile crap-shooter: "Come on li'l sphere, hop in the basket; papa wants to buy the baby some new shoes."

—S—

This means everything—and nothing.

Last Saturday night I sat in interested conversation with the Scholar, in a popular dispensary of gastronomic nick-knacks. The talk had veered through Freud to Yogiism, up to O. Henry and down to Schnitzler. At eleven thirty the first of the Bradley Hall revellers began to volplane in. Light laughter, heavy chuckles, silk stockings, Oscar Wilde haircuts, and all that.

The Scholar gathered in his briefcase and reached for his hat.

"Come on, Son," he said. "Lets go. Here come the animals."

## CLYTIE AT THE SYMPHONY

It's just perfectly lovely here tonight, isn't it? I simply adore classical music. There is something terribly elevating about these grand, simple old melodies, don't you think? Only Beethoven is really very complex, of course, if you are able to understand him.

Of course, I like jazz too—I'm rather fond of dancing, you know. No—really, I *wanted* to come here!

I wonder why that silly little Clara Mudd wears her hair that way? Isn't it terrible? Oh, —hello there!—hello Clara dear!

Sh-h-h-h!!!—

Give me a program please. What?—Oh, I *always* close my eyes this way. I *simply cannot* appreciate real music without doing it. It makes me feel so *alone*, if you know what I mean.

Look at that girl down in the third row who insists on talking all the time. I simply *loathe* people who talk at symphony concerts. It really shows the lack of culture and good breeding. Isn't culture a wonderful thing, when you come to think of it?

Sh-h-h!!—That's pretty—It's the fifth, isn't it? Just to think of being able to write all that wonderful music! Mother thinks I might have been really great as a composer. I made my debut when I was twelve, you know. What was it I played?—I think it was "The Angel's Serenade." Yes, I'm quite sure that was it, "The Angel's Serenade."

But of course by bent is toward literature! —This is the last movement isn't it?—

And to think that Beethoven was blind too! Is my nose shining? I'm *so* emotional, you know!

—S—



HOW YOU TALK !

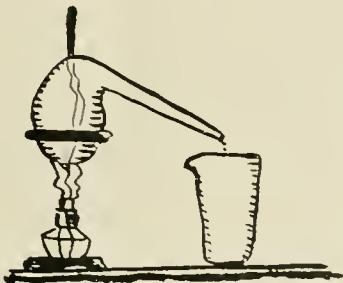
Q. What does the university monogram say ?

A. I've got my I on U.

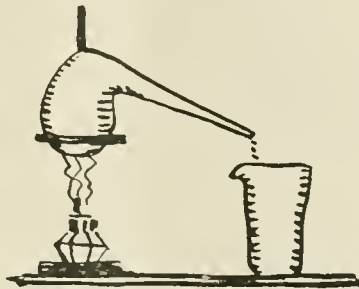


# NATURE AND SCIENCE

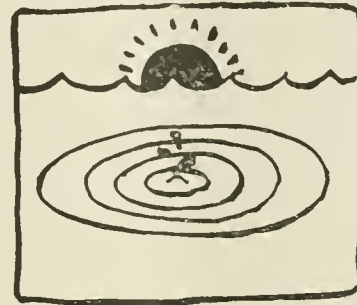
FOR YOUNG AND OLD . . . .



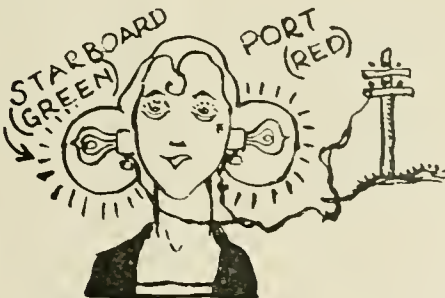
DEVICE' FOR THE  
REMOVAL OF SALT  
FROM THE DEAD  
SEA.



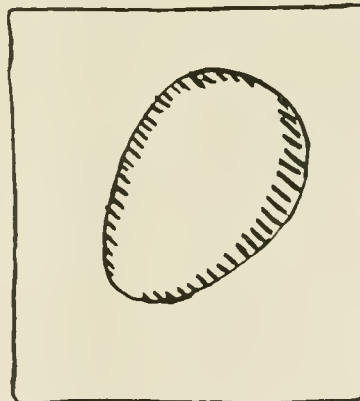
MACHINE FOR THE  
REDUCTION OF ARIDITY  
IN DRY HOMES



FISH, DIVING  
AT SUNRISE



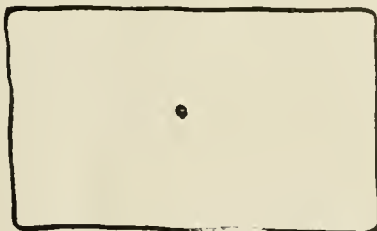
FOR CAMPUS  
NAVIGATORS



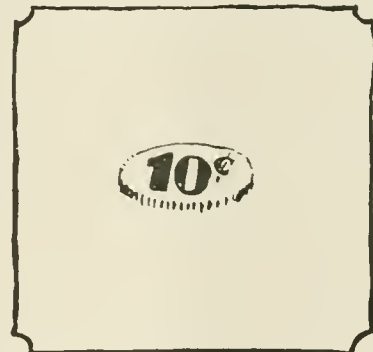
HOW THE WORLD  
WOULD LOOK IF  
IT WERE SHAPED  
LIKE AN EGG



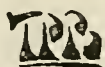
HANDY DEVICE FOR  
UNROLLING  
CIGARETTES



CROSS SECTION  
OF THE EQUATOR



TEN-DOLLAR BILL,  
AFTER A HARD  
DAY'S WORK



INVISIBLE HAIR-NET  
IN ACTION.



# The Siren



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OUR discussion is on the subject of Bla, (pronounced Bla.) It is a question that has to do with the collegiate world of all generations, a bit particularly with the present one probably.

Bla, or bla-blaing is the gentle art of speaking much and saying nothing, or of acting a part that is not by nature a part of one's act. It comes in many forms and varieties and is the most striking example of what the young man or woman doesn't get from college.

The usual soda-water dispensary-booth conversation is pure Bla. The same sort flourishes between dances and at sorority teas. The "oh, I think he's the most wonderful dancer" variety is included—that too, is Bla.

But let it be understood that shallow conversation is not the only variety of Bla in our child-like community. Often Bla appears in its most virulent form in conversations at the University Club or the Poetry society. Many times the high-brow, the would-be-high-brow or the self-confessed high-brow is its perpetrator. One who delves too deeply into books is often as guilty of Bla as he or she who delves not at all and therefore has to make conversation without

any basis for it. By the same token that person who considers himself or herself a bit popular; who makes dates easily or who is dated easily, too often lets the blue-ribbon popularity go to the higher altitudes and begins a period of adolescence known to the few as the Bla period.

The most striking example is that he or she who deeming himself or herself superior, treads on the toes of the multitude and frowns when the multitude fails to beg pardon.

To them all—to the student, the tea dancer, the fusser, the Greek letter man or woman, the literary light, the self-satisfied poet, the athlete and the hand shaker let the old girl drop a word of warning. "the blue-ribbons you pluck at college, tra la, are not worth a whoop on the loop."

Which leads to the suggestion that a Tau Beta Pi key never got a bridge contract, nor a memory book full of dance programs a happy home.



AND now, on the heels of Thanksgiving and the latest tag day for the benefit of weeping onion farmers in the Bermuda Islands, and a million other ideas for pulling the kale from its receptacle in the rear pocket or the Lisle National, comes Christmas.

A joyful season, truly, is the Yultide. Beginning with *le premier du mois*, the Lonesome One is startled at the friendliness of the Burlesonite, but the mail is not from merchants with an idea that "that little account has slipped your mind." Nay, little reader, the communications are in the form of greetings and salutations, effervescent with good cheer and happiness, full of information about friends, and last but not least, carefully solicitous about the welfare of the recipient, and coyly abiding allowed correspondence to drag.

The more clever of the writers usually remark that jewelry is always appreciated at Christmas time, and opine that since actual fighting is no more in vogue among the nations, everyone should put the Christmas list on a pre-war basis, or a pre-twentieth century basis—now, wait a minute, that last statement might be just a little off-color. We remarked that the more clever of the correspondence fiends mentioned these things. They do not. They exercise a mean sort of mental telepathy that pops out with the opening of the envelope and stays out until after December 25, constantly thrusting at the poor subject its insinuations that perhaps so-and-so really should be added to the list.

After a losing fight with conscience and the aforesaid mental message, the personage who formerly gleaned his information concerning old friends from the home town paper and who is now kept posted by the numerous well-wishers prepares for slaughter the more or less underfed calf, played by Bill Fold, and with heart and purse shrouded in deep despair—for he has no idea in the world that he will feel better for doing it—he repairs to the market.

Salespersons are ever present with their damnable offers for assistance in the selection of gifts. He buys not gifts for the "immediate family and a few relatives," but for old college friends, for old high school friends, for their friends, and for friends of the friends. And lo, another fish is brought to the attention of scientists.

Truly, zoologists should rejoice with the arrival of the Christmas season.

THE Illinois Fraternity Union, a newly organized body of alumni and association presidents striving for a really worthy purpose has surprised us somewhat and shocked us more by a rather radical recommendation. The fraters would expunge the Roast Section from the Illio.

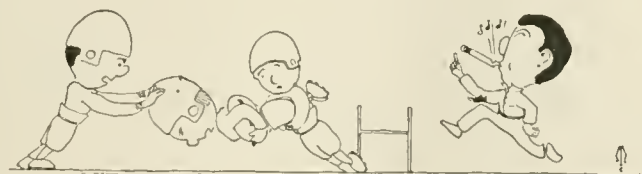
Without questioning the acumen of those who advocated the stand the Union has taken, may we tilt momentarily with their views? We may? Thank you. We will.

The Roast section, they say, shows the University in a light that is not appreciated as fun on the exterior but is taken as reality, and as a result the outside thinks we are a polygot aggregation of idlers and spend-thrifts. Which causes us to sigh tearfully for the activity of the grey matter of those on the exterior.

Since time immemorial college students have been expected to be flighty and irresponsible at times. They are conscientiously looked to for demonstrations of spontaneity—and they generally deliver the goods. If the Illio chooses to call some amiable frater a sour owl, knowing that he is not, but is really a good fellow and if the university world will accept the statement that he is a sour owl in the spirit it is given—should we worry what the outside thinks? Not much.

However, to the Union let this credit be given—if the editor seeks to call a certain organization a group of boozing bums, when he knows that the days of fraternities that were groups of boozing bums is passed, then the editor should be frowned upon.

The University is as it is. The Roast Section, supposed to characterize university life, can do so without making out the student body to be a mandarin, immoral, drunken collection of young humanity, and the Roast Section is one of the best "selling features" of the Illio. The section should be well advised, you know that it will be well censored after the experience of last year, and so, it will be all right.







Clarrissa Mahoney Alecia MacDuff  
 Was a nice little girl, but terribly rough.  
 Her Father brought Clara's whole family to grief  
 By divorcing his wife and rewedding a thief.  
 Her Mother, a thief as I mentioned before,  
 Was the type of a girl that is worth waiting for.  
 Her Mother's grandfather, a gentle old man,  
 Hung around the saloon that his son-in-law ran.  
 Her eldest male brother, who recently died,  
 Was a gun-man by trade and robbed banks on the side  
 Her other male brother was blighted, it's said  
 By his habit of eating stale cookies in bed.  
 Clarrissa's one sister wore velveteen hose;  
 She never used rouge, though she had a red nose.  
 Clarrissa herself was the pride of the clan,  
 She made herself famous by rushing the can.  
 Which all goes to show that Clarrissa MacDuff  
 Never had half a chance—she just *had* to be rough.

—S—

The office of the Dean was as quiet as it usually is on Monday morning. Came a knock, following by an anaemic figure, bearing a frightened expression, a green toque, and five new books.

"Will you s-sign this exense, sir?" it whispered.

"Sick, I suppose—or dental appointment?" enquired the Dean, with tempered benevolence.

"No, sir; I just overslept," was the answer.

And so we had to get a new Dean

—S—

If I could have but one desire,

I'd like to be a versifier,

And scribble yards of complicated rhyme.

I'd chant of all celestial things,

Of gilded harps and angel's wings,

And Poetize in rhapsodies sublime.

### MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

A hush fell over the brilliant salon of the Comtesse de la Disgust, and a hundred bright expectant eyes turned toward the door. I remember that it was the door they were looking at, because there were curtains over all the windows. It was night, black night, outside, and the wind howled. But I wander. (I often do)

With a right royal air, and a delicate aroma of garlic, the Queen entered. The Comtesse and Myself eased across the room to welcome her, but our attention was caught by the old Lord Goutleg, Earl of Ptomain, who was acting in a very peculiar manner. The old Earl, who is over eighty, was swinging by one knee from one of the chandeliers, and shouting "I must speak to the Queen, I must speak to the Queen!" In a moment the entire galaxy of Beauty and Chivalry, including Her Majesty, were gazing at the Earl with amused astonishment.

Never at a loss in any emergency, the queen, with perfect savoir faire, drew herself up to her full height and said, in modulated tones,

"And what is it, me good Earl, that you wish to tell me?"

"Good your Majesty," gasped the old man, the cold sweat standing out on his wrinkled brow, "Tis this: didst ever in all thy royal life, hear the Tale of the Three Eggs?"

"Nay, Earl, nay:" replied the Queen in high good humor, "That is a tale I wot not of."

"TWO BAD ! !" wheezed the aged nobleman as the chandelier, unused to such heroic treatment, parted its moorings and crashed to the floor.



### JUDGEMENT.

I knew a gentle robber,  
A kindly robber too;  
Who plied his trade quite quietly,  
As all good robbers do.

He robbed the church and poor-house,  
And he killed our gentle priest,

And then he made a compote,  
Out of raisin mash and yeast.

Now as we knew, a gentler man  
N'er drew a sober breath;  
Though we didn't like the robberies  
Nor Father Peter's death.

But we were never finicky,  
In our nice neighborhood;  
And so we let the robber off,  
On promise to be good.

But when he made the compote  
Out of raisin mash and yeast,  
We rose in righteous dignity,  
And garroted the beast.

—S—

"Remember when the lights  
went out at the Hi Ho house the  
other night?"

"Yeah."

"Where were you when they  
went out?"

"In the dark."

### CAUGHT ON THE CAMPUS.

(Editor's Note: The following are snatches of actual conversation heard between classes. They are not revised or deleted, take them as they are. They show the result of an experiment conducted by one person, and they reflect the multitude.)

Two girls walking campus-ward at 1:00 p. m.—"He came over four times the next day, and ooooh! we were so thrilled, and do you know . . . ."

Two girls entering Lincoln building, 1:10 p. m.: "He was *with* Ruth, but he doesn't go with her steady, just now and then. I *think* he's engaged, he *never* wears his fraternity pin, and do you know . . . ."

Two girls in the entry way, Lincoln Hall, 2:00 p. m.: "Oh! Hello dearie. Say have you gotta date tomorrow night? Oh! Uh-huh, Yeah, un-huh, yes he is, really . . ."

Two boys, in front of the Arcade, 2:30 p. m.: "Yeah, an' as I watched it, pop, out flopped a raisin, and I knew I was in the right place . . . ."

Same two boys, ten minutes later: "Oh! Boy, just walk, that's all, just walk with 'em, it's got any dance step beat all hollow, and *anybody* can do it. Ohhh! Baby."

### UTILITARIAN? YES, BUT

### WHERE'S THE PSYCHOLOGY TO IT?

A card is posted on the dark room door in the psychology laboratory, 507 University Hall. It reads, "When the door is locked the key to it will be found hanging on the right side of the door frame."

—S—

"Are you really engaged?"

"No. Just signed up for the dancing season."

—S—

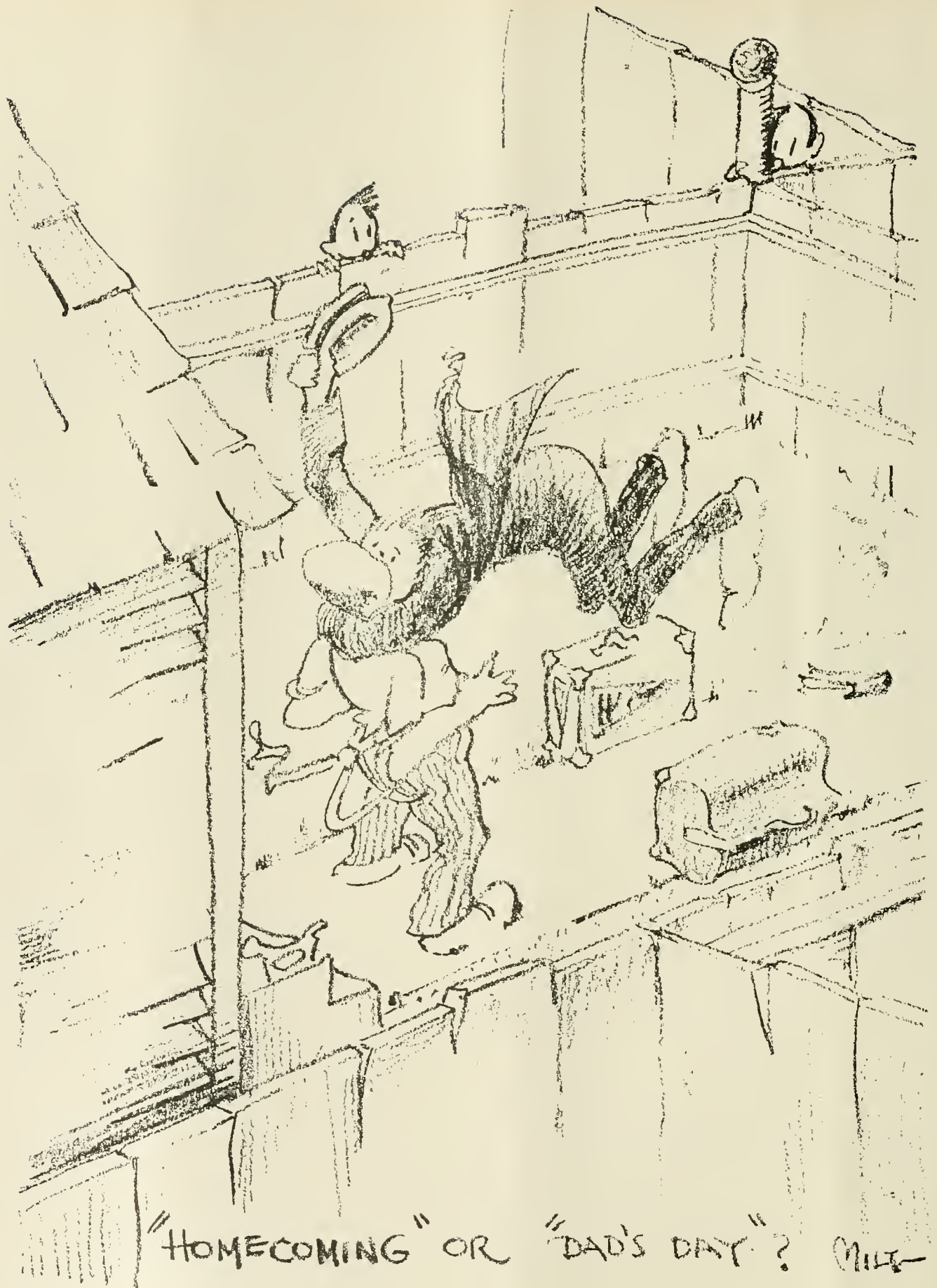
There comes a time  
In the life of  
Every young man  
When he learns  
That though  
The words rhyme  
There is no  
Affinity  
Between  
Good Looking  
And  
Good Cooking.

—S—

"Oh! Hello Alice, how are you dearie?"

"Hello Bess dear. How sweet your gown looks."

Lord, how they hate each other.



"HOMECOMING" OR "DAD'S DAY"? (MILK)



UP TO THE MINUTE EPI  
TAPHS.

I often envied  
Those who flew:  
I tried it—now  
That's all I do.

I started out  
To find a bear.  
I found him.  
How are you down there?

I tucked a high card.  
Up my sleeve.  
Now my wife and children  
Grieve.

Here lies the bones  
Of Vera Strange.  
She fell upon the  
Kitchen range.  
How very odd, yes,  
Vera Strange.

The automobile slowed  
For the crossing.  
I didn't.

I think I dented the radiator.

Proud Descendent—"Governor  
Carver was one of my fore-fath-  
ers."

Anamuensis—"Who were the  
other three?"

Some girls wear short skirts.  
The others wear hose with cotton  
tops.

There was a young lady named  
Beth,  
Who couldn't say yes, but said  
"yeth."

When I asked her to wed,  
This feminine said,  
"Oh! Yethir, I gneeth thir ith  
yeth."

Jazz—"What do you think of  
my car?"

Bo—"That's a nice horn."

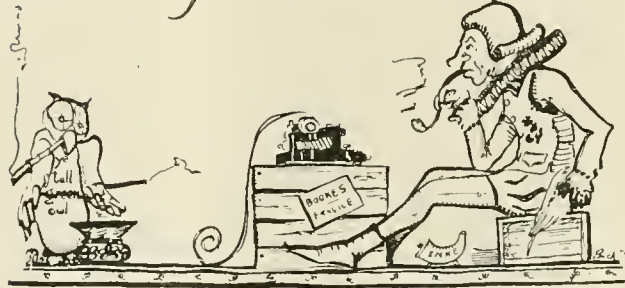
Full oft upon the stilly night I've sought the ways of life and light  
and spent my sheekles on enameled janes: when well I knew that then,  
as now, I should have been behind the plow, or driving cattle down the  
country lanes. Oft full, upon a palmy day I frittered golden hours  
away, a-standing on a corner swapping yarns, when if I'd been more  
rabbit-like and kept forever on the hike I'd have more cows and pork-  
ers in my barns. Oh! youth will have its fling, 'tis said, He'll spend  
the morning hours in bed, forgetful of the saw, that "Tempus flies!"  
But later on in life he'll wish he hadn't been a "pauvre" fish: He'll  
know how Tempus Fugits, e're he dies.



She—"Are you going home for good?"

He—"No, just for a little change."

## The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



(Being the dodderings of a disillusioned dunce)

Dec. 10.—Did into my borrowed worsteds and linen the night and so to a promenade of those juniors who possessed the requisite pound-sterling-plus and could borrow or rent the apparel. Met at the door by one Sir Jumbo Perambulator who had in truth been able to obtain a wicked outfit, withal he had forgotten to remove the "For Rent" tag from the hind quarter button. Yet it was a slick doublet and deserves praise. A good time was had by all and I judged from the dazzlingness of the eve that many flappers had taken the occasion for a "coming out" party. (Which is rather a sour jest for this time of the morn.)

Dec. 11.—Awoke with a bad head and a taste of leathern shoon in my mouth, and so to the studio to sketch, feeling the same—sketchy. (Another ascetic jest and ripe with age yet excusable from a psychological point of view.)

Dec. 13.—To a dance this eve and was highly complimented by being stepped on by that tall gentleman of a Chalmers street brotherhood, who formerly was a high flier in naval circles. His Lordship did in truth honor me highly, and more so, in that he did frown at me as though I had been responsible for the collision.

Dec. 14.—Learning and Labor palling somewhat I did to the Dean's office for permission to visit my sister in Chicago, but being absent minded did falter when he asked me "How long have you known her?" and answer "Two weeks." So back to the class rooms, seeking learning, but finding only labor.

Dec. 15.—By good chance obtained sorority scandal of a wondrous nature for the Illio, and it being learned, I received invitations to two house dances before the day's end, but am holding out for a formal bid, or odds bodkins the scandal will be unearthed. 'Tis black-mail, but a gentlemanly sort. Better men have done worse.

S. P.

## WHO WOODEN LAUGH?

The dusty wayfarer had come to the door of the farmhouse at dusk to beg the customary food and lodging. The canny farmer promised him these in return for a little—just a very little work. And he led the Weary Willie to the woodlot and showed him a great many logs and a hatchet. "When these are split, you may eat and sleep."

Undismayed, the tramp started to work. Soon he cast aside the hatchet and, sitting on one of their number, commenced to tell funny stories to the logs. Story after story he told, and the logs split themselves with wooden laughter. Soon all were neatly split—save four, which resisted the funniest stories which the tramp could unfold. So he left them there, and after the promised meal was a reality, he climbed into the loft and slept.

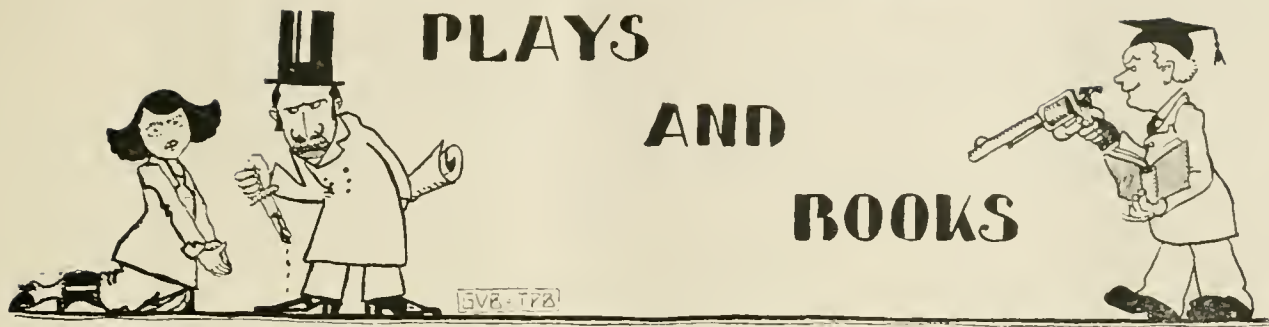
At the break of dawn the tramp was awakened by a loud ripping, splitting noise. He hastened to the woodlot and there were the four logs, neatly split. And not until he looked at them more closely did he realize that they were English walnuts.

S



Romeo Schmalz: You are the breath of my life!

Juliet Kirsch: Did it ever occur to you to hold your breath?



A booklet of unassigned call numbers is "Pick Your Prof. or Getting By in College," by David E. Berg, and published by the Institute for Public Service of New York. The booklet is just what it says.

In the midst of page headings such as "Pick Your Prof. Craftily," "Like the Prof's Jokes," "Bluffing in Self-Defense," and "The Art of Avoiding Study," we glanced again at the yellow cover for reassurance. The concentrated purport of the interspersed boldface paragraphs seemed entirely too much like the peculiar style of these expensive five-pamphlet courses in self-development. But they do not have yellow covers.

This skimmer's handbook is quite accurate in its conclusion to a certain point. The ruses and wiles of the evader of knowledge as explained in this work are here today. We believe, however, that if Mr. Berg were familiar with the classroom relationships here at Illinois, with its mammoth classes and four-hour finals, he would modify lots of his advice. It avails nothing to try to "handle" an instructor when he is always as ignorant of your existence at the end of the semester as in the beginning. Too many men, too many courses, too many years—no can do.

A satire, certainly, but we would hardly recognize this effort as a satire were it not for the constant exhortations to "avoid a real interest in a subject." On the last page is an elaborate form for a card index entitled "Prof Personality Index Card," with qualities of personality and methods of handling to be checked. It is with a trembling for higher education that we imagine the serious application of these methods of "Getting By in College."

Henry Bitts says that January is one of the hard months in which to collect debts from the brothers. The other hard months are February, March, April, May, June, August, September, October, November, and December.

We have just looked over the "Tatler," one of the newer six-by-nine joybooks. The "Tatler" is a monthly proposition, has its office on and deals with things concerning Broadway (accent second syllable, Edith). It seems to have about the same relation to the New York stage that THE SIREN and contemporaries bears to undergraduate life—senseless, funny, very nothing-in-particular, yet quite worth while. And what a relief to the Mississippi Valley from the Manhattanese line of so many periodicals today!

There is old stuff and new stuff, and lots of old stuff done in a new way. We have the "Those Days and Now" cropping up all thru the magazine—we find the usual liquor chatter, a style review, Serial (with the S up), pomes, and s. and s- paragraphs. The Serial is not so good. It even contains a "Come away from there, "he hissed." But "When we see a girl of ten crying these days we don't know whether to give her a new doll to comfort her, or tell her that no man's love is really worth crying for"—that certainly has its appeal to those who would snicker.

Nearly every right-hand page has its photographs of actresses who are on the Broadway boards today. These cuts were picked out by someone with true appreciation, etc. The Tatler beautifully refrains from personalities, so easy to write. We are in favor of this new book, and we hope that it drops among our notebooks again.

—S—

Culled from the dope on ticket stubs in the November Illinois magazine:

Nietzschean, Baskt, Carmen, Bizet, metaphysics, Chopin, Pepys, the Duke of York, Drury Lane Theatre, Elizer, Rupert Brooke, Convent Garden, Moulin d'Or, Chris Morley, bons mots, and "haec olim memnissie." Whew!

And all this in less than three thousand words! Make no mistake, ye who would be cultured. Read the Illinois Magazine and note the quick elevation of the super-eyebrow region.





# The Best From the Rest

Dizz—"Yes, he had the audacity to kiss me."

Kpzzw—"Of course, you were very indignant?"

Dizz—"Yes, every time."

—*The Western.*

—S—

## CURSORY REMARKS.

Pep—"Don't go bathing after dinner."

Pip—"Why not?"

Pep—"Because you won't find it there."—*Tiger.*

—S—

*Say It With Naturals.*

The street car stopped with a yank. A man in the rear crowded his way to the door.

"Coming out! Coming out!" he cried to the impatient conductor.

"A half you don't," yelled the fuddled sporting gentleman in the front seat.

—*Frirol.*

—S—

Regret—"How can you spend so much time with that girl?"

Full—"It isn't the time I spend that I regret."

—*Frirol.*

—S—

Green Sap—"Pretty healthy water."

Green Cap—"Yeah, it's well water."—*Frirol.*

—S—

Mrs. Newlywed—"I'll take this pair of pajamas, and charge them, please."

Clerk—"Who are they for?"

Mrs. Newlywed (hotly)—"My husband, of course!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

—S—

## QUITE RIGHT.

"Weren't you sore at the umpire?"

"Well, I was put out at first."

—*Tiger.*

## DON'T YOU DARE.

"If you kiss me again, I'll call father."

"Where's father?"

"Down-town, and won't be home till midnight."—*Tiger.*

—S—

Mrs. M.—"Don't you stay in the room when your daughter has company any more?"

Mrs. D.—"No, I am trying the honor system."—*Tar Baby.*

—S—

Waiter—"Tea or coffee?"

Waitee—"Don't tell me; let me guess."—*Tiger.*

—S—



"Whistling for a wind" at the Cop corner.

—S—

## TACT.

I went to a party with Janet,

And met with an awful mishap,

For I awkwardly emptied a cupful

Of chocolate into her lap.

But Janet was cool—though it wasn't—

For none is so tactful as she, And, smiling with perfect composure,

Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me!"—*Jester.*

They sat beneath the apple blossoms. The moon shone softly. Suddenly he broke the silence:

"What's to prevent my kissing you?"

"Why, my goodness!" she exclaimed.

But it didn't.—*Tiger.*

—S—

## ON BIRTH CONTROL.

The minister to little Archie—"And what is redemption, my little lad?"

Archie (prompted by thoughtful mother)—"Redemption is being born again."

"That's splendid! And would you like to be born again?"

"Naw! Think I'm going to take any chances on being born a girl?"

—*Humbug.*

—S—

## THE INTERLOPER.

They had just pulled the cork when a lantern entered the room followed by a lengthy individual with whiskers.

"By gum, I've ketched ye," shouted whiskers, flashing the star attached to his galluses. "What are you two a-doin' here?"

"N-nothing," stammered Jones, covetously glancing at the bottle on the table.

"N-nothing," echoed Smith, covetously glancing at the bottle on the table.

"Well, what are ye two aimin' to do?" persisted whiskers.

"N-nothing," said Jones.

"N-nothing," said Smith.

"Whee!!!" said whiskers, "Then hold this lantern!"—*Juggler.*

—S—

## QUITE TRANSPARENT.

John (angrily)—"How I see through your subterfuge!"

Marie—"Well, that's only because there's a very bright sun."

# GUNDLOCK & MINER

## PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS

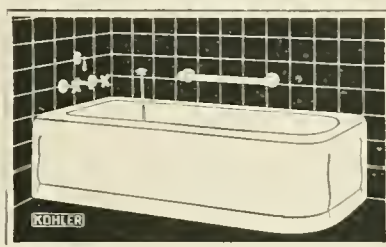
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URBANA, ILLINOIS



Kohler Enamel Ware

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to be mailed by us. Mail orders will  
receive most careful  
attention*

*Green Street  
To Be Sure*

**MOSI-OVER**  
MOSIER & OVERMAN

## AS IT AGAIN

She kissed me today

Who will kiss her tomorrow?  
That's always the way  
When she kisses today  
I ask with dismay  
Not unmixed with sorrow.

She kissed me today  
Who will kiss her tomorrow?  
—Dirge.

—S—

We read that Dante went through  
hell

To find his sweetheart, tho'  
around her  
Fierce flames might rage. Most  
fellows—well,  
Go through it after they have  
found her. —Punch Bowl.

—S—

## OLD STUFF

"Everybody out!" bellowed the  
top kick.

"Out of what?" questioned the  
fresh rookie.

"Out of luck," yelled the t. k.  
—American Legion Weekly.

## HI! JONSEY!

Doctor (at accident)—who—  
who will volunteer to tell this  
man's wife that he is hurt?

Bright Guy—Get Jones to break  
the news—he stutters.—Chaparral.

—S—

H. C. What's the matter with  
the Boss' eyes?

S.—They're all right as far as  
I know. Why?

H. C.—Well I had to go and  
see him in his office yesterday  
afternoon, and he asked me twice  
where my hat was, and it was on  
my head all the time.

—San Mateo Elm.

—S—

## Circumstantial Evidence

Counsel!—Now, where did he  
kiss you?

Plaintiff—On the lips, sir.

Counsel—No! No! You don't  
understand. I mean where were  
you?

Plaintiff (blushing)—In his  
arms sir. —Voodoo.

## LUCKY BIRD

By mistake he had gotten the  
wrong suit from the cleaners. Fev-  
erishly he fished through the  
pockets. There were \$135 in bills

—S—

Mother—"Daughter, I have told  
you many times before not to  
let me find you kissing a man.

Daughter—It's your own fault,  
mother; I told you not to wear  
rubber soles. —Puppet.

—S—

Shy—Gee, I'd hate to be up so  
high in the air with that aero-  
plane!

Sly—Well, I'd hate to be up so  
high without it. —Drexler.

—S—

## NEXT TO NATURE'S HEART

Widow (whose weeds are dark  
but not dense)—Isn't there some-  
thing I can put on to keep the  
mosquitos from biting me?

Grouchy Bachelor—Yep. Cloth-  
es. —Chicago Tribune.

## Greetings Illini

*The Illini Publishing Company takes  
this opportunity to extend its greet-  
ings to all Illini—both old and new.  
We wish to thank you for your pat-  
ronage during the past school year  
and assure you that we will be ever  
ready to serve you in the future as  
we have in the past.*



ILLINI PUBLISHING CO.

Green Street - - - - - Champaign, Illinois



#### DRAWBACK.

Roses are red, violets are blue,  
And they cost a million or two.  
—*Judge.*

—S—

#### SAFETY FIRST.

"What's going on here, movie thriller?"

"Nope," replied the phlegmatic citizen. "A couple of motor car bandits are robbin' a bank."

"Good heavens, man! Why don't you give the alarm?"

"I've got a balance of only two dollars in that bank an' I ain't goin' to run the risk of gettin' shot for the price of a light lunch."

—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

—S—

Adam—"Let's turn over a new leaf."

Eve—"Why, dear, it's only Saturday.—*Widow.*



MARCY

THE NEW

## ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., TROY, N. Y.

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*Baked Beans*  
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Company*

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Hamilton Bldg.

CHAMPAIGN



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.  
“How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?” she asked the Lioness.

“Only ONE,” replied the Lioness—“but it’s a LION.”

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of 10 — BUT THEY’RE MURADS!**

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But they wouldn’t be MURADS—they’d only be Foxes!

**“Judge for Yourself—!”**

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*S. Anargyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



He: I understand T. N. E. is giving the dean some trouble.

She: Oh! Is the dean a chemist?

*Always Good*

## KENNEDY'S ANDIE S

315 N. Neil Street

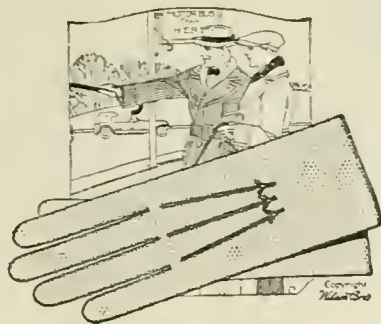
Champaign, Illinois

### DAYS OF GRACE

Ye Student—"Sir, I want permission to be away three days after the end of vacation."

Dean—"Ah, you want three more days of grace."

Student—"No; three more days of Gertrude."—*Record*.



## Mocha Gloves

**M**OCHA GLOVES derive their name from Mocha, a seaport town of Arabia on the Red Sea, where Mocha skins were first shipped.

Because the skins are so crudely handled by the natives at their source, they are passed through more different processes in tanning and dressing than any other glove leather.

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For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and deserts.



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service

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**LAUNDRY DEPOT**  
510 E. Green St.

The White Line Stands Sol-  
idly Back of Every Stu-  
dent Publication

## White Line Laundry

Main 406

Old Lady—"If you want to re-  
main pretty, always, you must be  
good."

Her Youngest Grandchild—  
"Then, Grandma, you must have  
been very, very naughty!"

—*Le Rire* (Paris).



Dick: "I say, Helen, when do  
you think of getting married?"

Helen: "Morning, noon and  
night."

—*Faint Heart Never Won.* Etc  
James—"May I kiss you?"

Eileen—"They say kissing  
tends to the propagation of mi-  
crobes."

James—"Well, you kiss me,  
then. I'm not afraid of them."

—*Tar Baby.*

Magistrate: "But your wife  
says you haven't spoken a word  
to her for over a year." Polite  
prisoner: "No, your worship, I  
didn't want to interrupt her."

Pearson's Weekly

## Christmas Greet- ing Cards and Books

A great many of your friends  
will appreciate a remembrance  
in the form of a greeting card  
or book. Select them now and  
take advantage of com-  
plete assortments.

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to you.

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Walnut St., Champaign

Youngster—"And you advise me to marry? You forget, in these days a wife costs so much!"

Oldster—True, my friend, but consider how long they last."

—*Le Rire* (Paris)

S

Yes, I was a freshman too. Some of the happiest years of my life, I spent as a Freshman.

—*Squib*.

## Picknell Meat Market

606 S. 5th St.—M2458

QUALITY ROASTS, STEAKS,

HAMS and BACONS

We Deliver

## ELECTIVES.

Bing—"I heard that your old man died of hard drink."

Ding—"Yes. Poor fellow. A cake of ice dropped on his head."

—*Argwan*.

S

"William, every time I come home I find you asleep. What do you mean?"

Servant—"Excuse me, madam, but I never could bear to sit around doing nothing!"—*Le Rire* (Paris).

S

## TINTS AND UNDERTONES

Cosmos and daisies calico-wise

In a dull gray field of fern:

Sprinkling or rose on a morning of mist

Relaxing my passion in dream;

Green soft leaves and tall grass reeds

Cooling my head in their shade . .

. . . . .  
I lie watching the wall-paper move.

## G. W. Lawrence Music Store

The only place you have a choice of records Columbia, Victor, or Brunswick.

Columbia, Brunswick and Victor phonographs.

Come in and let us demonstrate the different tones for you.

We also have a large line of string instruments and Saxaphones.

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112 W. Main Street

URBANA

# Mead's

## Cafeteria

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Popular Prices



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ZELWOOD

*EW*

*Collars & Shirts*

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.

These Collars on Sale at

Gelvin's Clothes Shop

They were in a tea-room after the game, he and she. As they rose to go out, she stooped suddenly, baby-blue eyes frightened and wondering. A trifle embarrassed, too, as if something had. \* \* \* She looked down at her silken ankles and a deep flush stole over her. "Oh," she cried, "I forgot to telephone mother I wouldn't be home for supper." —Banter.

S

#### ROUGE

Your eyes are like unto the rays  
Of Luna's brilliant form;  
Your hair is touched with radiance

Like sunset after storm;  
Your face, enticing, bids me love—  
But I'd not kiss in haste,  
For I can see your lips are rouged  
And I can't stand the taste.

—Dirge.

S

Prof.—What is there to substantiate the opinion that Shakespeare was a prophet?

Soph.—He was fortelling the era of home brew when he wrote the recipes for Witches' Broth in Macbeth. —Panther.

S

Prof.—What right have you to swear before me in class?

Youth—How could I know you wanted to swear first?

—Lampoon.

## Christmas Gifts of unusual character

*Are here in great variety. Hundreds of suitable gifts for every member of the family.*


POTTERY, ROYCROFT GOODS, NOVELTIES OF ALL KINDS, PENNANTS, EVERSHARP PENCILS, FOUNTAIN PENS, ETC.

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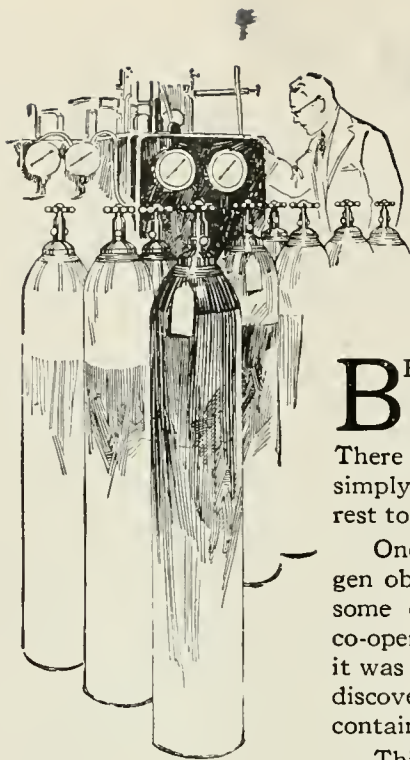
...and at the two great  
Automobile Shows

*A fact:*

Last January at the big New York show in the Grand Central Palace as well as at Chicago's show at the Coliseum more Fatimas were smoked than any other cigarette.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

**FATIMA**  
*A Sensible Cigarette*



## What Is Air?

**B**EFORE 1894 every chemist thought he knew what air is. "A mechanical mixture of moisture, nitrogen and oxygen, with traces of hydrogen, and carbon dioxide," he would explain. There was so much oxygen and nitrogen in a given sample that he simply determined the amount of oxygen present and assumed the rest to be nitrogen.

One great English chemist, Lord Rayleigh, found that the nitrogen obtained from the air was never so pure as that obtained from some compound like ammonia. What was the "impurity"? In co-operation with another prominent chemist, Sir William Ramsay, it was discovered in an entirely new gas—"argon." Later came the discovery of other rare gases in the atmosphere. The air we breathe contains about a dozen gases and gaseous compounds.

This study of the air is an example of research in pure science. Rayleigh and Ramsay had no practical end in view—merely the discovery of new facts.

A few years ago the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company began to study the destruction of filaments in exhausted lamps in order to ascertain how this happened. It was a purely scientific undertaking. It was found that the filament evaporated—boiled away, like so much water.

Pressure will check boiling or evaporation. If the pressure within a boiler is very high, it will take more heat than ordinarily to boil the water. Would a gas under pressure prevent filaments from boiling away? If so, what gas? It must be a gas that will not combine chemically with the filament. The filament would burn in oxygen; hydrogen would conduct the heat away too rapidly. Nitrogen is a useful gas in this case. It does form a few compounds, however. Better still is *argon*. It forms no compounds at all.

Thus the modern, efficient, gas-filled lamp appeared, and so argon, which seemed the most useless gas in the world, found a practical application.

Discover new facts, and their practical application will take care of itself.

And the discovery of new facts is the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company.

Sometimes years must elapse before the practical application of a discovery becomes apparent, as in the case of argon; sometimes a practical application follows from the mere answering of a "theoretical" question, as in the case of a gas-filled lamp. But no substantial progress can be made unless research is conducted for the purpose of discovering new facts.

**General Electric**  
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N. Y.



# THE SIPEN

MAY 31 1921



THE  
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*Jos. Kuhn & Co.*

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31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.

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*The only store in the Twin Cities where you have a choice of Columbia, Victor, or Brunswick records.*

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*We also have a complete line of string instruments and saxophones. See our offerings for Dollar Day.*

G. W. Lawrence  
112 W. Main Street

### A LITTLE EARLY

The kind old gentleman met his friend, little Willie one very hot day.

"Hello, Willie!" he exclaimed. "And how is your dear old grandpa standing the heat?"

"Ain't heard yet," said William. "He's only been dead a week."

—Tar Baby

—S—

Ballflower (gallantly) —Have you this dance?

Wallflower (demurely) —Not yet.

Ballflower (capriciously) —Please hold this stogie while I dance.

—Notre Dame Juggler

—S—

### LADY VOTERS

The candidate greeting a lady, alack,

Now meets with a terrible par. You can't slap a beautiful girl on the back

Or hand her a ten-cent cigar.

—Judge.

—S—

In the confusion of the advance the chaplain was separated from his outfit. Night found him in No Man's Land without his bearings and aimlessly seeking his own lines. He stumbled into a broken trench and flopped when voices reached him. Friends or enemies? Had he blundered into the Hun lines?

Uttering a prayer, he made ready to do or die, when a sharp voice cut the death-like silence:

"Who in hell led that last ace?"

"Thank God, I'm among Christians," the parde murmured as he reached for his plug of Granger Twist.

—Red Diamond.

—S—

### CLEANING HOUSE

First Freshman—What have you done with all your pictures? Your walls look awfully bare.

Second Ditto—Oh, you see, mother says she's coming up to see my room.

—Brown Jug.

## University Pharmacy

505 S. Goodwin

Try Our  
Hot Chocolate

### Prescriptions

Filled only by Registered  
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Telephone us your wants  
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appear on the streets in a Barn-  
hart hat.

: :  
:

## *Mary A. Barnhart*

Flatiron Building  
URBANA

Politician to friend wife:  
P—: "Well, dearie, I was elect-  
ed."

W—: "Honestly!"

P—: "Well, what difference  
does that that make?"

—*Sun Dodger*

—S—

Nip—I played poker all night  
last night.

Tuck—How did you come out?

Nip—Fine! I won eight pre-  
scriptions.

—*Pelican*

—S—

## SQUASHED

He—My brother is exactly the  
opposite of me. I don't suppose  
you've met him, have you?

She—No, but I should like to.

—*Record.*

—S—

When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the fodder's in the shock,  
Then dad redeems his overcoat  
And puts the Ford in hock.

—*Octopus.*

—S—

## THE COSMIC ERROR

My dome is filled with knowledge  
rich and rare;

Full many a wrinkle corrugates  
my brain;

I have oodle after oodle of cogni-  
tion in my noodle;

To me zymology is clear and  
plain.

My speech just scintillates corru-  
scent learning;

I understand the whereness of  
of the whence;

Socrates and La Fontaine, Kant  
and Hume, and other men,

'Long, o' me are vain and puer-  
ile, weak and dense.

But there's one thing far beyond  
my comprehension.

My cerebrum of its cunningness is  
robbed:

When I cogitate the reason for  
more women every season

Thinking it improves their beau-  
ty when its bobbed.

—*Widow.*

## Picknell Meat Market

*Quality Roasts, Steaks  
Hams and Bacon*

606 S. 5th St.

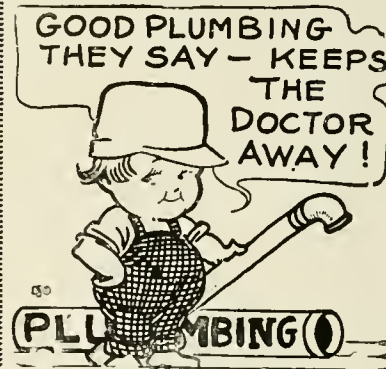
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Made Like New*

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Your Suit or repair  
Your Shoes  
on short notice*



Apperson's Little Plumber

## *L. W. Apperson Plumbing and Heating*

Phone Main 906

120 S. Race St. URBANA





*Look at Jimmy Love with a new girl and new evening clothes!*

*Wrong, Emery—it's his old girl painted over and a new Lion Collar that makes him look dressed up.*

*Wish I had that collar on — mine's a mess already and I have the third and fourth dance with Jimmy's girl.*



# BIDWELL'S BETTER CANDIES

*Next to the Postoffice*

## IT ALL DEPENDS

Young Lady (with hopes)—What do you think is the fashionable color for a bride?

Male Floor Walker—Tastes differ, but I should prefer a white one! —*Jester*

—S—

Sea Captain (to one of many leaning over ship rail): Weak stomach, my lad?

Boy (nervously): Why, aint I puttin' it as far as the rest of 'em? —*Octopus*

## *A Satisfied Patron Means A Steady Patron*

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

*Champaign Tea & Coffee Company*

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

## Stoltey's Garage

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories

Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil

Soph: "I know Schmitz isn't two faced."

Frosh: "How is that?"

Soph: "If he was, he would wear the other one." —*Burr*

—S—

## HE OUGHT TO KNOW

Doctor: "Say, Colonel, how does it feel to kill a man?"

Colonel: "I don't know, doctor, how does it?" —*Burr*

*Let Munhall Quote Lowest  
Prices on Your*

## PUBLICATIONS

*Stationery and Dance  
Programs*

MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE

On Taylor Street Just East of Neil

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## *The Lighting You Need*

*We Have*

*Proper Lighting Makes  
Your Work More Efficient*

*Let Us Demonstrate  
to You*

## *The Ideal Electric Construction Company*

Opposite Inman Hotel

## BEWARE OF WIDOWS

"I love you! I love you!" he murmured for the nineteenth time.

"Speak; Answer me!"

The maiden coyly hung her head.

"I—oh, Tom, this is so sudden!" she pleaded.

He drew her close to him.

"Don't be afraid, darling," he said gently. "Would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of alarm, she threw her arms around his neck.

"No, No!" she gasped. "Mother is a widow. I want you myself!"

—Burr

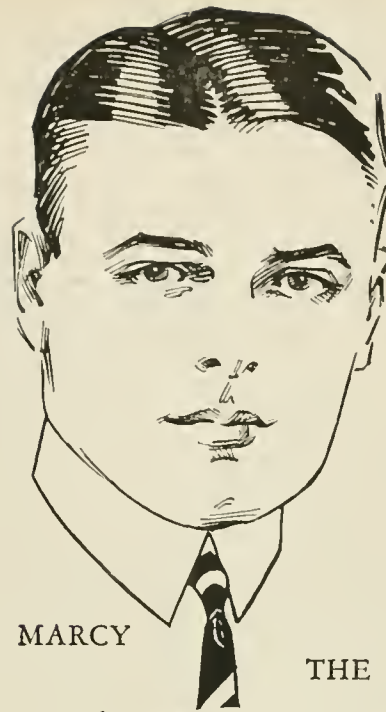
—S—

## SOUNDS FAMILIAR

Prof: "Why, you are so dumb, lazy, down right thick, that very few girls would even marry you."

Stude: "That's alright. Very few would be enough."

—Burr



MARCY

THE NEW

# ARROW COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., TROY, N. Y.



*When in Urbana*

*Drop in at the*

## "Playmor"

*and see the Twin Cities'  
Newest and Finest*

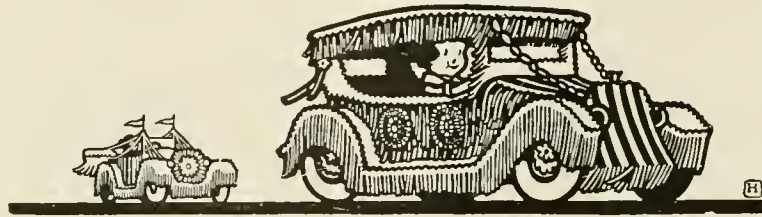
### Billiard Parlor

*Eleven Brunswick Tables*

Just the place for University Students

106 N. Race—Urbana





*“ — All dolled up — a taxi n’ all —  
and Decorations ”*

## Use Dennison’s Crepe for Decorating

**Y**OU’LL AGREE THAT A BEAUTIFULLY DEC-  
orated hall is one of the greatest factors of a success-  
ful dance. Now every one wants the next dance to go  
over big. Your decorating committee can get some very  
good suggestions in our Dennison Department. Let us  
make up your party novelties.

### Dennison Party Decorations

**STUDENT SUPPLY STORE**  
Service    Saving    Satisfaction

606 East Green Street

“Chuck” Bailey    “Shelby” Himes  
Managers



Emma and Eddie are hard-boiled seniors—they are saying "Bon Soir" to each other in English, having attended the Sophomore Cotillion. They are also dated for the Senior Informal tomorrow night, and tomorrow night looms unpleasantly in the minds of each.

Eddie rather fell for Emma a fortnight ago and asked her for a lot of dates.

He got them. Emma is a senior.

Now they have discovered that their lines don't correspond. Eddie talks gridiron and Jack London; Emma talks Curling-iron and Fitzgerald.

Verily. Love is blind, deaf and dumb.



The senators of ancient Rome  
Need wear no frock coats when at  
home;  
But they'd no cause to send up  
rockets;  
For togas never had hip-pockets!

—California Pelican



The ancient Greeks enjoyed a  
blessing,  
Their trousers never needed press-  
ing—  
But to their joy some gloom at-  
taches;  
They had no place to strike their  
matches!

Utah University Chronicle



But with all these adverse features  
Togas helped these worthy crea-  
tures  
For at night, with murmured bless-  
ing  
They hopped in bed without un-  
dressing.



The gentlemen of ancient Thrace  
Wore robes with most exquisite  
grace;  
But they weren't lucky, altogether  
Consider Thrace in windy  
weather.



## LIVE INTERVIEWS WITH DEAD ONES

Julius Caesar was sitting on a cloud hummock when I got in touch with him on the Ouija board and patented project-o-scope attachment. He looked bored, this look remained on his face when the connection was severed, somewhat later.

"How are you sir?" I said politely.

"How's yourself, you started it," he returned with a flash of his old time wit. "But if you must know, I haven't called a doctor lately."

I laughed raucously.

"Are you happy up there?" I asked next.

"Cheerio—bally well satisfied old bean," Jule said foppishly, and added, "I picked up that lingo when I sojourned in England some time ago. Like it?"

I passed the opners and continued.

"Ever get lonesome, Mr. Caesar?" I asked

"Lonesome? Lonesome, you ask is it? Listen son, did you ever set in at a G. A. R. convention with about two seeds of old 'vets' that knew more about war than Sherman did? I ask you, did you? Well listen, here I hear all about all the wars from the Trojan war to the new ones and the older they are the bigger the lies are. Here comes Alexander now and that darn argument of ours will start again."

Just then Alex appeared and as it is strictly against the Lodgian rules for two spirits to be mixed at one time, the connection severed. Further attempts to open them failed or I am sure my message to the doubting world would have been more pregnant with sayings from the great man.



"Times have changed," remarked Harvey disgustedly. "My New Years' resolution was to swear off the hard drink, and darned if it don't look as if I'd have to stick to my resolution."

"Faith, hope and charity are wonderful," said Raoul the other day. "I've been living on charity for years and I've still got faith in the hope that I can continue to do so for some time to come."

### SHAKESPEARE (Revised)

"Out, damned spot," quoth the freshman as he scrubbed his coat lapel vigorously, before entering his fraternity house."

"Lay on McDuff," said the ham actor, "but if the manager don't give us a raise tomorrow we lay off, what?"

"I am mad," shouted King Lear, "but I'll go clean nutty if they don't raise my salary."

"Double, double, toil and trouble, fire burn and cauldron bubble," said the Senior in the laundry room as he stirred the steaming home-brew."

## STEREOTYPED CONVERSA- TION

Stude: "The radius is the area squared times the cube root of the diameter plus ten."

Prof.: "Is it?"

Stude: "Isn't it?"

Prof.: "It isn't."

Latin Prof.: "What does equinox mean? You know nox means night and -----"

Stude: "Equus means 'horse'—that'd make equinox mean nightmare wouldn't it?"

"The blush slowly crept over her cheek."

Well, any good artist will tell you it doesn't pay to work fast.

### CLARISSA

Bonny Clarissa McBride  
Was the quaint little village's  
pride;

But she lost her high place  
When the paint on her face  
Was transferred in the course of  
a ride.

### WHAT CHANCE INDEED

"If bow legs and thick ankles  
won't make a girl wear short  
skirts—what chance has moral-  
ity"

Under the table Mary,

Under the table you go;  
One really must be very wary,  
Here are guests and your petti-  
coats show.

### OLD WHEEZES MADE NEW

"When is a door not a door,"  
When its been cut up for kind-  
ling.



News Item: John Doe, Sr., inmate of a deaf and dumb asylum, yesterday broke his right thumb hollering "Fire."

—S—

#### THOSE MEMORY WIZARDS

"I know all the telephone numbers in town."

"How extraordinary."

"\*\*\*\* Only I don't know who they belong to."

—Jack o' Lantern—

—S—

Any Co-ed—"Something in my heart tells me that you are going to ask me to your next dance."

Stude—"My dear girl, you must have heart trouble." —Froth—

—S—

"This hotel is like home, in a way."

"How do you figure that?"

"There's no place like it."



Here we offer for your consideration a sketch of part of an orchestra which is playing a composition entitled "Sweet and Low"

#### TOO WELL ACQUAINTED

"Jack, can I use your dress suit tonight?"

"Why don't you get Frye's?"

"But he doesn't know me very well."

"I know it; he'll probably give you his suit." —Juggler—

—S—

#### A SNAP COURSE

Soph—"Did you ever take chlo-roform?"

Frosh—"No; who teaches it?"

—Voo Doo—

### MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

I'm an old, old man now, but I've seen some gay, high times. For instance:

In Herzegovina, (wherever that is), I was shooting partridges and craps at the shooting-box of Prince Shrdlu. The Prince and I, and the Prince's sister-in-law (a lovely girl, though half-witted) found ourselves one morning in a wooded corner of the cassowary preserve. I set up the family Soixante-quinze and we lay doggo, on the chance of winging something for lunch.

"For gad," remarked the Prince, in his drooling, aristocratic manner, "I'm thirsty!"

"Cheerio!" I replied, having little else to say.

At that moment a stealthy step was heard, the hop-vines on our left parted and a strange figure stood before us, fingers to lip, ears drooping, and feet at several obtuse angles. We stared, in our well-bred way.

"Your highness," said the old man, "J'ai quelque chose-de qui a boire—sur mon hip. Caveat emptor! Mais, wenn Sie durst haben, jien vous donne. Mizpah! But before I slip you this hootch, permit me to ask you if you have heard the legend of the DIRTY WINDOW?"

"No, by no means; no!" said the Prince, his tongue hanging out like a latch-string.

"Whereupon the peculiar stranger took a deep breath, dug his left heel in the ground, and said:

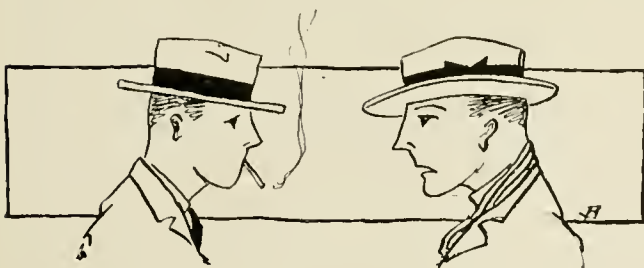
"You couldn't see through it!"

Then he disappeared, leaving nothing behind to bear witness to his existence save a faint odor of yeast.

### S IT MATCHES SO WELL

"I see you're wearing Jack's pin!"

"No. Oh! I am, ain't I? I'd forgotten I had put on my blue dress this morning."



T. Hound: "How did you enjoy the leap-year dancant?"

Wallflower Ed: "Not a darn bit; half the girls refused to dance with me because I had never danced with them, and the other half because I had."

### NOW WE KNOW

"Why do they always say 'The Terrible Turk?'"

"Goodness, don't you know? Ever smoke a Hot-ama cigarette?"

S

Illinoisan in Texas: "Do you think it will rain tomorrow?"

Texas: "Listen son! There's only two people in the state of Texas that ever prophesies the weather. One's a newcomer and t'other's a damned fool."

S

I spent a winter, long ago,  
Up in a tree in Idaho;  
And there I witnessed many things,  
Giants, ogres, geysers, springs:  
I'll tell you all if you will stay,  
And listen unto what I say.

The first month there was very hard;  
I lived on onions, quail and lard.  
I had but little on my back,  
A Chemise made of gunny sack,  
A necklace made of split bamboo  
And then an amulet or two.

I got some inks and pen, I think  
I drank the pen and ate the ink.  
A ghastly thing to do, you know  
As what befel me then will show.

A man stepped from a wayside inn—  
Seized a child and pulled it in.  
And then I knew, by doleful cries,  
It was being used to swat the flies.  
I tried to aid, but could not budge,  
The tree was sticky—like sister's fudge.

I tore my hands and wrung hy hair,  
For there I was, up in the air.  
And an elephant came and shouted in glee,  
And twiddled his fingers and winked at me;  
While behind the tree a Terragink  
Pulled a pint from his jeans and took a drink.

One's place of abode should never be  
Restricted to the top of a tree,  
So I left at once to foil my fate  
And drove away in my Mastie "Eight."  
And n'er again will I ever go  
To that lonely tree in Idaho.

C. W. C. '17





Here is the newest creation

of the

MAISON FAUX PAS

The BATHAT, a dainty

whimsy of Beaverboard

and Silkaline, suitable

for wear with

formal lounge costume.

Costs several louis d'or,

but is Cheap at Any Price!

MAISON FAUX PAS

Paris Shanghai Urbana

—S—

Guest: "Waiter is this "Spring Lamb?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir!"

Guest: "Well its tough. How do you account for that?"

Waiter: "It must be from the gamboling, sir."

—S—

The man who collects for the laundry tells us that if all the fraternity men he is told are "out" were actually out at noon, the commissaries would make more money than a Sibley salesman in Alaska does during January.

—S—

Getting along all right?  
Yeah, he's forgin' ahead.  
Fine. He needs a new one.

She had been entertaining her home town beau for the week-end dances.

Monday morning she was late to breakfast and the house matron asked:

"Mayme, did you let that young man kiss you last night?"

"Now, listen," said the sweet young thing, "do you suppose he came all the way from Chicago to hear me sing?"

—S—



No, Reader; Doris is not mailing a love-note to the fastest man in Chicago; neither is she writing for her father for enough coin to carry her through the week-end. She is merely mailing a check for a Siren subscription . . . Aren't you disappointed?

—S—

While perhaps it may mean nothing in particular to you, the gent with the horn rimmed spectacles and a leaning toward art, remarks that each succeeding year finds the public—that part of the public which is easily separated from seven smacks or more—seeing more of the young women in the Follies.

"Is she refined?"

"Goodness, yes. She won't even read course print."

—S—

Taboo was a Terrible Turk.

Who abhorred any menial work;

But he's fallen in love,

With a sweet little dove;

He's struggling now as a clerk.

—S—

### A LA CARTE

Mary had a little lamb,

And several other things;

The waiter took my overcoat;

The manager—my rings.

—S—

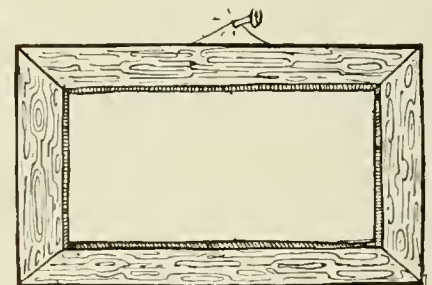
A naive young lady named Kratz,  
Wore pretty fur tops on her spats.

But her spats got the mange,

Which is really quite strange—

And due to her fondness for cats.

—S—



Futurist portrait of the co-ed of 1987. That is so far in the future that some indistinctness of the picture must be expected. The expression of the face cannot be explained to an extent farther than that even co-eds of the present wear such expressions and so we may expect the same sort of thing in the future.

—S—

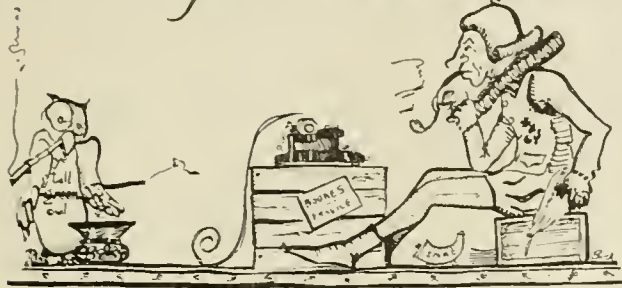
### SQUASHED

He—My brother is exactly the opposite of me. I don't suppose you've met him, have you?

She—No, but I should like to.

—Octopus

## The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



Jan. 7. Between the sheets 'til noon today for i' faith a hard week-end lies before your Nibs Pepless. The brothers didn't oust me for the midday wrestle with the tea and toast and so to the classes where many obscure things are brought to light. Then into best bib and tucker for the Sophomoric Collision the night and a right Merry time. Saw many there whom I knew and was hailed most boisterously from the gallery by My Lord Davis of the Alfalfa clan who waxed noisy at seeing me, and others, tripping. (Which is an embarrassing thing.) Must hand much to the second year men who staged the party however, but who, not knowing Davis, knew not enough to bar the doors to him.

Jan. 8 Again in the blankets, resting from the orgy of the eve before, then about the campus and the groggeries thereof, and so to a dinner of cordovan steak and the Senior Informal, which was informal in more ways than one. But a good time was had by all natheless.

Jan. 9. Much rest, for i' faith the two nights of in-step cultivation have proven wearisome. Was roused by certain of the Phi Beta Kappa clan and to their house for tea, whereat I surmise they are rushing me for membership in their order.

Jan. 10. Again to the grind, which reminds me of the years in the regimental of our good King Woodrow, an as-you-were condition, and it grinds on me to tussle with the testaments knowing full well that in the short period of two weeks the exams will fall—but then, I'll desist, not wishing to be a joy-killer.

Jan. 11. Since the removal of the order of the T. N. E. from our midst am meeting full many young hopeful politicians who comment on being "just about to make the order" when the axe fell. Well—such boasting does no harm, withal it is futile.

## THE PASSING OF THE T. N. E.

Slowly, one by one  
The self-named stars of the campus  
Signed on the dotted line  
And joined the lot of the angels.

—S—

And dearie, do you know I was passing the drill field the other day and all of a sudden I heard someone shout "Pick up your dress" and ohhhh!! do you know, for a minute I actually thought..... but it was only one of those horrid officers speaking to the men.

—S—

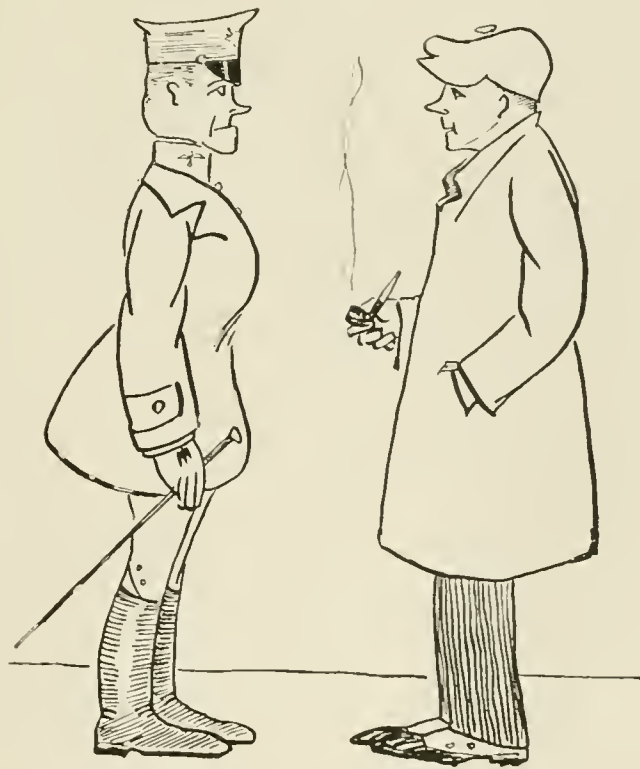
Ham: "Gee! This is a funny world to live in."

Bones: "Yes, and so few of us get out of it alive."

—S—

May we not—suggest to Mr. Harding, that at no time has Wood ever been considered out of place in a cabinet.

—S—



"Captain, what's the first requirement for a successful aviator, good nerves?"

"Naw, Good calves."

### THE HAMPIRE

A Fool there was and he made his prayer,  
 (Even as you and I.)  
 For a hunk of bone—it was ordered with care  
 And he hoped that the waiter would treat with him  
 fair  
 The Fool, he ordered a beefsteak, rare;  
 And a piece of apple pie.

The Fool was fooled, and his dough he spent,  
 (Even as you and I.)  
 There was not enough left to pay the rent  
 For he didn't get what the menu meant  
 But a Fool must follow his natural bent,  
 (Even as you and I.)

So the Fool was stripped to his foolish hide  
 (As you and I have been.)  
 The proprietor laughed, The Fool nearly died  
 As he shoved the five dollar bone aside  
 And then to an arm-chair beanery, lied  
 (And there conserved his tin.)

—S—

### KISSES

*Being an excerpt from the diary of the good wife of  
 John Penniwell, December, VTBJ*

Monday, The Thirde.—Have juste returned from  
 a short whyle at the stocks, where my husbände has  
 been a prisoner since early sabbath morn. It seemeth  
 so cruel that he should be punished in suche manner,  
 for kissing me Sabbathe morn as we stooede together  
 outside our little home, juste before his boat set  
 sail for the islands.

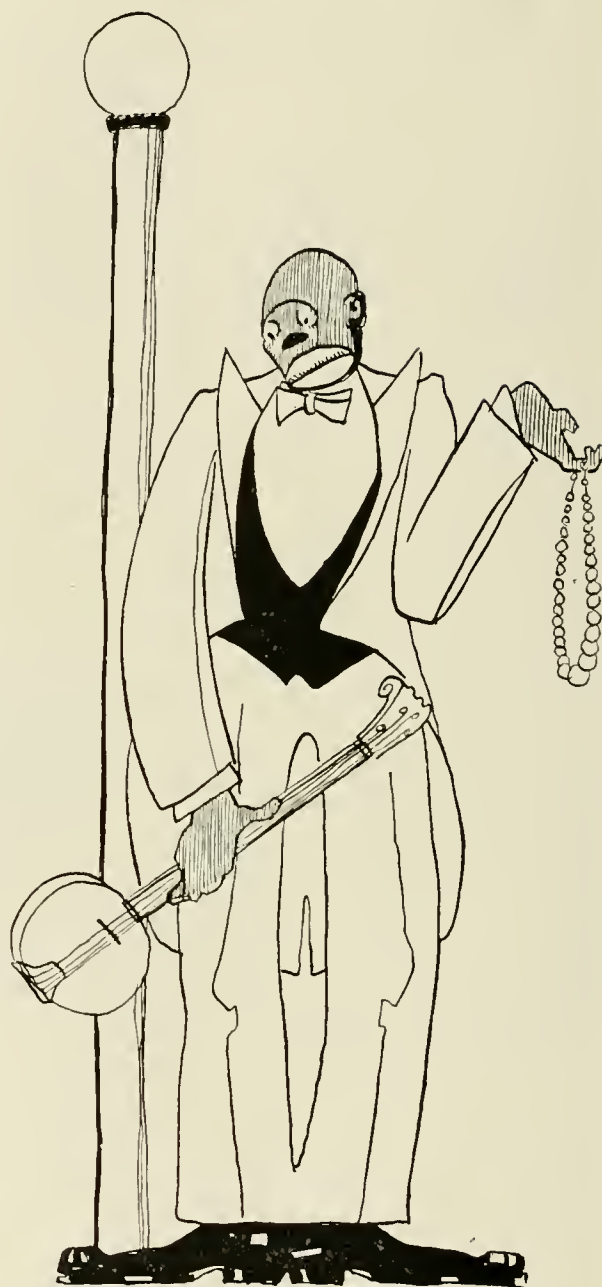
—S—

*Being an excerpt from the dairy of Cecylie Van  
 Plushfelt, Co-ed, December, VTBJ.*

Saturday, December 11.—2 P. M., and the frosh  
 has just carted my breakfast upstairs. Gosh, what  
 a Cotillion, I'll never let that bird drag me to a  
 Union dance, much less another affair. My feet are  
*simply* dead. And to top it all off, after the party  
 was over, I stood on the porch with him for a half  
 hour, absoltely defying house rules, and he didn't  
 even try to kiss me. Thumbs down on such feeble  
 clay!

—S—

She: I like your cigarette holder.  
 He: Why, I never use one.  
 She: Don't be so dense.



Orchestra Leader: Pardon me, ladies and gents,  
 here is a necklace some lady shook off in de last  
 dance.

—S—

He—I'm the best dancer in the country.  
 She (sweetly)—Yes—in the country.

—S—

### GETTING FLESH

Landlady—"What part of the chicken do you  
 wish?"

Boarder—"Some of the meat, please."

*Sun Dial—*



"Talk is a useless sort of thing at times," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kaintucky, 'tother day. "Some people can be just as bored when they are smiling, jesttictatin' an rampagin' as the bird that sits in the corner and sucks his thumb, but somehow I kinder think the thumb suckin' gent is havin' better time of the two."

———S———

I knew a young fellow named Lars  
Who spent his time watching the  
stars;  
He found some last night  
When he got in a fight.  
Will someone please pass the ci-  
gars?

———S———

#### HOUSE HINTS

Fraternities holding conven-  
tions in Canada will find that  
posting notices to that effect on  
the front door will help during  
rushing season.

———S———

Its very old, but have you heard  
of the girl who had a blind date  
with an Ilus?

———S———

I met a simple little girl—  
The kind you'd love to pet.  
She said, "Have you read Niet-  
sche?" and  
I'm somewhat groggy yet.

———S———

"What turns green first in  
spring," asked the Botany prof.  
"Christmas jewelry," said the  
absent minded coed as she gazed at  
the wrist watch on her thumb.

———S———

Its an ill wind—that blows out  
your last match.

#### THE BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Emerges from the slime  
One with long, flat sleek, dank  
hair  
Like a rat; a foppish ghost  
With a retrousse chin; and lo:  
He speaks:  
—I was all that is lovely in the  
eyes  
Of the bobbed-haired daughters of  
Eye.  
I gladdened the heart of a decora-  
tive damsel  
With a verbal invitation to the  
Senior Informal.  
Of course, she accepted.  
Then somebody raised a stupid  
question  
As to my being a Freshman. "Well  
what  
"Of it?" I asked. To no avail  
I couldn't get that ticket. So on  
Saturday night She went to the S.  
I.  
With a vulgar Senior, while I—  
I drank a half pint of Bandoline,  
And drowned myself.

#### HOKKU

(WITH VARIATIONS)

Lillian assured me that she did  
not love her husband; I sought to  
reunite them; now, he suspects me  
and she hates me.

Virginia confided to me an in-  
discretion of her past; I pitied  
her: this was my mistake.

When Heloise stopped at the  
Co-op to purchase Annette Kel-  
lerman's book, "Beauty, How to  
Keep it," I assured her that she  
had no need of it; since then she  
has ceased to admire me.

———S———

By way of proof that there are  
others who think as we do:

From Life, "Lawyers' Number."

"Where does your son attend  
school?"

"In Chicago."

"What is he studying?"

"Robbery, toggery and snobbery."

Our only correction would be  
to say "at Chicago," instead of "in  
Chicago."

———S———

"An awful thing has happened,  
father!"

"My darling!"

"I'm afraid you'll have to adopt  
a son!"

"What the——! Who the——!"

"I proposed to Freddie Chard-  
more last night and he promised  
to be a brother to me!"

———S———

"What a beautiful strain," said  
the piccolo player with the heavy  
mustache, as he blew a high note.

———S———

"Ducks," remarked the girl with  
the line, "Ducks are terribly bour-  
geois they're such high-waisted  
creatures."



# The Siren



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AS you were!-----before Christmas, New Years and the ten day vacation has mussed up your work right in the middle of that last quiz in B. O. and O or your thesis on the fourth dimension. By this time you are—as you were and as you will be for some time—until the next time comes when you will be as you were before you got got to be as you were before the disturbance had entered. All of which is kind of pretty but it doesn't say anything. And all of which we mean that once again we are back at the grind after a short respite that has made education seem a darn nuisance, but going to college a blessing—during the vacations.

## S

THERE are jokes and jokes. Both come in many varieties, but most of them are varieties of the *joke* type, by which we mean, (when we set the word in italics,) that they are fit for telling only about the fireplace or between dances. They won't stand the glaringness of type except in such periodicals as "Captian Billy's Whiz Bang."

The old Girl has forsworn the suggestive *joke*. Somehow we feel that any attempt at humor that cannot be carried without a suggestion of smut, is not worthy the attempt. That is in print. What the editor or his staff may

choose to tell before the fire or between dances is quite another matter—as long as the listener appreciates the alleged humor implied. But the boudoir wheeze is, for the most part, barred from the columns of the Siren.

There are those about the campus and the campus groggeries who insist that delicate bits about sheer hosiery and lingerie are brightening. They flash humorous publications of other institutions before the editorial optics and demand imitation. To them all the Old Girl flips a plip-pant shoulder and replies that she is not in any sense an imitator. This year the Siren will be as clean and as humorous as her perpetrators can make her. Other publications to the contrary and notwithstanding.

Smutty mechanics will nearly always draw a laugh, without the incorporation of the slightest element of wit. Why be banal? Don't, if you can even attempt the really humorous.

So—take it or leave it. The Siren will continue to shout her alleged humor at you, there will be no whispering in the corners—she isn't that kind of a girl.

**M**IDNIGHT; coffee; cigarettes. Across the table sat a man who leads an orchestra at a place where a lot of us dance. He said some things that I will not forget for a while.

"I'm normal," he said.

I agreed with him and lit another cigarette.

"No one," he continued, "consistently has been more enthusiastic about jazz, youth, and general frolicking, than I. No one. I am a musician. I have heard, understood, and appreciated the best music. I play jazz, because it is popular, because I enjoy it myself,—not because it is the best music; it is not the best, most decidedly. I play it because the boys and girls can dance to it. They can't dance to Brahms or DeBussy, you know."

"Of course not," I murmured. "They simply can't." I thought of Avalon, and then I thought of Reflets Dans l'Eau.

"Well then," said my musician, "I play jazz, as I say. Two nights each week, three hours a night. I sit there, playing jazz,—and watch the dancers."

"You were saying that you always had been an advocate of youth, and that sort of thing," I said.

"I was," replied the musician, "I was. But I am weakening."

"What—O! Weakening?"—from me,—"Don't like it? Tired of it? Want to chuck it?"

"Not exactly. But I want to tell you that I have sat there, playing jazz, and watched the dancers. I watched their faces—more than their feet. . . . Damn it, they are terrible!"

"Who?" I asked. I am a mild person, and his violence shocked me, since I knew him as a good-natured fellow enough, and one who seemed quite in line with the present order of things and people. "Who?" I repeated.

"These same dancers;" from my musician. "I said that the faces of some of them are terrible, and I mean it. The girls—some of them, not all of them of course—dance by me with their eyes closed, their cheeks inflamed, a little line of passion across their brows. They cling to their partners; they cling and clutch. They are like Madonnas, some of them, and yet they dance . . . that way."

He sipped his coffee found it cold, and pushed it from him with a tired gesture. Then he continued:

"One gets fed up. We of the orchestra see more that we can assimilate. The men—many of them, that is,—dance past us. They seem to play to us—for lack of any other audience. They seem to make it a point to dance past us."

I said "and are the faces of the men—terrible?"

"Ah, no. Not terrible. That is not the word.

The men who use us for an audience are not capable—quite—of being terrible. They are exhibitors, rather. They show us the closed eyes and dusky-red cheeks of their partners—they wink at us, they turn their eyes heavenward, as if to say 'You birds will know me, I wager, when next you see me. See what a state this girl is in. Hasn't she fallen for me, though? Look at her, look at her!'"—then they toddle out of sight. No, the men's faces are not exactly terrible; I have a fancy that they are like a monkey who has acquired, by simian shrewdness, the largest cocoanut from the tallest palm on his particular island. That sounds a little far fetched, perhaps, but that is about how these men look."

The clock on the garish wall intoned once. I observed that the scullion of our rendezvous was piling chairs on tables, and that a waiter hovered anxiously near. It seemed to be quitting-time.

As we struggled into our sheepskins I asked my musician this question:

"You've been moralizing, in a way. After all, what are you going to do?"

"Do?" said he; "I have done it. I played my last dance last Friday night."

As I trudged through the crunching snow that night, to my tardy bed, did I whistle Avalon, did I whistle a bit from Thais, or did I whistle not at all? I do not know.

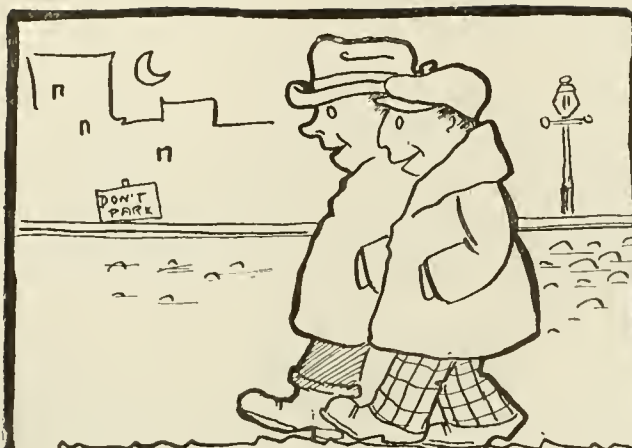
—S—

**W**E have with us this month, children, the gladhandler. We have him with us all the time, but next spring we shall have many more of him. He will be running for something then. Now he is merely on several committees, trying to get on several, more, and creating an Atmosphere. "I" comes first and after "I" comes Important. That is, Important (Mex.) He can always be told by the fact that he is not at ease until he has wrung your mitt on each and every occasion. This automatically makes him your lifelong friend, but you don't know it. Never sit next to one of these in a class, or he will use you to practice on the whole semester.

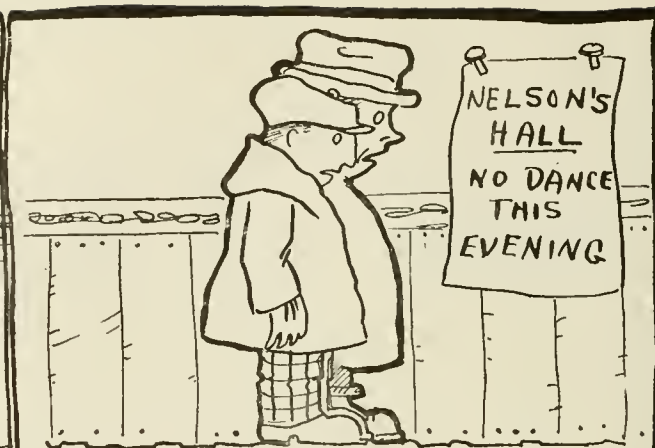
The outstanding things about the gladhandler is his sincerity. It is no more concealed than the top on a Ford. He often tells you how sincere he is. And he is easily as sincere as the brown derby over the red nose (and tie) and checked suit when he tells the dear old lady that prohibition is a wonderful thing.

Children, beware the gladhandler, as he has never been known to rattle.





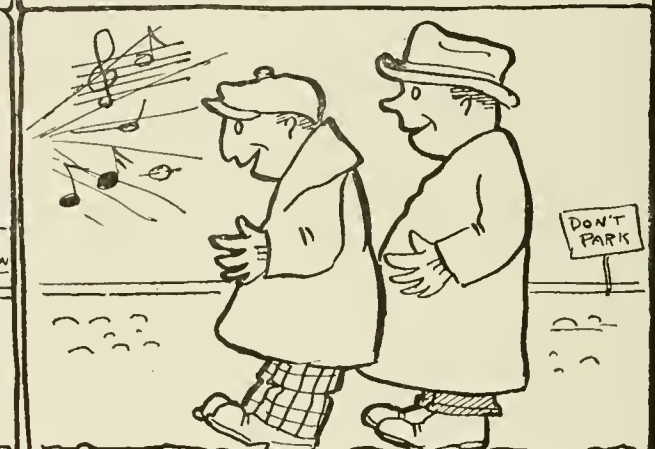
WE SAUNTER DOWN THE  
MOON-LIT STREET  
AND SEEK A PLACE TO  
SHAKE OUR FEET.



ALAS! OLD NELSON'S HALL  
IS BARRED;  
"NO DANCE THIS EVENING" -  
READS THE CARD.



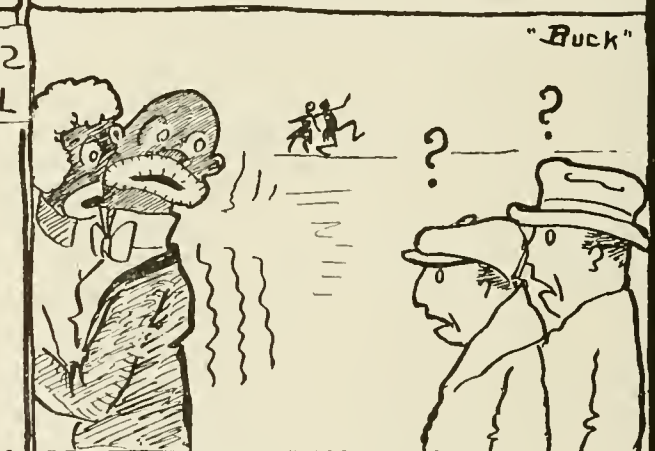
WE WEND OUR WAY  
DISCONSOLATE,  
AND CUSS BECAUSE WE  
HAVE NO DATE.



WHEN LO! SWEET MUSIC  
RENDERS THE AIR,  
ANNOUNCING DANCE, AND  
MAIDENS FAIR,



WE JUMP AND ROLLICK  
IN OUR GLEE,  
THEN HASTEN UP TO  
SHAKE A KNEE..



BUT WOE IS OURS!  
ALAS! ALACK!  
WE'VE LOST; THE BALL  
IS ON THE BLACK!



## CLYTIE ANALYZES HER PERSONALITY

After all, what is so interesting as one's self—one's own self? I don't mean just one's outward self; clothes, bath towels, soap, rouge, and such things, tho they are frightfully important too. One wouldn't think of going out into society without some thought on her *appearance*. Clara Mudd, poor little Clara is such a tomboy—dressed too fast for the cotillion; made it in an hour and a half she said. Do you know her petticoat actually *limped*! I didn't wear any. However—

But what I meant was one's real inner being, one's personality. I have given quite a bit of attention to developing my personality. I have had to train it up quite carefully. You see, at first before I gave it much thought it didn't express me at all. That's the advantage of having ideals. I attribute what I am today entirely to my ideals.

I am terribly romantic! Sometimes I get quite carried away by a beautiful sunset, or the sound of music on the water,—or a red roadster with wire wheels. Have you seen Toodles—dear, foolish, Toodles—new sport model? We had such a darling time last night! That is, until Toodles quarrelled with me.

I was explaining my personality to him and how impulsive and sympathetic I was—and yet innocent, don't you?). I am really quite Greek, you know. Harmony, tranquility, perfect poise,—these are the qualities I cultivate. I was telling Toodles so, and he was very rude and flippant, and said that the only thing Greek about me was the box of fraternity pins I kept on my dresser. Nasty thing! Besides, I haven't got his old pin, or I would have *insisted* on going right home and getting it for him.

I lost it a long time ago.

When I got home I forgot to stop at the doormat, and tracked some mud in onto the hall rug. One of the older girls who was jealous because Toodles used to take her out last year (Toodles says now that she was an awful bore, and I believe him too), called the sisters (the cat!!) and they said some very mean and cruel things to me.

I said that I had enough to think about without bothering with doormats. I think it is the mark of a little mind to think about such trivial things, don't you? Poor mother is that way too! I just looked at them,—just looked at them and didn't say a word for a minute. Then I walked off, dignified but simple. I suppose I'll hear about it after chapter meeting tonight! I don't think many people have a personality like mine, do you?

Don't you think that the woolen stockings are so sensible?

—S—  
“What a splendid fit,” said the tailor, as they carried the epileptic out of his shop. —Record

She—Football is such an awfully rough game. Do the players get killed very often?

He—No, dear, only once.

—Banter

—S—  
UMMMM

Roomie 1—“Last night I was out riding with May when the car broke down six miles from town and I had to spend the evening fixing it. What would you have done?”

Roomie 2—“The same thing you did only I wouldn't have lied about it.” —Widow

CLICK! CLICK!

Dorothy Jones and Dorothy Smith,

Will never create any splash;  
For Morse-o-graphically speaking,  
They're two Dots without any Dash.

—S—  
The little girl in the front row is willing to wager that immediately after the fatal transformation Lot remarked to what had been his wife, “I told you so.”

—S—  
Mary played the phonograph,  
When entertaining Jim;  
For gentle songs like “Avalon,”  
Seemed quite a help to him.

—S—  
S-S-SHURE!

He: Do you know a lawyer?

It: Yes.

He: Well, ask him if a man can change his name if he stutters and his name is TTTTTTTTTT T utt, TTTT utt, TTTTutthill?

—S—  
Bill Blizzard owns á racer,  
And he has lots of pelf;  
But since his chauffeur quit him,  
He's been shifting for himself.

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

Nice Boy (to co-ed): “Would you like to go to the Senior play?”

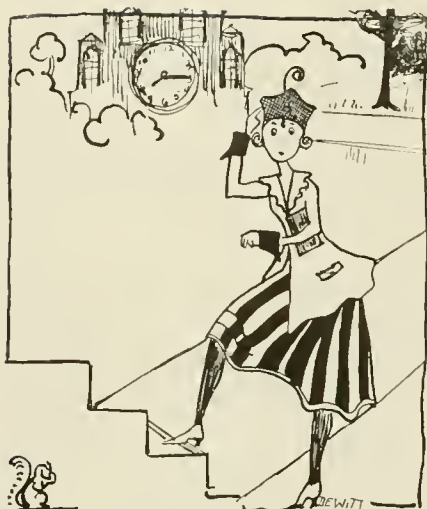
Co-ed (all aflutter): “Why, I'd just love to.”

Nice Boy: “Then buy your ticket of me, will you?” —Frigol

—S—  
First Tea Toad (after the dantesant): “What do you mean by telling the girls your dad was a rich Southern planter? He isn't is he?”

Second Tea Toad: “Only part way. He's an undertaker.”

—Lyre



Agnes (Who has slept the sleep of the just)—What excuse this time? Street car? No. Sick? No. Mother on a visit? Helno,—I'll just powder my nose at him.  
(And it probably worked.)

The editor of the Pelican  
Prints stuff that no other fellacian  
He's awfully fly  
But still he gets by  
And I don't see how in the helle-  
can.

#### FAMOUS E'S

Foot-----  
T. N.-----  
And the kind you get in B. O.  
and O. 3.

#### A HELLISH REMARK

He: Do you care if I smoke?  
She: I don't care if you burn.  
—Octopus

"Was your daughter's musical education a profitable venture?" ask Gilder.

"Rather," said Miller, "I bought the houses on either side at half their value."

—Philadelphia Record

#### MASH AND SMASH

The Jollier—We've met before, I think.

The Beauty—Have we?

The Jollier—Yes; in my dreams last night you were the young lady who kissed me.

The Beauty—Oh, now I remember! In my dreams last night you were the young man whose face I slapped for being too fresh.

—Judge.



A spinster of Classical Greece  
Tried knitting a sheepskin pelisse;  
(This rhyme, though quite bad,  
Was the best that I had,  
So you please will not call the police.)

Fond Father—My boy, what do you expect to be when you get out of college?

Devoted Son—An Old man, father.  
—Banter

#### ON THE FARM

"What you got?"

"A mince pie with likker in it."

"Run it through the separator."

—Judge

"Avoid the large stone house on the corner," warned Weary-Willy to a fellow hobo.

"And why?" questioned the freight artist.

"Last fall I asked that bunch there for a hand-out and some young bucks grabbed me, hustled me to a small bedroom, where they talked to me for a long time. Then they put a little pin in my lapel and told me to clean up the cellar."

—Gargoyle

It is just preposterous to assume that a man with a light hair on his coat has been kissing a blond girl as to assume that a man without one hasn't.

—Drexler.



There once lived a jovial Scot,  
Whose name I completely forgot;

He lived on cheap whisky,

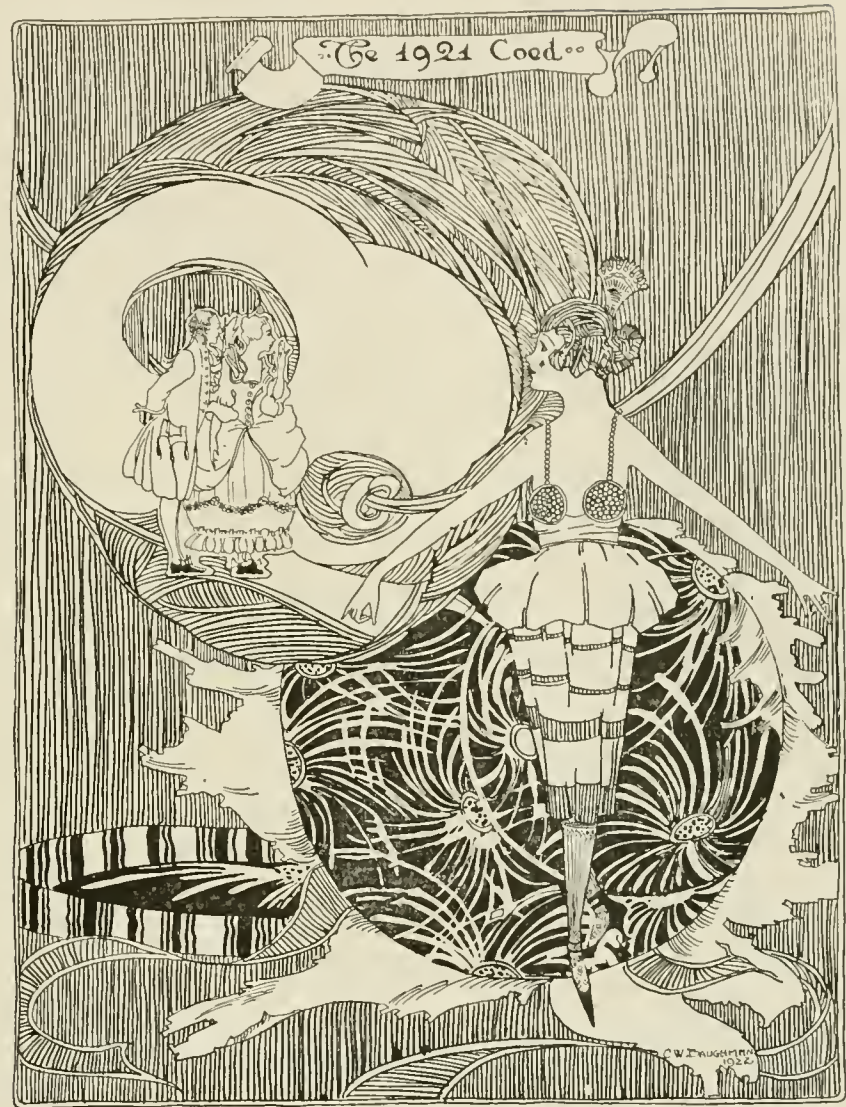
Which seemed rather risky, But he never had a sick day in his life and died at the green old age of ninety which goes to show that you never can tell.



Lovely women!  
 Sung by poets,  
 Painted by painters,  
 Exploited and praised  
 By davenport anacondas,  
 And regular fellows,  
 And doddering oldsters,  
 And philosophers;  
 Lovely woman!  
 Center of the universe  
 Since Lillith,  
 Slowly, since the first dawn,  
 Becoming wiser, more beautiful—  
 Learning, through the ages,  
 What wires and levers  
 Operate the earth—

Lovely woman,  
 You have reached  
 The flower of your growth.  
 You are complete.  
 You have been  
 Eve, Helen,  
 Ruth, Esther,  
 Xantippe, Cassandra,  
 Cleopatra, Boadicea,  
 La Gioconda, Borgia,  
 Anne of Austria,  
 Anne of England,  
 Carrie Nation,  
 Missus Pankhurst,  
 Rosie Quinn, and  
 Ida Tarbell.  
 You *have* been these,  
 You are now become  
 The COED of 1921 !!  
 Rest on your oars, ye race!

Happy New Year, wonderful girl!  
 Like the spineless cactus  
 And the giant raspberry  
 And the boneless chicken,  
 Only time and careful nurture  
 And civilization  
 Could have produced you!  
 You are unique!  
 Your hair is divinely architectural  
 Your face is the map of Paradise,  
 Your lips are of their kind



A masterpiece,  
 Your voice is the mingled harmony  
 Of brilliant parakeets  
 Who have died and gone to heaven  
 And your capacities, your talents!  
 Your flair for modest exposure,  
 For darling concealment,  
 Your ability to dance,  
 Your ability to make eight-o'clocks  
 And even recite in  
 Those eight-o'clocks!  
 Your absolute mastery of  
 The art of the lily-white lie!

All these perfections  
 Stupify me. I doff my cap  
 I do not presume to be jealous,  
 But yet I consider the fates unkind  
 When they willed that I be  
 Created a man. After all,  
 A man is a poor thing.  
 Mere background! . . .  
 And to think, wonderful girl,  
 That you have come here  
 —angel incognito—  
 To get educated!  
 And do obeisance.



## "THE SORROWS OF SUSAN"

(We ooze down the aisle at the Park and decorate a seat. Mother and young hopeful deposit themselves immediately in front of us. Title of picture is flashed on the screen, "The Sorrows of Susan.")

Young Hopeful: "Ma, what does that say?"

Ma: "You wouldn't understand dear. Sit still and watch."

Y. H.: (playfully reaching back and gouging us in the eye with one of mother's hat pins.): "But, Ma., I wanta know anyway."

Ma: "It says 'The Sorrows of Susan.'"

Y. H.: "Who's Susan, Ma? It isn't our cousin Susan is it?"

Ma: "No."

Y. H.: "Why is she sorrowful Ma? Did she lose something?"

Ma: "No, dear, be still."

(Sub-title flashes on the screen: "Susan Standish, a young and innocent girl arrives in New York and obtains position as amanuensis to a blind artist.")

Y. H.: "Ma, what does that say?"

(Ma reads the sub-title.)

Y. H.: (Picking up our new hard hat and squashing it in childish glee): "Ma, what's an amanuensis?"

(Ma explains.)

Y. H.: "Ma, are you an amanuensis?"

Ma.: "No, dear."

Y. H.: "Then who's an amanuensis?"

Ma.: "Susan."

Y. H.: "But what's Susan one for if you and me ain't?"

Ma.: "I don't know dear, be still."

Y. H.: "Oh! Ma."

Ma.: "What dear?"

Y. H.: "Is that funny man behind us an amanuensis?"

(We blush, rise and move back thirteen rows for luck, where we enjoy the rest of the show.)

—S—

## ROLLED HIS OWN

Sparks: "When I was through the Cascades recently, I came to an unsurmountable cliff eight hundred feet high and found no way to go around it."

Dark: "How did you get over it?"

Spark: "Rolled up in my blankets."



Maw: There, there! Don't take it so hard!

Ysybelle: Oh, but mamah, to think of the brute calling me on Monday for the next Friday's date! I never was so humiliated!\*

—S—

## TO A LITTLE MISS.

O. Gee, Now,

If you don't stop looking so sweet,  
I'll have to kiss you.

Don't put those little feet  
Together just so.

And don't make your little red mouth  
Round just so,  
Or I'll have to kiss it out straight again  
And That'd be naughty you know.

And those big round eyes  
Believe me, will get a surprise  
If they ever again look at me  
With that pussy demurity.

I haven't heard your voice yet,  
But I know it's a regular humming-bird quartet—  
Fluted honey and nectar and dew.

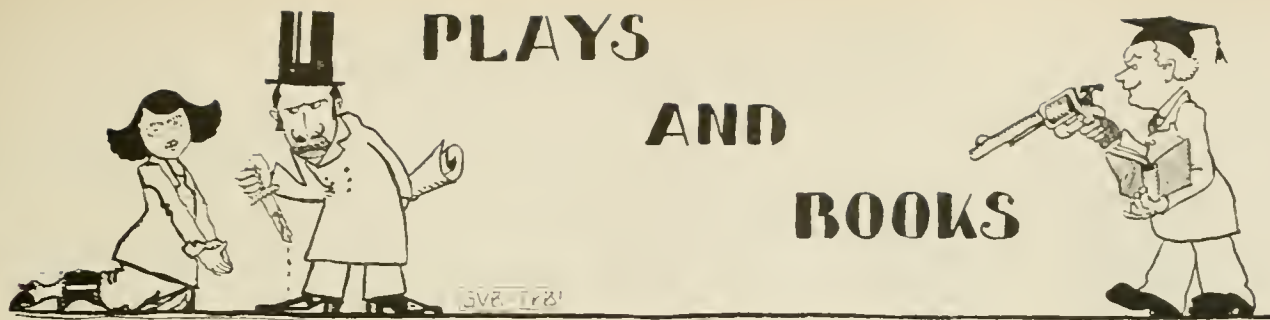
Doggone.

I wish you'd have mercy upon  
Poor me, I entreat—  
If you don't want to be kissed  
Don't look quite so sweet.

—S—

\*This is mildly funny, but it doesn't mean anything.





Every year the advance dope on the Follies, from some one who saw the show in New Korke, lets the Middle-west patron know that they are "not as good this year." And every year we go to see them, pay a big price, see a big show, laugh and e-joy, and we have never been disappointed.

After resisting these recurrent bear stories year after year we are surprised to find the latest batch in some measure justified. This year the Follies seemed not so good. Certainly it was a wonderful show, but in our opinion Mr. Ziegfield production of 1920 was not up to the Follies's standard of other years. We missed the former stars, a little too much: Marilyn Miller, Bert Williams, Ann Pennington, Eddie Cantor—they simply are not there. And George White's show is certainly in the competition nowadays.

(The customary apologies to Egyptians and those from the city surrounded by the United States for mentioning anything Chicagoan.)

It's very late.  
The midnight filament glows  
O'er but few tables—the windows  
Nearly all are dark: for at this hour  
Activity has no excuse.  
Awake, clear-eyed, brain clear—  
I sit and ponder. Why am I not sleeping?  
Among those others, half whose rest is gone?  
Another nite, perhaps, but now,  
Familiar page before me, I dream of one,  
The one girl . . . . The girl  
That never was—

When in Rome, do as the Romans do, But—if  
you don't like Rome, go to Paris.

What has become of all the stories about the  
second lieutenants?

No, George, those three letters do not mean "Not  
so funny."

The life of an editor is a dizzy one. He promises anybody anything, cheerfully accepts contributions which he knows will never see the linotype, gets out his sheet and then sits back in the throne. Soon the clamor arises. Soothingly he gushes forth apologies, promises corrections and radical changes in policy. Everybody is satisfied. Then he gets out the next issue in the same old-fashioned way.

The life of an artist is a dizzy one. He is assigned some work due, even as a theme or foundry problem, on a certain far-off date. He plays around, idly fussing, dreaming, waiting—the editor reminds him to no avail. But on the eve of the fatal day, he uncorks Higgin's, and containing more Java than ideas goes to work. The dawn finds—the artist on the drawing board fast asleep.

The life of the contrib is a merry one. He knows when copy is due; he realizes he has written nothing. Chem 14d and Orph. 55 need constant attention. He recalls the time when the editor done him wrong (upstate idiom, stet), and besides the speed mill needs oil. Harvey and Bert Leston get all the good stuff first anyhow. The editor won't run any editorials but his own. But on the night before the deadline, after the liberal arts and sciences, the roommate's work, the roommate, and much coffee have been disposed of, ye contrib places ye copy paper in ye mill and—decides he should have been in bed long ago.

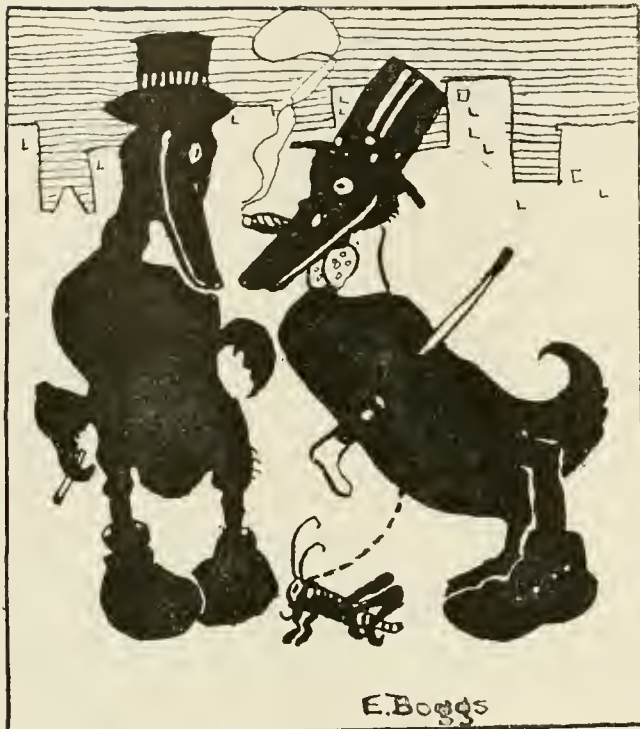
"Poiper, lady, poiper! Big wreck on the B. O. & O!"

We suppose the Ags had to do their fall plowing somewhere, but wasn't it rather inconsiderate to spoil the nice yard in front of Chemistry?

Who was it, the Persians or the Egyptians, who put only twenty-four hours in a day?

"No," Raoul Harvey says, "I never did believe those Fords were all they were cranked up to be."





Cyrus Drake: "My dear fellow, it is so dry in this town that we have fish here, fish, mind you, *four years old*, who have never learned to swim!"

#### HARD LUCK

1st Stude: "Say, Jack, may I borrow your dress suit?"

2nd Stude: "Sure, but why all the formality?"

1st Stude: "I couldn't find it."

#### SCENE ON A STEAMSHIP

Husband (to wife, leaning over rail): Have you just dined, dear?

Wife (gloomily): On the contrary!

#### VERSE LIBRE

(with apologies to the Ill. Mag.)

Little flakes of frost on the pumpkins; the fodder shocked (I don't know what by) BEHOLD—I have caught a cold.

Little Mary, the sweetest girl in the Sunday school class, stubbed her toe and said "DARN".

(the depth of feeling here is marked, the pencil impression doesn't show in the print however.)

Once Upon a Time, as George Ade might have said, There was a Young Whippersnapper who left Home and Mother and Went out to see the World. His parents were Very Much Worried about him, for he didn't have an Idea in his Head beyond Having A Wild Time and lots of Moonshine, Maidens and Melody. They consequently were greatly Relieved when he decided that the best place from which to View the Universe was the University of Illinois.

When he got to School he was a Riot from the Start. His Rhet. Instructors fell on his Neck and Wept with Joy, then lifted up their Voices and Praised his Dashing Brilliancy and Vivid Touch. His Math Profs. thought he carried an Adding Machine in his sleeve. His Captain made him a Corporal after the First Week of Drill.

On The Other Hand, Six Frats are Sore yet because he accepted a Button from the Seventh. The Sororities Passed the Word Around at Pan-Hel Meeting that "Here Was A Good Thing", and each Claimed that "I saw Him First". He set the Fashion in Collars and for Four Years he Never Missed a Dance.

When he Graduated With Honors he was a member of Mawanda and the Goofs Club, Sigma Xi and Tribe of Illini, Phi Beta Kappa and T. N. E. Dean Clark was his best friend.

Moral: "Studies are what we come to school for!" and! Never let your studies interfere with your education.



One but speaks a truism when one says that the soup-fish-swallow-tail-full-dress-monkey-suit is, in this enlightened XX Century, worn only at weddings, funerals, and Junior Proms, and by male undergraduate quartettes.



LINES ADDRESSED TO A COFFEE-SOAKED CIGARETTE BUTT

---

You are finished, worthy friend: your use has reached its end.  
You are soggy, brown, and cold; no more does your savour lend  
Glamour to the conversation. Sophomoric observation  
Does not need you any more; hence your sad annihilation.

You inspired me for a while; you improved my verbal style;  
And the girl across the table did at first deign me a smile.  
When your first blue cloud ascended I felt that I comprehended  
Man and woman, god and devil; and before the mood had ended

I was eminently able (to the girl across the table)  
To expound the end of life, in a rambling sort of fable:  
'In the medieval, 'tended by a gang of pages,  
'Lived a ravishing young princess, of the sort that quite engages.

She was happy, in a way, but she longed by night and day  
'For a goblin surnamed THRILL, a distressing sort of fay,  
'Whose great fame had reached the princess from the lips of her old nurse,  
'(And compared to any creature's this fay's features would be worse!)

'Gainst her royal father's wishes she did leave the royal dishes,  
'Left them soaking in the kitchen, like a school of bed-rid fishes  
'And she clomb aboard her palfrey with a firm, determined will  
'Thoroughly to scour the country 'till she found the goblin THRILL.

'Well, she looked through woods and sedges, and along the roadside hedges,  
'And she looked among the mountains and she crept upon the ledges,  
'And searched through many a land, and she clomb on many a hill,  
'In her weary tearful searching for the goblin surnamed THRILL.

'Till she deemed her search a fiction, and to dodge parental friction,  
'She went back unto her palace (vis-a-vis laughs at my diction)  
'And beside the palace gate, she, in weary, sorry state,  
'Saw a creeping, dirty being. Who but THRILL did there await!

'Right on her own doorstep perching, THRILL, the goblin she'd been searching,  
'Waited for her like a drunkered, like a drunkard, leering lurching.  
'THRILL, the thing of her desire, now a thing obscene and dire,  
'Started forward when he saw her, and his eyes were red as fire.

---

This, as well as I was able, to the girl across the table,  
I related while you smoked, but she didn't like the fable.  
And she left me in a pet; any you, poor cigarette,  
I immersed, perforce, in coffee where you lie, forlorn and wet.

# Best From The Rest

## REMAINDERS.

Reporter (breathless)—Heard your cashier's gone off and left you?"

Bank President—"That's about all."—*Jester.*

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life." —*Frivol.*

## ENCOURAGED

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Christopher?"

"Well, I passed Calculus." —*Jack-o'Lantern*

Virginia had a little quart Of cider, hard as steel. And everywhere she went, 'twas sport

To watch Virginia reel! —*Gargoyle.*

It was easy to see that he was angry.

"What is the matter, dear," she cooed.

"Bill says he has kissed every girl in your house but one," he raved.

"I wonder who she is." —*Octopus*

Hay—He was surely a far-sighted man.

Dees—How so?

Hay—He had a fire extinguisher put in his coffin. —*Chaparral.*

## A WORLD BEATER

First Darkie: "Mah hoss is de most distinct hoss wat am."

Second Ditto: "How come, nig-gah, how come?"

First: "He's so slow dat if he went half as fast as he runs, he'd be goin' backwards." —*Banter.*

Said the bridegroom to the gloomylooking man: "Well, old man, have you kissed the bride?"

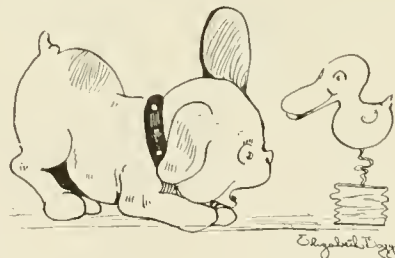
"Not lately," replied the g.l.m., as he passed out into the starry night. —*Wampus.*

The staunch old churchman used to pray:

Hosanna, O Hosanna! But now with gleaming eye we say:

Havana, O, Havana. —*Sun Dodger.*

## DUCK !!



"My dear, I'm so sorry I couldn't see you when you called, but I was just having my hair washed."

"Yes, and the laundries are so slow about returning things, too."

—*Octopus.*

## SAFE, IF NOT EANE

"He's wandering in his mind."

"That's all right, he won't go far."

—*Virginia Reel.*

## ONE ON COLLIER

Geology Prof—Please give us the name of the largest diamond.

Stude (the morning after the night before)—The ace, doctor.

—*Tar Baby.*

Juggs—Don't you think Jones a fool for committing suicide?

Muggs—Yes, it's about the last thing I'd ever do.

—*Brown Jug.*

## IN THE DORMS

Soph: "Hey Frosh—telephone!"

Sleep Voice: "I aint 'specting no call"

—*Burr*

## DANGEROUSLY ILL

Prof: "Is Jones ill?"

Frosh: "Yes sir."

Prof: "How do you know?"

Frosh: "Last night I heard someone tell him to lean over and take his medicine." —*Banter.*

## WHAT FUN !

Judge—"I sentence you to be hanged."

Optomistic Prisoner—"I love to be kept in suspense; it's so exciting." —*Widow.*

"Won't you take a ride with me?"

"It's too cold."

"I have a stove in the bottom of the car."

"All right, then; I like a little oven."

## RIGHTO

Stude—What's a hypocrite?

Stewed—A guy that smiles when he meets a co-ed on the campus.

—*Tarbaby*





## Values in Shirts

**I**F you hurry, you can get in on the January shirt sale at Zom's—high-class shirts, mostly Eagle, Wilson Bros. makes, at considerable reduction.

**Roger Zombro**  
Apparel for University Men  
Green street—of course

## At the Close of the Year 1920

*we wish to express to the students of the University our thanks for their patronage and our pleasure in their friendship.*

*May the New Year bring to each friend a great and happy prosperity.*

## Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Company

Miss Ray L. Bowman Mgr.

Hamilton Bldg.

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## GUNDLOCK & MINER

### PLUMBING AND HEATING CONTRACTORS

*Ideal Heating Boilers*



*Kohler Enamel Wear*

*Phone Main 561*

219 West Main Street  
URBANA, ILLINOIS

*When you are downtown on one of these cold winter nights  
stop in at the*

## *Twin Cities' Only Real Waffle Shop*

*and try an order of hot*

### **CLOWS' WAFFLES AND HOME-MADE COFFEE**

Pure Cream and Maple Syrup Is Served With Every Order

*Our Grandma's doughnuts are fresh made every hour*

*We sell them by the dozen to fraternities*

*Doughnuts and Coffee  
15 cents*

Always Open—across the street from the Inman on Walnut

*Waffles and Coffee  
25 cents*

Clergyman (who has sat down  
next to slightly intoxicated man):  
“Do you allow a drunk on this  
car?”

Conductor (low voice): “It’s  
all right so long as you don’t get  
noisy.”  
—*The Gargoyle.*

“Why do you call that old briar  
of yours Jazz; because it has such  
a kick?”

“No, because the stem is always  
clogging.”  
—*Froth*

#### **ON SHIPBOARD**

She—Goodness! What is that  
horrible noise?

He—Why, my dear, that was  
nothing but the dog-watch bark-  
ing at a passing cat-boat.

—*Brown Jug*

## **PRINTING THAT PLEASES**

*Dainty and Different*

*Where*

*?*

**GEO. D. LOUDEN  
PRINTING CO.**

*Garfield 1158*

*Drop in at the*

## *Wright Street Sweet Shop*

*and try  
a drink or sundae  
at our soda  
fountain*

*Fresh Candy Always*

## **Quick Self Service**

*Nourishing Food  
Clean Surroundings*

**Third St. Delicatessen**  
Cigars, Cigarettes, Candy

*Send Your Evening Clothes  
to the*

## *American Dry Cleaning Co.*

*“Efficient and Reliable”*

*Cleaning, Dyeing  
and Pressing*

Work Called for and Delivered

:  
:  
:

217 W. Main

M. 3537

URBANA

## HARD

Prof: "Do you know the five methods of choosing the atomic from the combining weights?"

Frosh: "I know four."

Prof: "Which one don't you know?"

—Burr

## ASUGGESTION

The Woman—"I believe I've danced with you before, haven't I?"

The Victim—"I dunno; if you have why don't you do it now?"

—Chaparral

Freshman—They Tell me Bill had a peculiar death.

Wise Guy—How's that?

Freshman—A mahogany piano fell on him.

Wise Guy—Oh, I see; a mahogany finish

—Tar Baby.

Small Brother—Will you please give me a stick of chewing gum, Mr. Blunderly?

Mr. Blunderly—I don't chew gum, Bobbie. What makes you think I do?

Small Brother—Because I heard my sister say that when you were at the dance the other night you gummed the whole party.

—Punch Bowl.

## We Supply Ice Cream

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and deserts.



### Champaign Ice Cream Co.

Bel 175

115-117 E. University

Auto 2107

## Once Upon A Time —

There was a little goofy. "He had a head." Papa and Mama "looked into it" and found nothing," so they passed the buck" to the U. of I. which was good for goofy.

Goofey thought he was a "man" and got "stung" on his "dates" and his "election bets" and in several other 'tways and means," one of which was "portraits." He listened to "bunk" and went out of his way to be "slaughtered." "On receipt" of his "portrait" goofy's mama "hung a crepe on it" and "labeled it" a "mutilated future asset" and laid it gently in the bottom of the trunk to "play with the moth-balls."

"By the time" goofy was a senior "he was a man" thanks to the U. of I. and old "father time."

He "quit gambling" and "taking chances" and other men's "dates" and "Sent Home a Weber Portrait" which was "framed and hung" and goofy's mama looks at it each day and "murmurs" "Goofey, my little goofy."

Start right and stay right—don't take chances and don't get stung. Have Weber make your portrait from your freshman year, through to your senior year.

## Weber

On John Street



*When you are hungry and  
feel that you want some*

## ***Real Food!***

*Try the Court House Cafe*



Others are well satisfied with  
our service. You will be also.

*Give Us a Trial*

## ***Court House Cafe***

Opposite Court House  
URBANA

Soph—What'll we do?

Senior—I'll spin a coin. If it's  
heads, we go to the movies; if it's  
tails, we go to the dance, and it it  
stands on edge, we'll study.

—Brown Jug.

George Washington—Yo' say  
yo' calls yo' cow United States.  
Why fo'?

Andrew Jackson—'Cause she's  
done gone dry. —Sun Dodger.

"Mother, who is that wild-look-  
ing man over there?"

"Hush, child."

"Is he the Bolshevik ambassa-  
dor?"

"No, dear."

"Has he escaped from a lunatic  
asylum?"

"No, my child."

"Well, who is he?"

"He is the man who started the  
Overall Club on the University  
campus."

—Foolscap.

*A two dollar value for  
every dollar spent  
at our special*

## ***Dollar Day Sale***

*We Are Closing Out  
several lines of standard  
goods, irrespective of former  
wholesale and retail  
prices*

Visit Urbana on Thursday,  
December 27 and see the unus-  
ual bargains offered. Stop at  
Hall's and save money on stoves,  
hardware, and house furnishings.

## ***Hall Hardware Company***

115 So. Race Street  
URBANA

# **Better Printing Will Improve Your House Publication!**

We urge those in charge of Fraternity and Sorority House Publica-  
tions to call and inspect samples of House organs we have printed.  
You will find our work to be of a superior quality and we are equip-  
ped to deliver either one of the popular four page folders or a big  
book like the Siren at exactly the time we promise.

## **ILLINI PUBLISHING COMPANY**

*On Green Street . . Champaign*

# MURAD

## THE TURKISH CIGARETTE



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

"How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?" she asked the Lioness.

"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX  
of 10 — BUT THEY'RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn't be MURADS—they'd only be Foxes!

***"Judge for Yourself—!"***

Special attention is called  
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes

*S. Anargyros*

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

# SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

511 S. Goodwin Avenue

4232—Main

CONSCIOUSNESS of a fault in some part of your dress can mar even the most promising of evenings. It is possible to place your collar, at least, among the dependable things.



LOGWOOD



ZELWOOD

*EW*

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.

*Collars & Shirts*

He didn't want to hit him hard, so he pulled the trigger easy.

—Brown Jug

S

Clarrissa—"Father, you're a brick."

Father—"Well, if I let you walk over me, you needn't remind me of it."

—Widow

Kissing a woman with a pug nose is like trying to peek through a keyhole overshadowed by a Roman doorknob.

—Pelican

S

Mother—"I think it's wonderful to have a limousine lighted inside like that one of George's."

Innocent daughter "That's funny, I never say any lights."

—Widow

S

Nowadays, when a man reaches for his hip-pocket, you don't know whether it's a threat or a promise.—N. G. '20.

—Pelican.

S

## BIG GAME

A woman was frantically running around in a five and ten cent store. She seemed to be in a great hurry and was looking for a clerk.

"Can't somebody get me a mouse trap?" she gasped. "I have to catch a train."

## Ever Visit Our Book Section?

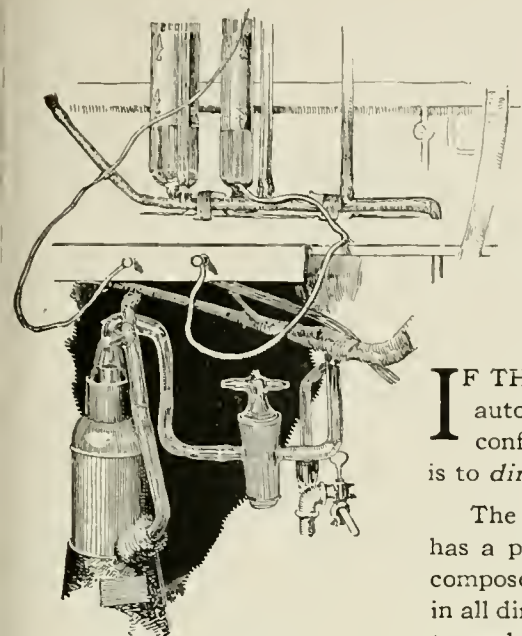
Right now, we are giving unusual attention to lovers of books—New books from our American and foreign writers are here as well as rare old books. You are sure to find what you want.

Let us show you.

*The CO-OP*

On the square - - Green and Wright Sts.





## What Is Vacuum?

**I**F THE traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to *direct*.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules — billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist's pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction — out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes — better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.

**General Electric**  
General Office Company Schenectady, N. Y.

... and at New York's home  
of Grand Opera

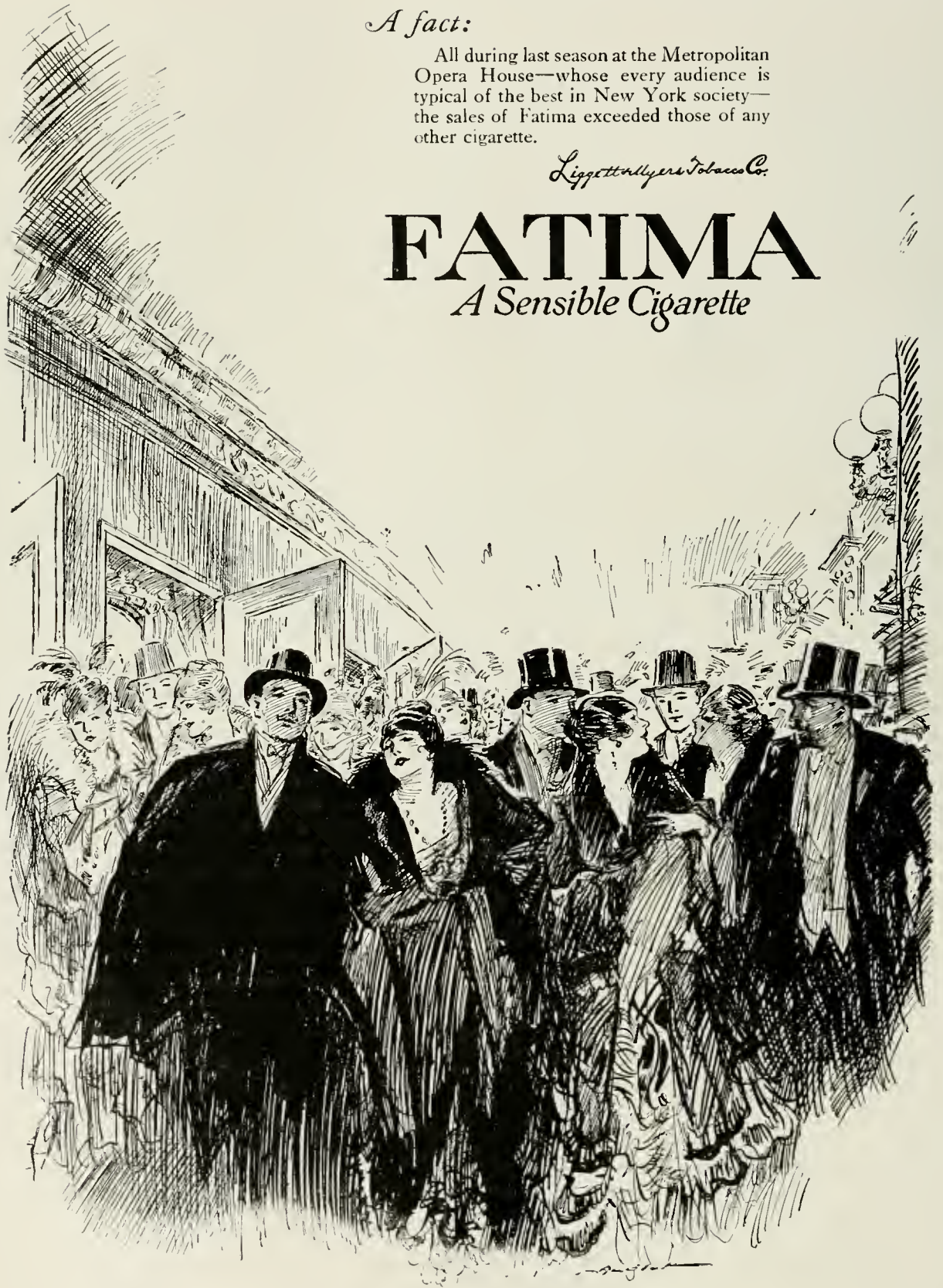
*A fact:*

All during last season at the Metropolitan  
Opera House—whose every audience is  
typical of the best in New York society—  
the sales of Fatima exceeded those of any  
other cigarette.

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

# FATIMA

*A Sensible Cigarette*





THE  
SIREN

THIS  
IS  
THE  
BLUE  
NUMBER

FEBRUARY  
1921  
A.D.





*Where the fraternities and sororities buy their*

# Flowers

39 fraternities and 14 sororities  
on our trade list

## THEY BUY HERE BECAUSE

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E  
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S  
E

We have fresh flowers grown in our greenhouse.  
J. Marshall Yeats General Mgr. personally sees  
that all orders are put up right.  
We have the Palms for decorating, as many as  
you want from 6 to over 100.  
We fill baskets and do formal decorating at the  
right price.

## J. E. Yeats Flower Shop

302 E. Springfield Ave.

*We Have The Only Greenhouse in Champaign*

The Popular Eating Place

IN URBANA

—is—

## The Court House Cafe

*If you like things good  
to eat this is the place  
where you will find them*

### THE GREEN-EYED HEAVEN

"How I envy you sea-faring men," breathed the sweet young thing. "How wonderful it must be to gaze on the broad, blue-rippled expanse of ocean and smell the clean, salt air."

"Yes," answered the coal passer, "it must be."

—American Legion Weekly.

————S————

Chemistry Prof: "Name three articles that contain starch."

Freshman: "Two cuffs and a collar."

————S———— —Burr

————S————

"She reminds me of the sea."

"Howzat?"

"She looks green—but sometimes she is awfully rough."

—Arggrun.

————S————

Prof. (kindly, after long lecture): And now you are free to ask questions.

"24: What time is it?"

—Purple Cow.

*Original becoming hats  
for dress and street wear  
at unusually*

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• •

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*The Best in  
Ice Creams, Malted and  
Confectionery*

## Schuler Bros.

*Confectionery*

*No. 9 Main Street*

*We are now  
serving fresh strawberries  
shipped direct to us  
from Florida*

*Try a Sundae*

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*Portable and Wallace  
Adjusto Lite*

*Drop Cord and Plugs*

*All Kinds of  
Accessories*

*Mazda and Nitrogen  
Lamps*

*Aper Suction Cleaners*

## Chandler Electric Shop

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Main 4046

URBANA

## Kant C?

*See  
Wuesteman*

it isn't as if it would cost you anything—we examine your eyes and if its glasses you need—prices will be reasonable—not fancy.

## Wuesteman

*Eye Sight Specialist*

Champaign

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*When you get Apollo Confections  
You Have the Best*

*A Special  
Offering of Choice Candies*

MOUYIOS BROS. PROPS  
URBANA, ILL.

Amber beads, red garnet beads,  
Egyptian beads, Carved Ori-  
ental beads, amethyst  
beads, colored cor-  
al beads

It is our continual effort to offer our  
patrons jewelry that possesses a distinctive  
novelty.

We are proud of this display of im-  
patrons jewelry that possess a distinctive

## **Ray L. Bowman Jewelry Co.**

Miss Ray L. Bowman, Mgr.  
Hamilton Bldg. Champaign, Ill.

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Distinctive printing is an asset to any institution. Ordinary printing  
fails to attract and hold attention and create the desired favorable impress-  
ion. It's the neat attractive and distinctive printing that brings results.


Let us co-operate with you in making your printing neat, attractive  
and distinctive.

The Siren is a Product of Our Plant

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FOR THE SMART  
TIGHT KNOTTED  
CRAVAT

GREYLOCK  
THE LATEST OF  
THE SMALLER  
**ARROW**  
COLLARS

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC. TROY, N.Y.

*An unusually complete and dis-  
tinctive line of Millinery for*

**Easter**

**McWilliams & Gleim**

LADIES' HATTERS

317 N. Neil Street

Champaign, Illinois



Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
TRADE MARK

DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

**NINETEENTH HOLE**

Ho! No game is ever finished  
right 'til thirst is quenched.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.

ICS



*Look at Jimmy Love with a new girl and new evening clothes !*

*Wrong, Emery—it's his old girl painted over and a new Lion Collar that makes him look dressed up.*

*Wish I had that collar on — mine's a mess already and I have the third and fourth dance with Jimmy's girl.*



*Stop in at the*  
**Doughnut Shop**

*and try*  
**The Different  
Cream Doughnut**  
*Special attention given to parties*

Wholesale and Retail

612 So. Fifth Street

Just off Green

— — — — — S — — — — —

"And when he kissed her, the blush would creep  
over his cheek," read the Reader.

"Not in this day. The women get it on too  
smooth," raved the Fool.

—Froth.

— — — — — S — — — — —

*A Satisfied Patron Means  
A Steady Patron*

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every  
purchase you make at Our Store.  
Should you for any reason have cause for com-  
plaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully  
make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

**Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.**

201 North Market Street

Auto 1586

Champaign, Ill.

**NOT BAD**

Guess what Charlie did the other night up at the  
Baltimore Lunch.

What?

He ate off the arm of a chair.

*Mugrump.*

— S —

*Let Munhall Quote Lowest  
Prices on Your*

**PUBLICATIONS**

*Stationery and Dance  
Programs*

**MUNHALL PRINTING HOUSE**

On Taylor Street Just East of Neil

CHAMPAIGN

**Stoltey's Garage**

NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

*Accessories*

*Storage, Repair Work, Mobiloil*

**White Line**  
★ LAUNDRY ★

*We wash, we dry clean, we press, we please,  
we want your business*

Main 406



The only girl in the whole town that attracted him was one that smiled at him from behind the curtain of the beauty parlor in Janesville. He was not brave enough to step boldly before the display of false fronts, cold cream and such beauty necessities or supplements, but he could see her vaguely, behind the curtains and the manicure table.

She was chic, no doubt of it. That saucy smile, the silly, effective spit curl, the hair so flat against her sleek head. . . oh! she was adorable and he worshipped the artistry of her from afar. Unmistakably painted, that face was the envy and admiration, and, let it be whispered, the model, of every jeune fille in the town. No other eyebrows so thin and arched as hers, no lashes so black and long. She was chic, no doubt of it.

To him, she was the personification of the City, a reminder of the white lights that he had learned to know while he was also learning the high lights and shadows of window trimming. His would-be artistic soul found no affinity in the stolid, prosperous little town; he was lonesome.

He wanted her. He wanted to build a shrine to her in his tiny rented room, to have her to come home to after the store closed, to tell her of his plans for the next display. But the proprietor of the Beauty Parlor was not to be persuaded to part with her treasure.

"I need her, I tell you," he argued. "I must have her. She has to be mine. Please let her go, just in the evenings. I'll bring her back before the shop opens every morning. And I'll be so careful of her, honestly."

When the style show came she was his first thought. He planned his window about her; he pictured the curious crowds, all gasping admiring ohs and ahs before his display, his rival fuming at failure to win the prize.

"If I can't have her always, let me take her just for tonight, then," he begged. It's awfully important. I'll pay you well. Please let her go. His idol did not move, just smiled bewitchingly. Reluctantly, sadly, foreseeing sure destruction for her pretty model, the avaricious proprietor rang up the money on the cash register and gave her consent.

With eager, trembling hands he drew her to him. His strong arms went about her, her chin nestled on his shoulder. She was worth the price.

Bright and early the next morning he returned her to the Beauty Shop.

"Say, that dummy of yours certainly is a peach. My window took first in the style show," he said, gleefully, to the proprietor.

## Noble Candy Co.

C. U. NOBLE,

### Wholesale Confections

*"Quality and Service"*

15 Taylor Street

Phone—Gar. 1604

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

*Dress suits for rent*

### Waistcoats for formal wear

ZOM displays them in domestic and imported pique, \$4 to \$10.

For the "Tux" he shows vests in black silk, brocaded, corded, striped, as you like, \$8 to \$12.

Just about anything else you need for evening wear.

## Roger Zombro

Apparel for University men

Green street—of course

G. W. Lawrence

## Music Store

*The only store in the Twin Cities where you have a choice of Columbia Victor, or Brunswick records.*

*Come in and let us demonstrate our line of Columbia, Brunswick, and Victor phonographs.*

*We also have a complete line of string instruments and saraphones. See our offerings for Dollar Day.*

G. W. Lawrence

112 W. Main Street

Prof.: Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate.  
Bright Soph.—I have, prof.  
Prof.—What is it?  
B. S.—Thirty days.

—Punch Bowl.

—S—

He: Did you ever eat anything like that before?

She: Who told you about my new false teeth?

(We give you five minutes on this one). —Purple Cow.

—S—

First Irate One—"When I hit a man he remembers it! Understand?"

Second Ditto—"Well, when I hit one he don't! Get me."

—Mugwump.

—S—

When we see a girl of ten crying these days we don't know whether to give her a new doll to comfort her or tell her no man's love is worth crying for.

—Tattler.

NOTHING WILL EVER  
SWERVE US -  
FROM THE  
BEST KIND  
OF  
SERVICE



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Hot Chocolate

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*Filled only by Registered  
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Main 124

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## Harvard University Dental School

There is unlimited demand for skilled dentists and specialists in dentistry. This school offers a most thorough and efficient training in this interesting profession. For those who wish to specialize there are courses in Oral Surgery, Orthodontia (straightening of the teeth) and other branches. Instruction by leading dentists of Boston and vicinity. Up-to-date equipment with unusual opportunities for practical work. A college certificate indicating one year's work in college English, Biology, Chemistry, as well as high school or college Physics, required for admission. Write for particulars.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean  
Boston, Mass.

## Kennedy's Kandie S

315 N. Neil Street

CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

## There is always

a pleasant distinctiveness about Barnhart Millinery. Each hat carries just that last touch that makes it a little more than stylish.

My spring display is unusually attractive. I am proud to show it. You will be proud to wear a hat chosen from it.

Mary A. Barnhart

FLATHRON BLDG.

URBANA

# Old Hampshire

## Bond and Vellum

Paper which leads the world in quality. Strong, refined, exclusive, pure white and smooth writing.

Hampshire paper is ideal for University men and women.

Three popular sizes, Imperial, Royal Club and Regent. Quarter ream packages give quality at very moderate prices. You will be pleased with our complete line of good stationery.



606 E. Green Street

"Chuck" Bailey

—Managers—

"Shelby" D. Himes







First Youth: I quarreled with Mayme last night  
and she told me to leave and never to darken her  
doors again.

Second Same: Yes? What did you do?

F. Y.: Told her to get off my lap so I *could*  
leave.

—S—

Ah wants one o'them plasters what you stick  
on your back.

You mean one of our porous plasters?

No suh! Ah don't want none o' your porres'  
plasters, ah wants the bes' yon got.

—S—

### THEY SAY

They say  
A guilty conscience sleeps uneasy  
And the Bolsheviks are crooks  
So they must sleep uneasy.  
But as I  
Lay awake with a clear conscience  
On that d—n  
Rocky bed in the dorm  
And think how cheap  
Hair mattresses must be in Russia  
I wish't  
I was a Bolshevik  
I'd chance uneasy sleep.

They say  
Absence makes the heart grow fonder  
So She must be by now  
Much fonder of Myself.  
But as I  
Get letter after letter  
From him and hers  
But not from Her  
And each one says that She  
Is with another Him  
I wish't  
That she would be  
A little less fonder  
And not quite  
So absent.

### DON'T YOU KNOW

Don't you know you mustn't snicker,  
Nor smoke a nasty pipe;  
Don't you know you can't drink likker,  
And must never dine on tripe.  
Don't you know that joy's unlawful,  
And that dancing's simply awful,  
Oh, of gloom you get a jaw full.  
It's a sight.

Don't you know that joy on Sunday  
Has been done away with, quite.  
Don't you know that rouse on Monday,  
Isn't now considered right.  
Don't you know that syncopation  
Has been banished from the nation  
And we've sainted Carrie Nation?  
It's a fright.

—S—

There was a young lady from Michigan;  
To meet her we never would wishagain.  
She would eat of ice cream  
'Til with pain she would scream,  
And then order another big dishagain.

—S—



Little 1966: "Really grandfather, how could you  
have been so antiquated as to even think of wearing  
a polka-dot tie on the Lord's Day?"

Beauty's but skin deep they say,  
So I'll win Grace or bust;  
She hasn't very much beneath—  
But Gee, I like her crust.

—S—

First Stude: "I was pouring  
over my books last night."

Second Same: "Better be care-  
ful, you can't sell 'em at the end  
of the year if they're all yeasty."

—S—

#### IF ADS WERE TRUE TO LIFE

Alice: Jimmy, you look all  
wrong. Run home and put on a  
Tiger Collar, Hongkong qarters, a  
Styleminus suit and a Knicks hat;  
then shave with a Fillet safety  
razor and rub a dash of that won-  
derful French Pinaud on your  
jowls and we'll go to the dance.

Jimmy: Alice my dear, I will.  
Meanwhile make your skin "the  
kind you love to touch" by using  
some Heatherbloom massage  
cream and slip into a Fitform cor-  
set and we'll be set.

—S—

Silk stockings cover a multitude  
of shins.

—S—



She: "What do fellows talk  
about after a dance?"

He: "The same things you girls  
talk about."

She: "Oh! You horrid things."

#### A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



Speaks now a weedy wraith,  
Once named Jack Watsisname:  
(Not that the name matters)

"Since, one by one, the little  
things,

Which one could do upon the  
Lord's Day,

Dwindled;

Dwindled, by the grace of local  
law,

Intidel though I was,

I went to church;

There I learned

All about the troubles of

A church in Ephesus;

All about the necessity for good  
Chicago;

All about the necessity for good  
men

To stand against the radical men;

And that the Ladies Aid would  
not

Meet at Sister Smith's, but at  
Sister Jones'.

There was music, too . . .

Music?

But nothing matters now.

—S—

#### WE HOPE SO

She—My new dinner gown came  
today, I just fried it on.

He—Did it come up to your ex-  
pectations?

#### ----- WHO WOULD? -----

The boy stood on the burning  
deck,

Each lifeboat was a jam;

The ship was from Havana,

So he didn't give a rap.

—S—

"Mr. Ivories, can you tell me  
the difference between a Ford and  
a co-ed?"

"No, Mr. Bones, what is the  
difference?"

"Well, it's h—I when a Ford  
don't go, and sometimes H—I  
when a co-ed does."

—S—

Musical comedy producers are  
threatening to quit the game un-  
less the ametur competition of our  
college campuses is done away  
with.

—S—



"Dress reform?" questioned  
Lafe Jabson of Still Valley Kain-  
tucky, "Huh, it ain't reformin'  
they need, the forms are all right,  
leastwise on most of 'em, its  
elongation they crave. There's  
been too much of an expose' of  
crookedness in the underworld  
lately."



AND REMEMBER TO DROP  
YOUR HANDKERCHIEF  
WEHN THEY PLAY "ALLAH'S  
HOLIDAY."

Postman: (to co-ed) I'm sorry  
miss, but it seems I've lost your  
postcard, but it only said to be  
sure and put your long ones on;  
to let Alice know who you went  
with to the T. N. E. dance; that  
Uncle Harry lost a cow Tuesday  
with the botts; and that they are  
all well at home.

S  
CAMPUS "MUSIC"

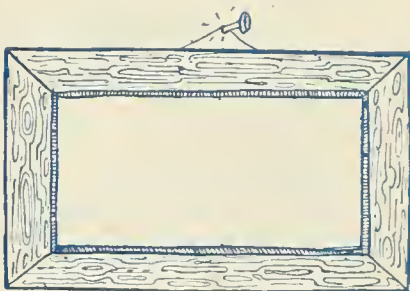
Clang the keys with high flung  
hands.

And fingers sure of flight;  
Shur from bass in long cascades,  
On tinkling treble light.

"Sweet Patootie,"—Wail it out—  
And mock with evil eye,  
Then, clicker, clacker—make it  
faster,  
Twist melody awry.

Spare no ears, with metal fingers,  
Beat and bang our Baby Grand;  
Brain the key-board, make it  
gibber,  
Mendelsohn from Jazz-Bo  
land!

S



The above is a pleasing likeness  
of the man (or woman) in the  
University community who doesn't  
want his (or her) picture in the  
Roast Section of the Illio. In the  
near background will be observed  
the person who says "Oh, now  
really, I don't want anything in  
the Illio about me," and means it.



"Yes, the world's all wrong," re-  
marked Raoul Harvey sadly.  
"Prices droppin' caught me with  
a good load o' hawgs ready to sell;  
I'd just bought a overcoat for \$75  
that's now sellin' for \$15; coal's  
still up an' the weather's cold; the  
ole woman has influenzy an' six  
o' the kid's are ailin'; dispepsy's  
got me and the rheumatiz is ever  
present; the landlord raised the  
rent agin an' bottled goods has riz  
—but the sun air still shinin' in  
my basement, there's still one  
good barr'l o' hard cider left an'  
fall ain't so fur off neither."

S

"Eatin' cloves," remarked  
Raoul Harvey disgustedly the  
other day. "Eatin' cloves after  
takin' a drink o' good likker,  
'pears to me to create the same  
feeling of dissatisfaction that  
comes with wearin' a long over-  
coat just after you've had your  
trousers pressed."

S

Horatio Polonius Carr.  
Once started to train for the bar;  
But he stopped when a clause  
In the famous Blue Laws,  
Put his practicing place below  
par.

Tother day as I was ambulat-  
ing mournfully towards that in-  
stitution of torture known to its  
initiates as an eight o'clock, I en-  
countered, strung exotically across  
the expanse of cement sidewalk  
(which leads dutiful students  
down John street to their classes  
and undutiful ones to the devil  
and the Omega Chi house) a bevy  
of coeds. Looking in their un-  
studied disarray like a Japanese  
sunflower or a soft boiled egg  
dropped on the carpet; chattering  
in the fashion peculiar to the gen-  
tler and more deadly sex, they  
whiled away the fleeting moments  
with an avid and detailed exam-  
ination of their mutual enemies,  
that is, I meant their friends, pur-  
suing their subjects with an in-  
tense absorption and eager gestic-  
ulation which rendered hope of  
passage impossible until the par-  
ticular victim under the coeduca-  
tional eye should either be pluck-  
ed bare or die of burning ears, and  
proceeding towards the halls of  
laborious learning at a pace not  
exceeding, at the most, more than  
twenty feet an hour.

What did I do? What do you  
do? Turned off the Mosi's and  
drank two malts for breakfast.

S



Down with water!

### CLYTIE BECOMES A GOOD INFLUENCE

I'm so interested in reform, you know. It is taking the country by storm. It is simply fascinating! I wish I had taken it up long ago. I sometimes think that all the time I put in studying the trombone was wasted—actually wasted!!—when I might have been taking up sociology and becoming a Useful Member of Society. That's a horrible pessimistic thought, isn't it? Still, I don't know.... I'm essentially artistic, you know.

I am to speak at the next weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A. on "The Moral Obligation to be Intelligent". I feel awfully strongly on the subject, you know. So many of our girls need to be reminded of this, don't you think? I'm going to wear my new street suit, and just the dearest little duck of a hat. —Or should I wear a hat?

You see, I have always been more interested in culture. It's only recently that I took up social service, and of course I haven't attended any "Y" meetings. I don't think that the Y.W.C.A. is a very strong cultural influence, really. Do you?

But of course it does do a wonderful work....

Intelligence—social service—reform—they all go together, don't you think? I never realized it until recently, although, of course I feel that I have really been intelligent for a long time. I'm awfully liberal in religious matters. I rebelled at having my spirit cramped into a narrow, orthodox creed when I was six. I never did like to go to Sunday School. I was too advanced for mama, poor dear.

Of course I feel differently now. Have you seen our new minister? He's just the nicest thing. He called on dear mama the other day, and we had such an intimate little talk. He was so interested in my ideas of reform, and I talked real confidentially because I had just had a marcel and I knew that I was looking my best. I put on my appealing look and asked him if it was really wrong for a girl to let herself be kissed once in a while. The night after I took up reform I wouldn't let Toodle kiss me. It made the poor dear so mad! He sulked and argued for an hour, so I finally let him have just a little one so he'd go home. I don't think that that really hurt a bit. I decided that I could begin to reform other people first.

What? Oh, he said that while the church would probably not recognize such things, he himself was inclined to interpret the rule in a liberal spirit. He had awfully nice eyes. I'd like to dance with him....

I heard such an inspiring talk the other day on "How I Can Make My Life Count"—the lecturer was a lady, and she had on a terribly smart hat. (I

guess I *will* wear a hat after all). She was a sorority sister of mine, and also a D. A. R., I heard. She showed what we might accomplish if all the earnest, really worthwhile people would get together. I decided right then and there to devote my life to something really *big*, and become a Good Influence. I have given up morning dates, and egg malteds, you know.

Of course, I don't believe in being fanatical. Some people with really high ideals show such poor taste, don't you think?

So many people are agitating against the cigarette now. I hope none of our really nice people—people one knows,—take it up. Wouldn't that be simply *frightful*? I couldn't do without my omar-fatimas.

But I do feel my responsibility to society so much. It is really fascinating—being a Responsible Member of Society. And of course, one can always smoke in the bathroom. We do at our house. Didn't Benjamin Franklin or Lincoln or some one say once that a man's bathroom was his castle.... Well, anyway that's the way I feel.

I turned down my fourteenth bid to the Senior Ball yesterday. Have you seen my new taffeta frock with georgette vestee?

—S—



What to do? Oh! I know. I'll flip a coin. If it falls heads I dance; tails I go to the Orph, and if it stands on edge I'll study.



# 'BOOTS' PLACE"

I have been in many places  
In my short exotic life,  
And I've gazed on many faces,  
Crossed with sorrow, joy or strife;  
But of all bright countenances  
The most cheery, smiling face  
Was the map of "Tuffy" Lindgren  
—"Tuffy," once of "Boots'" place.

Many lads have gone to glory,  
Who once frequented that den,  
Where we met, with song and story;  
As we'll never meet again.  
Merry songs and cheerful laughter,  
Once identified the place,  
Where the lamp-lit room was brighter  
For the smile on "Tuffy's" face.

Now those days are near forgotten;  
"Boots" is gone—his portal barred.  
Gone, the benches, battered, rotten,  
Where we sat—the evil starred.  
Never more the boys will gather  
At that old time meeting place;  
Where we always found a welcome  
In the smile on "Tuffy's" face.

S

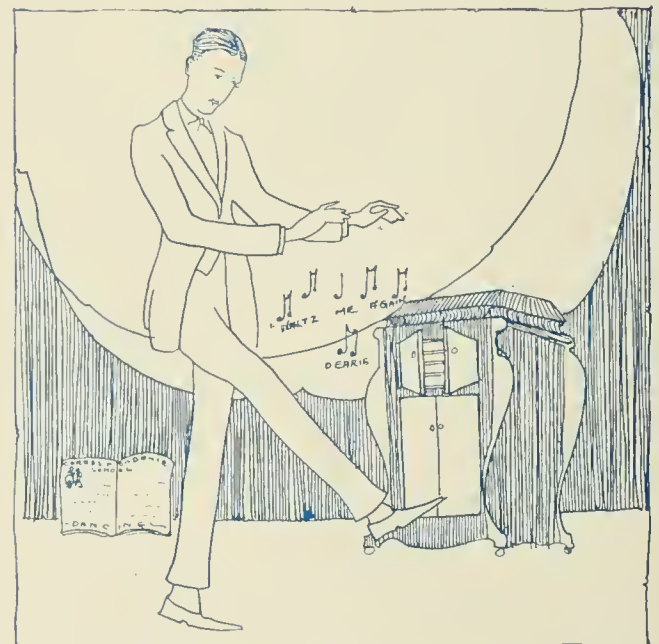
## GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

The robins bring us promise  
Of the near approach of Spring;  
And little flowers all foretell  
Its joys—n'everything;  
But the surest sign of Spring to me,  
Now nevermore in stock—  
Was the goat-head poster telling,  
Of the Coming of the Bock.

S

As the poet who voices a general sentiment,  
This month's Siren hails Theodore Maynard, who  
wrote:

"When Horace wrote his noble verse,  
His brilliant flowing line,  
He must have gone to bed the worse  
For good Falernian wine.  
No poet yet could praise the rose  
In verse that so serenely flows  
Unless he dipped his Roman nose  
In good Falernian wine."



Would-be Chorus Man: One, two, three—KICK.

But that's the reviewers job isn't it?





I dote on golf and think it's thrilling.  
When weather's warm and larks are trilling  
To take my sticks and go, a-smile ~  
My idle Sunday hours to while ..



But look! Here comes a specter awful ~  
"Hold Sir! On Sunday golf's unlawful!"  
He shrieks and makes the welkin ring ~  
"Play golf on Sunday? No such thing!"



I flee before this dreadful menace ~  
Who shouts "And also play no tennis!"  
Then flaming posters greet my vision;  
"Verboten" stops each new decision.



"Taboo" the chessman's label reads;  
I cannot write, nor sew on heads.  
The Blue Laws make the whole day blue;  
The question now is "What to do?"



# The Siren



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## WHAT NEXT?

**D**RAPERIES for the Venus de Milo have arrived; prohibition (we are informed) is with us; we of the University community move in a species of pre-revolution-lettres-de-cachet existence and the sign "Verboten" greets us at every turn. AND we expect more? Verily we do—we sigh, look hopelessly out at an indigo world and say "What next?"

Immediately we know—the BLUE LAWS.

But we say, we already have them. We live in a supersterilized community, we don't go to shows, play tennis or golf or fiddle-de-winks on Sunday and we hesitate about working on our beaded bags on the Sabbath—what more dreadful could happen. But if there is anything in this super-befogged world that they can be tied, hung or draped on us "wild young things" the Siren is betting a Kappa Beta Phi key or a T. N. E. pin that we get it.

A heterogeneous lot of white tie wearers have settled the point—they are going to enthrone the Great God Gloom. Professional reformers out of a job since prohibition, have set to work anew. "Down with the cigarette" has replaced the old slogan "Down with booze." After it will come "Down

with joy," then "Down with comfort" and then; What next?

Nothing is free any more—not even speech. Examinations have transformed our institution into a vast research laboratory to determine the theory of the "survival of the fittest." We are even pre-Magna Charta in our honor system—and most of us don't seem to give a whoop if we are. Members of the faculty, certain members at least are more privileged than it used to be considered fair to the student body. The supply of co-eds is shorter than ever before; cokes have gone down in price but lemon extract has gone up; and our thumbs are wearied with over twiddling on Sunday—

Criticism without a remedy is wrong, some will say? Even so. Therefore the Old Girl proposes a remedy. Take all the professional joy-killers; give them, in some manner, an inside idea of the attitude of the century; let some of them have a few children; let trials and tribulations of their own, mar their happiness; let them taste of the fruit they so passionately decry; give them something to do beside sit on a soft cushion reading Pilgrim's Progress and hearing second hand of the terrible state of morality of the universe through the pages of Hearst's or the lips of those equally as narrow as they—then let judge us. Until then they are unfit to do so.





Well anyway—the world is blue, especially when viewed through blue glasses. The Siren flips her tail listlessly and murmurs;

“What next?”

—S—

THERE is something new under the sun. Civilization, now prodigiously ripe and straining upon its twig, has evolved an unprecedented thing, a sort of cross between a philosophic system and a rule-of-thumb method. This new thing is called “a Line.” “Line” is the latest kitten of the old cat Conversation, and remotely a descendant of Discourse, of loving memory. “Line” is a code of words, a specialized array of sounds accompanied by gestures, a flexible formula for getting by, a purposeful foolishness, a foolish purposefulness, a shield for truth. “Line” is hard to define, easy to detect. In short, “Line” is the most insidious, and the most popular institution in the present-day social code.

“Line” is the more or less direct result of little to do and nothing to think about, of living made easy, of the wholesale system of education, of latter-day *laissez faire*. Our grandmothers spent their spare time usefully; so did our grandfathers; they had to. We do not have to, so we spend our time “shooting ‘lines’” at one another. It is probably quite all right, and to be welcomed as a product of our recently attained social perfection.

—S—

This being the Blue Number the Siren wishes to state for publication, her greatest lament. Being physically unqualified, she cannot wear those cute fillagree silk hose—enough lament for any woman, especially a Siren.

—S—

“When the earth’s last picture is painted

And the youngest critic has died.....”

We’ll find out the millenium isn’t;

And we’ll know the reformers have lied.

—S—

We are expecting considerable assistance on next year’s Blue Number provided the state legislature doesn’t kick in with the necessary.

—S—

T. N. E. has gone from our midst. You probably noticed in our senior election the absolute eradication of “politics” that its extinction brought about. Now didn’t you—*really*?

YE gods of adventure and romance, send us something new!

Day after day we have been staring with dull eyes at the same placid, homely vista of respectable brick buildings, disreputable shanty eating-places, shiny unchanging dance floors—, cluttered, dusty class rooms: the paraphernalia of education.

Day after day we have dodged the same jaunty Fords and Overlands, eaten the same malted milk concoctions, told the same stories, laughed at the same jokes, read the same impossible magazines, endured the same people.

Day after day we have followed the ancient round of fidgety classes, sleepy lectures, vapid conversations, indigestible meals, pointless dance engagements with mere unloved acquaintances, stuffy sleeping and reluctant waking.

Must this endure, world without end, until we flunk out or graduate?

Send us earthquakes, dear extinct pagan deities, send us a cataclysm! Cause the Boneyard to rise and sweep us to the sea! Let slip a thunderbolt into the midst of us! What matter if a few of us are hurt? We need hurting.

Turn, if you will, the ordered wits of some reverend professor, that he may astound some class with insane questionings of the entertaining quality of Milton. Addle, if you must, the pate of some local Minerva, that she may sing the praises of Rupert Brooke. Put madness into the heart of a dance orchestra, that they may nonpluss the dancers with a sudden rendition of Brahms, or Chopin. And, too, make mad some Doctor of Music, that he may astound the concert-hall with Avalon, or Margie.

Shock us, jolt us, electrify us! Take us by the ears and pull us out of our rut. Mosses and lichens are growing over us, over the town, over the school, over . . . over our very souls.

We have maps, but we do not know that there is a world about us. We read books—when we have to—but we do not know, or care to know, that they were written by and for human beings like ourselves. We feel pain, but we do not know that others can feel pain.

Ye high gods of romance and sweet unreason, we are mired, with our weak mouths stuffed with mud.

Help us!

—S—

Another last line:

“Go on—turn a new leaf.”





Photograph of an earnest worker for the Blue Laws in a brown study.

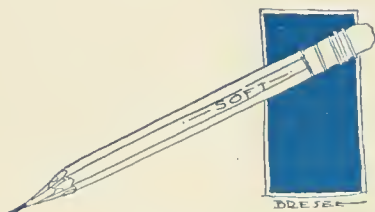
He appears to be in deep thought.

Is he planning the next atrocity to foist on an unsuspecting public, some dire trick for the suppression of happiness?

Not so (our mind reading department informs us) he is just wondering if the new stenog. is a "good scout" and if two pounds of raisins is too much for that brew the deacon told him about.

I hear Binks is spending all his spare time over an Ouija Board. What's the idea?

He hopes to get in communication with his uncle who was a brewer.



"Everyone makes mistakes"—oh you know that one? Well this cut in this place was a mistake.

### MAUD MULEY

She was only a poor farmer's daughter,  
You could smell the sweet hay when she talked;  
But the joints in her knees  
Squeaked like trees in the breeze,  
And the racket was fierce when she walked.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter,  
Her hair was all covered with weeds;  
But the space on her dome  
She filled in with loam,  
And planted in small grains and seeds.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter,  
Her face was as red as a beet;  
But the shoes that she wore  
From behind to before,  
Measured sixteen or seventeen feet.

She was only a poor farmer's daughter,  
Such beauty is too seldom found;  
But she never was wed  
And now she is dead,  
For she fell in a milk pail and drowned.

How does Mabel manage to dress so well?

Really, I couldn't say. I've never watched her.

I see Bones has been promoted.  
Yes, he got a peach of a receipt  
and told it to the boss.

Church contributions might be larger if one-armed men could be induced to pass the plate.

Following the recent finals, our idea of a light occupation is framing Phi Beta Kappa shingles.

### JUSTICE! JUSTICE!

An Indianapolis man was adjudged insane. He had been shipping eggs over the Big Four.

"Willie, what're you doing out in the pantry again?"

"I lost my appetite here, this afternoon, Ma, and I'm trying to find it."

"Margie, I'm always dreaming of you-u, Mar-gie—"

"For heaven's sake, dream."

A sweet thing named Annabelle Ice,  
Had ankles petite and most nice;  
But one look at her face  
And the whole he-male race  
Left Annabelle home, shooting dice.



"A DIP IN THE PAST"

I once knew a chap from Calcutta,  
Who lived upon garlic and butta,  
His first name was Cal  
While his girl's name was Sal;  
She cussed him one night and Cal-  
cutta.

— S —

There was a young girl from  
Decatur  
In love with a Cunardier waiter;  
They were shipwrecked a while  
On a Cannibal Isle,  
And during their stay there he  
ater.

— S —



They say whiskey shortens a  
man's life.

Yes, but he sees twice as much  
in the same length of time.



The Co-ed: Its a very pretty dress but I couldn't  
wear it to a dance you know.

The Modiste: And why not?

Co-ed: It has no shoulder straps and its so ir-  
ritating to toddle out of ones dress, don't you think?

— S —

### NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By First Aid

Once upon a time there was a Big Boy, the Pride of his family, a  
Dream among women, and a General Hit. Having absorbed a Local  
Curriculum, he was sent away to give the starving Champaign Mer-  
chants the benefit of his Old Man's mazuma.

Before leaving, in the manner of all Innocents, he hid himself  
to the residence of his Fair One's father, which was where she lived  
when not out. After the famous copy-writed and Booeey Bushman-  
Bayne fadeout, he left with her Phiz in a Pocket next his Liver and  
part of her Lips on his Chin.

After surviving three (3) or more months of Hard Labor and  
Learning he returned to the Fatted Calf he had left behind clothed in  
Luxite, the only guaranteed Seamless. But in the Mean-while the  
rest of the Male Population had been making Hay between mails and  
the Damsel, who had formerly extended the Hot Hand, Pulsating  
Heart, etc., now Exhibited the Cool Gaze and Cold Shoulder.

Moral: What good is an Education?

BOY! RUSH  
THIS COPY!



CATCH ME WEARING  
ANYTHING LIKE  
THIS - THEY  
LOOK NUTTY!



YOU'RE NOT GOING  
HOME SO EARLY, ARE  
YOU CARL? ITS ONLY  
ELEVEN-THIRTY-AND  
IM SURE JOSEPHINE  
WANTS YOU TO  
STAY LONGER



© CHAPERON

I HAVEN'T A  
DATE ANY NIGHT  
NEXT WEEK  
- SO DO CALL  
ME UP, MERVIN.



WE COULDN'T  
HELP LOSING -  
WE WERE  
PLAYING A  
BETTER TEAM  
THASS ALL!



I CERTAINLY CANT  
EXPECT YOU TO  
RECITE IF YOU  
FEEL INDISPOSED



WHEE-E-E!  
A LETTER FROM  
THE DEAN,  
ILL BET HE'S  
CHALLENGING ME  
TO A GAME  
OF GOLF!



BID BIDINGER —o

"DREAMLAND."



### EPITAPH OF A YOUNG LADY

Last Week Tuesday, Gentle Jane  
Met a passing railroad train.

"Ah! Good afternoon," she said  
But—the train just ent her dead.

—S—

"The Lard will provide," re-  
marked the cook when she discov-  
ered the oleo had run out just at  
dinner time.

—S—

### SIR ISAAC NEWTON HAS SERIOUS ACCIDENT

#### NEWT OUT OF HIS HEAD

Is Hit By Apple While  
Asleep in Garden

London, E., Today—This after-  
noon while napping in his garden  
our beloved fellow neighbor and  
locally prominent physicist, Sir  
Isaac Newton was struck on the  
head by an apple which fell from  
an apple tree under which he was  
napping. Sir Ike had been con-  
templating the whys and where-  
fores of the galosh, and its respira-  
tory organs just prior to his nap.  
He was rendered unconscious and  
probably was in this condition for  
some time. One of his hired men  
who had been watching over Sir  
Ike's experiments in home-brew  
discovered his employer when he  
went to the garden to report the  
results of the latest attempt. He  
found our fellow citizen lying  
prone on his back and unconscious  
and rushing for help. He called  
friends of the intimate family who  
carried the scholar to his room and  
Doctor Harold Hairoil, M. D.,  
(adv.) was called and pronounced  
the physies expert out of danger.  
Sir Ike said the accident had  
proved a lesson to him, namely  
that what goes up must come  
down, and he's now said to be  
working out a theory concerning  
what he calls gravity and his next  
experiment will be with punkins.

### HIRAM AND ADVERTISING

or

(A Tussle With The University of Illinois Annual Register and the  
Pre-requisite.)

Hiram was a Gentle Youth with a Leaning toward Advertising.  
On Entering the University Hiram took a Register and looked up the  
subject "Advertising, B. O. and O S" (so far so good.) Then his eye  
caught the line, "Pre-requisites: B. O. and O 7" He looked up B. O.  
and O. 7 and found "Pre-requisites: Economics 1, B. O. and O. 1." He  
looked up B. O. and O. 1. and found "prequisites, Economics 1 and  
Accountancy 2a and 2b." He looked up Accountancy 2a and found;  
"Prequisites, Accountancy 1a and 1b, Economics 7 or 26, 22, or 27.  
"Registration or credit in Economics 1." Economics 1, on being looked  
up showed "Pre-requisites 30 hours University work."

Hiram has given up the idea of taking Advertising, and is now  
registered in the I. C. S.

—S—



Mrs. Fuss—You think only of yourself. What have you ever done  
to save other men from miser? Mr. Fuss—Didn't I marry you?

## The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



Feb'y. 2—Thru my semi-so-often quizzes to day, then to bed to recover (if possible in ten short days) from the effects of taking ten-hour exams in two-hour courses. Odds bloods it behooves one to get his education early in life lest the survival of the fittest campaign now so prevalent cuts one off in an odd moment.

Feb'y. 8—Thru the mills again the day, battling the hordes in registration. Managed to get into three courses I didn't want, two I wouldn't have, nay not even on a wager and one the university verily doesn't know exists. So to bed, weary of the childish squabble over credit hours.

Feb'y. 9—To the post-exam jubilee the eve, where many collegers frolicked more or less merrily. Slept thru the most, but carried away the impression that one Chas. E. Keck had written something or other or done something or other—anyway the name stuck in my mind for some unwotted reason.

Feb'y. 10—To the class rooms once more. Sad put out by the musty and age worn jokes with which certain of the begowned elite twice annually open their classes and which I wot well of, having heard them repeated at the club lo these many years.

Feb'y. 18—Saw "Sweethearts" an operetta, so-called, and wondered much at the goodness of the production because i' truth the mid semester finals had worked havoc. Odds bodkins, our friends the finals have wrecked many a young life this time.

Here's to the women.  
Each of us knows  
They get sunburned,  
Where men wear clothes.

"It's a dog's life" muttered the village butcher as he dextrously measured off three yards of bologna for the lady customer.

## ODE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD MUSICIAN (With Apologies To Kelly and Sheats)

Blow high, blow low, not all the groans  
Of clarinets or suffering saxophones  
Can bother, worry, or mean aught to me;  
I have my Rhet. and Trigonometry.

I come in strange shapes that ye may understand me the less easily.

My derivation is a thing forbidden to the many, and at times even the profs are ignorant whereof.

I am composed of signs and symbols of no meaning to the uninitiated, and often to those who have taken the course.

Radicals, integrals, carboxyls, exponents, cotangents, derivatives, and triphenylmethanes are the substance of my being! And I always contain factors to correct to zero and seven sixty.

When you have got me the riddle of the universe is as simple as the tax on a coke. Like the lonesome mustard plaster, I crave application. When I am worn out, another takes my place.

I am the formula!

Sing a song of college days,  
A pocket full of Rye.  
But now it's sliced with cheese between,  
Because the town is dry.



GVB-TPB

Master 1980: What do you think of that terrible Jones boy?

Master 1981: I don't think of him old dear, one shouldn't associate, even in his mind, a person whose great grandfather played golf on Sunday.



### MARCH 1921, A. D.

1. Tue. Children born on this day should be named Bill.
2. Wed. Warm today. Beeve Dee raised from the dead.
3. Thurs. Adam and Eve expelled from the garden B. C. 4768.
4. Fri. New president takes oath, Ring Lardner Sect. of State.
5. Sat. Shortage of paper, inauguration returns.
6. Sun. Inventor of Buttered Toast born, A. D. 202.
7. Mon. Henry VIII, Nat Goodwin of England, takes another wife.
8. Tue. Wee-Gee communicates with spirit of St. Vitus.
9. Wed. C. J. Caesar, first commander G. A. R. (Grand Army of Rome) married.
10. Thurs. Children born today, girls or boys.
11. Fri. Penny ante night-black dences wild.
12. Sat. Umbrellas should be in fashion sometime soon.
13. Sun. Our guess, some sons still in bed at nine A. M.
14. Mon. Bacon, writer of Shakespeare's plays, born.
15. Tue. New kind of toddle invented by Cleopatra, B. C. 57.
16. Wed. Noah successfully lands ark on Arrat, great feat, B. C. 3906.
17. Thurs. Rain, wear the silk ones today.
18. Fri. Carrie Papers, famous movie star, born.
19. Sat. Broke again, letter home.
20. Sun. Warm again, oil the wheel base of the old bus.
21. Mon. Much news, Solomon married again, B. C. 1898.
22. Tue. Last of Thanksgiving turkey, another load off our minds.
23. Wed. Full moon, fine for dates (not the fruit, dates).
24. Thurs. Easter vacation, Songs in order.
25. Fri. Private detectives out, intoxicated man seen.
26. Sat. Ivan Iteh, Russian inventor of parsnip pie died A. D. 706.
27. Sun. Ike Newton struck on head by apple.
28. Mon. Goliath, famous Phillistine, loses his head in an argument.
29. Tue. Ann, of the "how old" fame, born; year unknown.
30. Wed. Darius, of Persia, establishes first diary, B. C. 1492.
31. Thurs. Month leaves like a lion (or lamb).

### TO A WOOLEN BLANKET

When softly I ascend the stairs at night  
And to the chilly, darkened "dorm" I go,  
I think how all day long the wind did blow  
Across by cotton bed-clothes few and light,  
I glance around and at the sight  
Of room-mates shivering from head to toe  
I am full-loath to join them in their woe  
And cower from acceptance of their plight.  
But when I think of thee, thou warm old friend-  
Blanket of wool, so thick and soft and warm,  
That cozy welcome doth to me extend—  
Then I o'ercome my terror of the "dorm";  
And unto Morpheus my body I commend  
Until I hear the six o'clock alarm.

—S—

A newly initiated freshman gets the idea he's a mighty man.

That being admitted, the seats of the mighty ought to be a bit tender these last few weeks.

—S—

"Say, Ed!"

"Yea?"

"You were wrong about that painting."

"Uh huh?"

"Yes, and you were mistaken when you said that the tapestry was yellow."

"Well?"

"Say, Ed., if you won't be more sociable than that I'm going to bed."

—S—

Light opera is "looking up" at Illinois. The Women's League has just produced a very, very creditable operetta and Pierrot is getting the deck cleared for the Student Opera in May. Both take hard work and show what the student body can do when it tries.

—S—

### NATURALLY A NATURAL LAW

The sun had kissed the western sky

One bid the world good-night,

While in the sky the silver moon

Hung blushing at the sight,

A youth beside a maiden walked—

(I tell no wondrous deed)

When twilight's shadows kissed the shore

He followed nature's lead,

—*Tar Baby.*

—S—

### HOW COME?

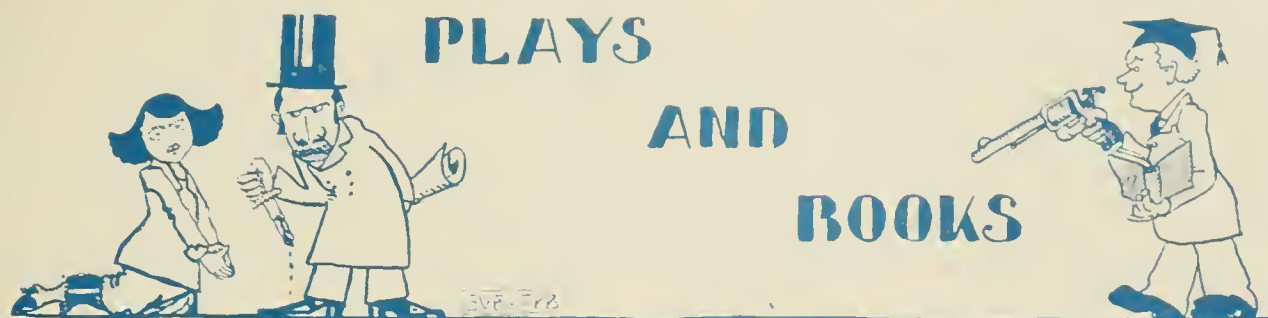
Ella: "Jack's new moustache makes me laugh."

Della: "Yes, it tickles me, too!"





The Lecturer: "I repeat—anyone who would  
dance cheek to cheek would eat peanuts in public."



A booklet which came to our attention lately is "Humbug Land," by Mendez Pinto, published by a firm on the coast. This satire is in the form of a report "concerning a Man-like Creature Inhabiting the Earth during the Seventeenth Eon." (Never mind how long an eon is). The point of view is that of an Immortal, an "Ethereal," who can see the human race as it really is and can describe it as such.

The author points out with great care what is the matter with the genus homo. He shows that our mentality, ideas, conclusions and habits are all wrong. He shows that as far as pure reason is concerned, there is no sense to modern social structure, education and industrial system, militarism, or justice. He compares us unfavorably with members of the animal and vegetable kingdom, who are dominated by Nature and instinct.

It is impossible in a short review to give much idea of the things human that Sr. Pinto picks to pieces. Furthermore, it would not be very interesting. What if the earth is all wrong? Granted that all these things are true; what of it? Suppose man is an unreasoning animal, filled with quite the wrong ideas? The Millenium will come thru evolution, and not thru any correction by reasoning power.

If these thirty-five pages have any other purpose than to tell us a lot of things we already know, we must confess that it did get over, but it lay where it fell.

"Main Street," undoubtedly the book of the year should be discussed here at length. We'll let George do it however and content ourselves with saying that it is in effect a neighbor, who taking your undershirt off the clothes line, comes into your parlor and shows you how dirty it really is. (If you get what we mean.)

How did you like Alice's girl friend?  
Rotten!  
Oh! Couldn't you kiss her either?

Do you ever get sick unto death of Champaign, Urbana, the University, and all your friends? Of course you do. And you don't know what to do about it. You probably think there is nothing to do. But there is. Brothers and friends, this little scheme will lay low the worst case of those disgusted blues.

In the late afternoon, about four, enter our library, and go to the periodical room. Paw over the magazines on the tables, follow your taste in the contemporary treasures in the pigeon-holes. Read the London "Studio," "L'Illustration," "Travel," "The Spur," "Asia," "Country Life in America," "The Pacific Monthly," and, forgetting all you have ever heard about English humour, read "Punch."

When you start for dinner, you will realize that you have been away from the cornfields. You will have been in Connecticut, in Essex, in Nice, the Levant, Tibet, Osaka, San Diego. You will have been on Tottenham Court Road, the Rue de la Paix, Figueroa Street.

And walking home in the dusk you will smile to yourself in the knowledge that you have over those who clamor around you.

—S—  
"AND SLEEPS THROUGH MORNING CHAPEL"

The perfect college man, affirms Dartmouth "Jack-o-Lantern."

Does not preface his exit from a room with a detailed account of how many pages of French he has to do in the morning.

Does not feel it necessary to glide passionately about a room whenever a Victrola is playing.

Does not take a cold shower in the morning.

Has read "This Side of Paradise" but is through talking about it.

Has not a plaster skull in his room, nor a pair of candlesticks.

Is not afraid to skive a class twice in succession.

Hates the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, COSMO-  
POLITAN, and LIFE.

Finally flunks out.



# The Best From the Rest

She (coily): "George, darling, you have such affectionate eyes."

He (thrilled): "Dearest, do you really mean it?"

She (bored): "Yes, they are always looking at—each other."  
—Reel

—————S—————

A little girl with short shorn locks  
Has left my heart a wreck.  
She hasn't such a pretty face.  
But you should see her neck.

—Gargoyle.

—————S—————

## CLOTHING OF COURSE

Babble: "Man wants but little here below."

Bibble: "Yes, and woman apparently wants even less than that."  
—Sun Dodger.

—————S—————

John—"How do you tell the age of a chicken?"

Jim—"By the teeth."

John—"A chicken hasn't any teeth."

Jim—"But I have."  
—Dreard.

—————S—————

Few girls know anything about safes, but just the same, nearly every one knows a lot about combinations.  
—Sun Dial.

—————S—————

Teacher—"In what part of the Bible is it taught that a man should only have one wife?"

Little Boy—"I guess it's the part that says that no man can serve more than one master."  
—Tar Baby.

—————S—————

Mistress—"How was it that I saw a policeman hugging you in the kitchen last night?"

Cook—"I don't know—unless you were peeping through the keyhole."  
—Tar Baby.

—————S—————

## EGOTISTIC

"Gee, boys, I wish you knew my best girl. She is the most accomplished girl under the sun, and knows positively everything."

"But don't you hate to go with a girl who knows so much more than you do?"

"She doesn't though."  
—Tar Baby.

What did you have to say for yourself when you got home late last night?

I had a lot, but the wife was talking, so what chance did I have?  
—Brown Jug

—————S—————

## WHAT DOES SHE MEAN?

She: Oh, Jack, please don't smoke now! I want you to dance this next number with me.

Jack: Let's take a walk through the gardens, instead.

She: I can't. I'm so dead tired now that I can hardly stand on my feet.

Jack: But you want to dance.

She: Yes, but you—you dance—Oh, you make me so mad!  
—Jack o' Lantern.

—————S—————

The Lady—Adelaide looks pretty tonight. Clothes do make a difference.

The Gentleman—Yes, but such a slight difference.  
—Judge.

—————S—————

## CROSS YOUR EYES AND DOT YOUR T'S

Cleared-eyed Youth—What's the matter?

Cross-eyed Youth—I've lost my girl.

Cleared-eyed Youth—Why that is not without precedent. How did it happen?

Cross-eyed Youth—Why, I was sitting beside her on the sofa, when my knee began to itch and I started to scratch it.  
—Tar Baby.

—————S—————

## IN 1920

Sophia—I think he's a wonder.  
—Pelican.

Sophia—T think he's a wonder.  
—Pelican

—————S—————

What is next to the best thing in the world?  
Drunk—A bottle

—————S—————

I've heard that Cupid strikes the match  
Which sets the world aglow;

But where does Cupid strike the match?

That's what I want to know.  
—Mugramp.

—————S—————

Her mother—Betty, pull down your skirts.

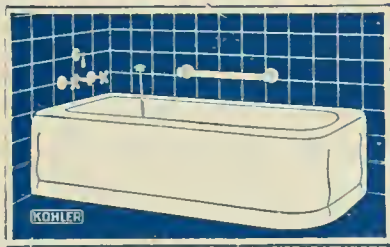
Betty—Why, mother, I'm not a bit cold.  
—Tar Baby.



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*Kohler Enamel Wear*

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URBANA, ILLINOIS

*For your Breakfast—*

**MOSI-OVER**  
MOSIER & OVERMAN

You'll find it will suit both your taste and  
your convenience

Green Street

Hank Mosier



Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.  
“How many cubs do you bring into the world at one time?” she asked the Lioness.

“Only ONE,” replied the Lioness—“but it’s a LION.”

**MURADS COST 20 CENTS for a BOX  
of 10 — BUT THEY’RE MURADS!**

MURADS would be lower priced if we left out all or part of the 100% Turkish tobaccos of the purest and best varieties grown—or if we substituted inferior grades of Turkish tobacco.

But they wouldn’t be MURADS—they’d only be Foxes!

***“Judge for Yourself—!”***

*Special attention is called  
to Murad 20s in Tin Boxes*

*S. Anargyros*

*Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish  
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World*

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That Classy

Illinois Stationery

Three Styles and Sizes

Gold Seal—Blue Seal  
University of Illinois

Better have a look going fast

**Geo. D. Loudon  
Printing Co.**

Knicker—I say, old top, you aren't writing to Patricia any more, are you?

Bucker—Hardly, old dear. I wrote her four charming letters and she did not answer—so I broke off the correspondence.

—Gargouh

### AT THE WEDDING BREAK FAST

Groom—Who is that little shrimp at the side-table who gazes at me so queerly?

Bride—That—Oh, I'll introduce him after breakfast. That's father.

—Judge.

### THEY WOULD FIND OUT

Alice—When I go to heaven I am going to ask John if he loved me.

Jack—What if he isn't there?

Alice—Then you ask him.

*Randolph-Macon.*

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Cleaning, Dyeing and  
Pressing

*"Efficient and Reliable"*

We give special attention to  
your individual needs.

Work called for and  
delivered

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### Men's Spring Hats

Choose your hat from this big selection of new styles, produced by some of the best hat makers in the world. You'll be sure of quality, sure of value, and sure of getting a hat with distinctive individuality.

You have a choice of a full range of colors; you can almost suit yourself about the price.

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Designs  
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For  
*Advertising  
Purposes*

**G.R. GRUBB & Co.**  
Champaign, Illinois



# "I smiled- and he shot me"



AFTER MONTHS and months.

MY WIFE persuaded me.

TO HAVE it done.

SO I went around.

TO THE photographer.

AND GOT mugged.

WHEN THE pictures came.

I SHOWED them to a gang.

OF AMATEUR art critics.

AND PROFESSIONAL crabs.

DISGUISED AS friends.

WHO FAVORED me.

WITH SUCH remarks as.

"DOESN'T HE look natural?"

"HAS IT got a tail?"

"A GREAT resemblance."

AND THAT last one.

MADE ME sore.

SO WHEN friend wife.

ADDED HER howl.

I TRIED again.

THIS TIME they were great.

FOR HERE'S what happened.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER said.

"LOOK THIS way, please."

AND HELD up something.

AS HE pushed the button.

AND NO one could help.

BUT LOOK pleasant.

FOR WHAT he held up.

WAS A nice full pack.

OF THE cigarettes.

THAT SATISFY.



LIGHT up a Chesterfield and sense the goodness of those fine Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in that wonderful Chesterfield blend. Taste that flavor! Sniff that aroma! You'll register "They Satisfy." You can't help it.

In packages of 20 protected by special moisture-proof wrapper. Also in round AIR-TIGHT tins of 50.

*They Satisfy* **Chesterfield**  
**CIGARETTES**

*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

*Have you tried*

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served day and night at the  
Twin Cities' only real

### Waffle Shop

If you haven't, ask those  
who have and see what you  
missed.

Doughnuts and coffee also  
served.

Across from the Inman  
on Walnut

ALWAYS OPEN



WHEN your hatter recom-  
mends Stetson,  
he is interested not only  
in affording you genuine  
satisfaction, but also in  
having his customers num-  
bered among the really  
well dressed men in the community.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth  
assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

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*The diet for physical and mental fitness*

"Horlick's the Original" is so conven-  
ient, nutritious, palatable, and economical  
that it is employed as a quick luncheon by  
thousands of students, and as a building  
nutrient that sustains and invigorates after  
study or other mental and physical effort.

*Avoid imitations at the fountain*

*Keep a jar in your room*

## Parties

Those of you who have had occasion to stage  
a successful party realize the convenience of  
being able to get just what you want for its  
success at this store. We carry at all times a  
generous supply of Confetti, Serpentine, Horns,  
Crickets, Balloons, Squakers, and noise makers  
of all kinds. Your orders filled promptly.

## Knowlton & Bennett

URBANA, ILL.

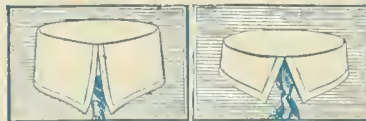
*We Lead in Every Line We Carry*

# SEND IT TO GORDON'S FOR CLEANING AND PRESSING

511 S. Goodwin Avenue

4232—Main

THE man who gives no thought at all to his personal appearance is almost as foolish as the man who thinks of nothing else. The right collar makes for a minimum of worry about dress.



SPURWOOD

ZELWOOD

*EW*

EARL & WILSON, TROY, N. Y.

*Collars & Shirts*



*Lif.*

He: "You know, I could die dancing with you?"

She: "If it wasn't for the publicity, I wish you would."

—Sun Dodged.

He—"You never show any gratitude for anything I do."

She—"I'm not that kind of a girl."

—Puppet

*We have the novel of the year*

## MAIN STREET

By Sinclair Lewis

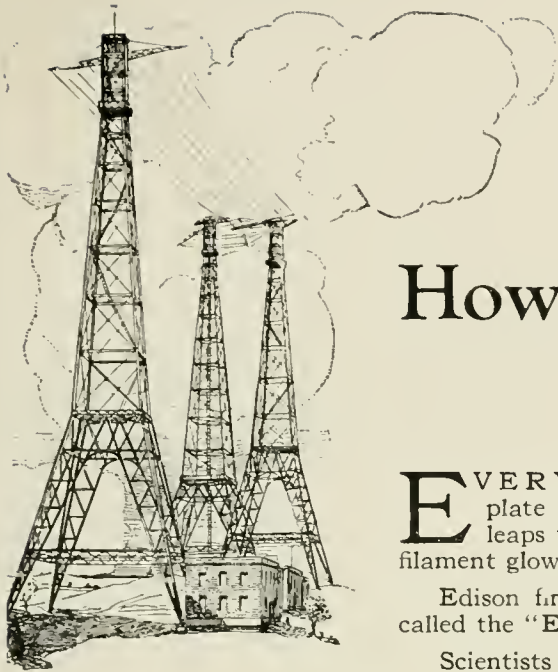
Jacket in color \$2.00

"Best Novel Ever Written in the U. S."—Prof. S. P. Sherman.

# The Co-Op

On The Square





## How is a Wireless Message Received?

**E**VERY incandescent lamp has a filament. Mount a metal plate on a wire in the lamp near the filament. A current leaps the space between the filament and the plate when the filament glows.

Edison first observed this phenomenon in 1883. Hence it was called the "Edison effect."

Scientists long studied the "effect" but they could not explain it satisfactorily. Now, after years of experimenting with Crookes tubes, X-ray tubes and radium, it is known that the current that leaps across is a stream of "electrons"—exceedingly minute particles negatively charged with electricity.

These electrons play an important part in wireless communication. When a wire grid is interposed between the filament and the plate and charged positively, the plate is aided in drawing electrons across; but when the grid is charged negatively it drives back the electrons. A very small charge applied to the grid, as small as that received from a feeble wireless wave, is enough to vary the electron stream.

So the grid in the tube enables a faint wireless impulse to control the very much greater amount of energy in the flow of electrons, and so radio signals too weak to be perceived by other means become perceptible by the effects that they produce. Just as the movement of a throttle controls a great locomotive in motion, so a wireless wave, by means of the grid, affects the powerful electron stream.

All this followed from studying the mysterious "Edison effect"—a purely scientific discovery.

No one can foresee what results will follow from research in pure science. Sooner or later the world must benefit practically from the discovery of new facts.

For this reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are concerned as much with investigations in pure science as they are with the improvement of industrial processes and products. They, too, have studied the "Edison effect" scientifically. The result has been a new form of electron tube, known as the "pliotron", a type of X-ray tube free from the vagaries of the old tube; and the "kenetron", which is called by electrical engineers a "rectifier" because it has the property of changing an alternating into a direct current.

All these improvements followed because the Research Laboratories try to discover the "how" of things. Pure science always justifies itself.

**General Electric**  
General Office **Company** Schenectady, N.Y.

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*An opportunity of a lifetime*

# Society Brand Clothes

\$35      \$37.<sup>50</sup>      \$45

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100% Satisfaction or  
Money Refunded

*Central Illinois' Greatest Store for Men's Wear*

**Jos. Kuhn & Co.**  
31-33-35-37 MAIN ST. CHAMPAIGN ILL.



# THE SIREN

THE WINDY  
NUMBER OF  
THE WINDY  
MONTH OF  
MARCH,  
1921.





# BE WELL DRESSED



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Clothes don't make the man, but they do make his appearance. The wise selection offered you in Jos. Kuhn & Co's. 14 lines of American made clothes is your opportunity.

*Clothes of Quality*  
\$25.00 to \$55.00

Our first aim is your satisfaction. If you are not satisfied we want to return your money

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Accessories*

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URBANA



A LOOSE NUT

"Taxi, sir?"

"Go to hell!"

"Sorry, sir, can't leave the city  
limits."  
—Tiger.

## COAL

*The Best from Southern  
Illinois*

Be careful that you do not confuse our coal with the central Illinois varieties. There is no comparison.

We also handle the Genuine Carterville Coal and make a specialty of Washed Nut varieties.

We guarantee your satisfaction with every order.

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SONS**

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*"The best  
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*When you are hungry and  
want real, appetizing food,  
drop in at—*

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*T' Bone Steaks,*

*Soft Drinks.*

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Always open.

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SLIPPERS

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*"Efficient and Reliable"*

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*There is always a pleasant  
distinctiveness about*

## **Barnhart Millinery**

Each hat carries just that last  
touch that makes it a little more  
than stylish.

My spring display is unusually  
attractive. I am proud to show  
it. You will be proud to wear a  
hat chosen from it on Easter  
Sunday.

*Millinery that is Different*

**Mary A. Barnhart**

Second Floor Flatiron Bldg.  
URBANA

NOW, I'LL MATCH YOU  
Mike—Give me a match, Ike.  
Ike—Here you is.  
Mike—Well, bless me, if some-  
body ain't swiped my pipe.  
Ike—Dat's too bad. Giff me my  
match. —*Chaparral.*

—S—

"Well, of all the nerve," she  
said, slapping his face when he  
kissed her. "Well, then," he  
pouted, "if that's the way you  
feel about it get off my lap."

—*Iowa Frirot.*

—S—

### GRATITUDE !

I gave her love. I gave her gold.  
I Gave her love. I gave her  
gold.

She gave me back a sack to  
hold.

—S—

Polly—I hide my head in shame  
every time I see the family wash  
out in the back yard.

Dolly—Oh, do they?

—*Lampoon.*

Especially Attractive

## **Easter Greetings**

—at—

**STRAUCH'S**

THE HOME OF GOOD  
PHOTO FINISHING

Work in before 9:00 is ready at  
5:30

## **PRINTING that PLEASES—**

*Calling Cards  
Dance Programs  
Wedding Invitations  
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**GEO. D. LOUDEN**  
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## **G. W. LAWRENCE**

Furniture, Pianos, Colum-  
bia and Brunswick Mach-  
ines, Brunswick and Colum-  
bia records.

Special prices to Fraternities  
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**G. W.  
LAWRENCE**

112 W. Main St. URBANA

The Popular Eating Place

IN URBANA

—is—

## **The Court House Cafe**

*If you like things good  
to eat this is the place  
where you will find them*



"When I get through with you, if you're not dead, the city is going to bury you on suspicion."

—Brown Jug.

She: "I suppose you had a pleasant voyage?"

He: "Oh, yes, everything came out nicely."—*Jack o' Lantern.*

**Got an Illinois Pennant for your room?**

*If you failed to select one of the new Illinois Pennants we have just received, Come and get yours—*

*Every loyal Illinois student should have one of these pennants—the cost is but a trifle—*

—THE—  
**CO-OP STORE**

Everything for the Student—  
On the square



## Learn to Dance!

Real, full enjoyment comes to the man or woman who is an easy and graceful dancer. It is no longer necessary to spend a lot of good time and money attending a large public dancing class—where you get little or no attention.

### Peak System of Mail Instruction

**GIVES YOU REAL INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.** You can learn to dance in the privacy of your own room—without music—without a partner. Practice any time you please.

**New Diagram Method.** Easily understood—quickly learned—always remembered.

The Peak Instruction Courses are strictly up-to-the-second—presenting the very latest steps of New York's and Chicago's newest dances.

### Sixty Thousand Successful Students

prove the success, simplicity and thoroughness of the Peak System of Dance Instruction.

Write today for free information and interesting booklet of dance facts—also special low tuition offer. No obligation. **WRITE AT ONCE.**

**WM. CHANDLER PEAK, President**  
The Peak School of Dancing, Inc.

4737 Broadway Est. 1880 Chicago, Illinois

On with the dance! Thirst will come, but with it inimitable refreshment.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA





*There's the one I was trying to describe - Fairway, fourth from the top - why don't you buy one ?*

*Buy one nothing - if you like it, I'll get a dozen. One can never go wrong on a box of Lion Collars.*



—A satisfied patron means  
a steady patron

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.

201 North Market Street  
Auto 1586 Champaign, Ill.

Daughter (having just received a beautiful set of skunk skins from her father): "What I don't see is how such wonderful furs can come from such a low, sneaking, little beast."

Father: "I don't ask for thanks, dear, but I really insist on respect."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

—S—  
D'JA GET THIS ONE?

Hefty Quem (at dance)—Oh, I'm danced out!

Gallant Stude—Aw, naw, you ain't you're just nice and plump."  
—*Mugramp*

"Sorry, miss, but we are not in need of any more work just now."

"But I'm sure that the little work I'd do wouldn't make any difference."

—*Jester*

—S—

Father: I thought I heard that fellow kissing you last night. I hope you didn't encourage him.

She: No, Father, I didn't need to.

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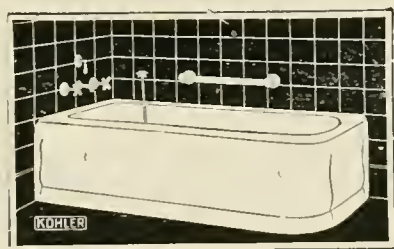
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# STOLTEY'S GARAGE

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Accessories—Storage  
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## THAT NOISE

"John, wake up. What's that noise down in the library?"

"Oh, never mind. Probably it's only history repeating itself."

—S—

Pat—"You wuz in bed when Oi passed the house this mornin'."

Mike—"How d'yez know?"

Pat—"Oi saw your shirt hangin' on the clothesline."—*Dr. rerd.*

—S—

A man's clothes reveal his tailor, a woman's, herself. —*Tiger.*

The Prentiss Bakery  
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*They came direct  
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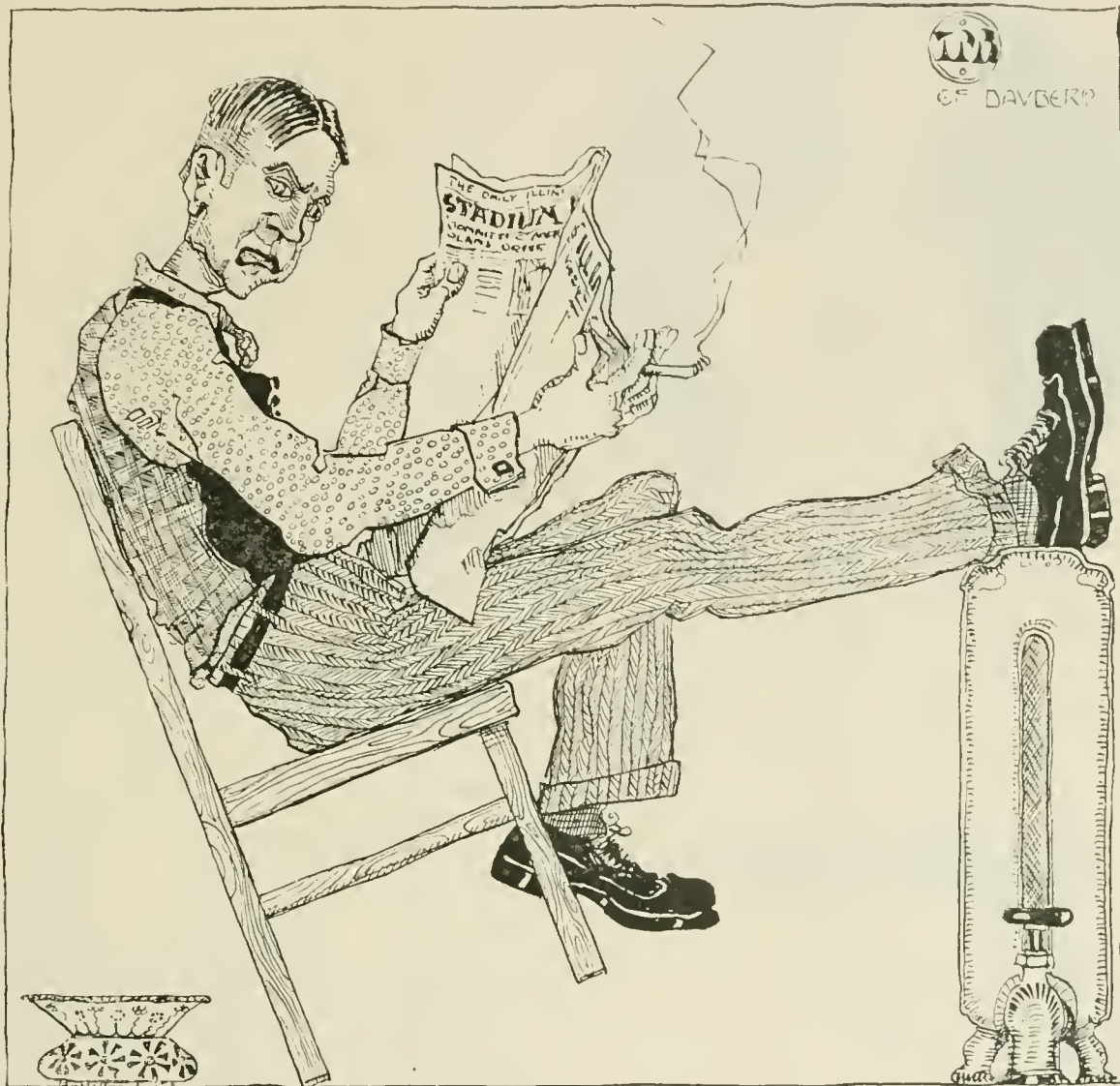
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Here, reader, is an undesirable type of whom it would be well that you be warned. His full name is Sitstil Crabbe Fitz-Steamheat; the most useful thing he ever did in college was to pass a special in Library Science; his favorite sport is fault-hunting, and his favorite attitude is the horizontal; he doesn't even dance well. At the moment above depicted he is saying "Stadium? Say—if those birds think I'll kick in a coupla hundred bucks for any such foolishness, they're all wrong, all wrong. *I* came here for a *education*! Whatta they want of a Stadium, huh?"



## PREJUDICES

By PRO  
I Like

Being introduced.  
Symphony concerts.  
Kissing.  
Alma Rubens.  
Posing.  
Frankness.  
Publicity.  
Long sentences.  
My own way of doing things.  
The essays of Phillip Littell.  
40% of the faculty men I know.  
Rupert Brooke.  
People who can talk without having a "line".  
Anne Pennington's legs.  
People who like me.

## I DISLIKE

Risqué jokes with no point.  
Jokes.  
Babies.  
People who eat lunches on the train.  
The proprieties.  
Hotel clerks.  
Girls who talk about other men.  
People who don't agree with me.  
Undergraduate *précieuses*.  
People who divide musical literature into "classic"  
and "the kind I like".  
People who say that they are unprejudiced.  
Small automobiles.  
Poems of passion.  
God's noblemen.  
People who do not like me.  
People who wear more than three pins.  
People who say "You and I".  
Wild west movies.  
Sex movies.  
Movies.  
Sunday schools.  
People who say "They say."  
Militant optimists.  
Small towns.  
Socially-minded people.  
Rubbers.  
Cold baths.  
The writings of Henry Van Dyke.

S

## A PICK UP

Slowly the big gray limousine worked its way through the traffic. With the exception of the tall young man at the wheel, it was empty. His mind was apparently not on his driving for his eyes were continually turning toward the sidewalk. After driving on in this aimless fashion, he came to a large department store. On the curb stood a beautiful young bolbe about nineteen—a common American type. A close observer would have noticed that she had been following the young man's course down the street with keen interest and was now gazing at him.

Soon the young man noticed her and apparently understood her gaze, for he smiled at her and bowed. She smiled in return and leaving the curb came strolling a step or two into the street to make it easier for the young man to stop. Seeing this, he at once moved up to the curb and opened the door.

She lightly hopped into the big car, settled back in the comfortable seat and turning to the tube, said in a bored tone, "Home, James." —*Brown Jug*.





Jack: Darn my lapses of memory.

John: What happened?

Jack: Called up my best girl last night and asked her if it was her night off.

—S—

#### SUCH IS HUMAN NATURE

Am maiden fair will bob her hair  
And powder up her nose,  
To "rate" a "date" with some in-  
grate  
Who'll totter on her toes.

—S—

I see you can get beer now on a doctor's prescription.

Ah! The beer is getting more and more near isn't it?

—S—

#### HOW COULD THIS BE?

Inside the darkness was all dark,  
Outside the snow was snowing,  
And as he doffed his hat and coat,  
She knew she had him going.

—S—

#### NOT SO WRONG AT THAT



Do you like Nietzsche?  
Occasionally, with beer.

—S—

Prof: What are you in college for anyway?

Stude: Gee, you too? That's what Dad's always asking.

—S—

The moon shines on the mountain,  
The moon shines on the hill,  
The moon shines in the valley  
While the moonshine's in the still.

#### A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



My name was Smith,  
But I was a spiritual nephew  
Of Emma Goldman, and  
A soul-relation of  
Lenin and Trotzky.  
I was first skeptical  
About the Honor system;  
Never believed in it.  
Whenever some new thing  
Came to us here—  
Whenever the Spirit of  
Progress  
Suggested an innovation,  
I straightway set about  
Giving Progress  
A theoretical and verbal  
Licking.  
I laughed at the talk  
About the Chimes.

Then — —

Having heard the chimes,  
And seen evidences of honor  
Under the Honor System,  
I became skeptical about  
The Stadium Plans.

The Boneyard has claimed me  
For its own—although I protest  
That I do not believe in  
Boneyards.

Over the rough hewn paving  
stones

Rastus and Sambo rattled the  
bones.

Rastus was rattled, complete the  
pun,

The bones were loaded; so was  
the gun.

—S—

"This here now, Carpentier-  
Dempsey fight," ruminated Lafe  
Jabson of Still Valley, Kaintucky  
(he pronounced it 'carpenter')  
makes me wonder. The way I'd  
like to see the fight would be with  
this here guy George usin' a mach-  
ine gun an this here guy Dempsey  
usin' a steam riveter. The boys  
are right familiar with them im-  
plements, which means somethin'  
if you was to stop an' consider it."

—S—



"Poetry," says Lafe Jabson of  
Still Valley, Kaintucky, "poetry"  
is a wonderful melange of harmon-  
ies by which a man fools you into  
thinking he has said somethin',  
whereas if he was to write it out  
you'd find it didn't mean nothin'  
'thout you had an encyclopedy to  
disintegrate it with."

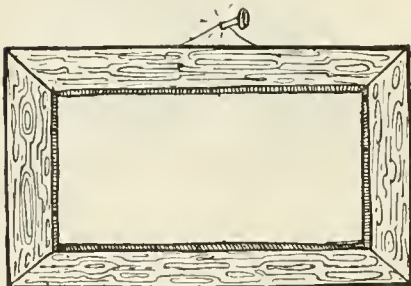




He: What costume shall I wear  
at the masquerade

She: Just go sober and none  
will know you.

I knew of a girl in Bombay,  
Who gained thousands of ounces  
each day,  
One day in despair  
Her dad seized her hair  
Dragged her out, and gave her a-  
weigh.



The above picture is a marve-  
lous likeness of the young lady  
military company sponsor who  
can shoot an issue rifle without  
batting the right eye when she  
pulls the trigger.

She was a very simple maid,  
I liked the way she smiled;  
But all my love forsook me, when  
She quoted Oscar Wilde.

He: My name may be Price, but  
honestly I haven't had a drop since  
July 1, 1919.

I love to gaze at little lambs,  
A-frisking on the heather;  
But its not lambs, its calves I see,  
In March's windy weather.



#### RAOUL HARVEY

Raoul Harvey says, "Remember  
the old chaps that used to stand  
on the street corner and ask, 'Mis-  
ter, would you give a poor feller  
something for a drink?' Remem-  
ber? Well what would you tell  
him now. For me, I'd fall on his  
neck and say 'Sure bo, how much  
do you want to get rid off?'"

"Some people," said Raoul Har-  
vey disgustedly, "don't trust  
their fellow men a bit and it sure  
is disgusting. Why would you be-  
lieve it? I tasted carbolic acid in  
the last bottle of shellac I bought  
strictly for household purposes?"

#### OUR MODERN SLANG



"He blew past."

No matter how high the cost of  
living goes writing paper will al-  
ways be stationery.

—Virginia Reel...

And Bloomington will always  
be below Normal.



Why are you hanging around  
the barnyard?

I'm waiting to milk the cow, I  
just saw her eating dandelions.

## MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

It has been my unique privilege to witness a battle of wits between two of the world's most noted men of genius, namely: Sir Cyril Waffleiron (who, you will recall, invented the Union Depot, the Disappearing Poker Chip, and other useful household articles) and Levi de Mayonnaise, editor of the *Vie Parisienne* and French correspondant of the *Police Gazette*.

The two men of letters and myself were having a go at the billiards at Mawruss's Place, in Monte Carlo. I was ahead of the game, and permitted myself to twit my eminent companions on their ill fortune. This friendly spoofing was taken in good part, because Sir Cyril was too full of old Falerian (or was it Pinard?) to feel insulted, and the Sienr de Mayonnaise was unable to catch much of my French. The game progressed fitfully for perhaps half an hour, until Sir Cyril took the notion of emptying a siphon of seltzer on the table, saying that "there jolly well ought to be a water hazard on this bally course!" We stopped playing, and were debating whether to finish the game out on the lawn where there would be more room, when we were startled by the sound of a door being violently slammed. The Sienr de M. lifted one of his hands to command Sir Cyril's rather wayward attention.

"Mon ami," he said "is it that you are to know when is ze door not ze door—when is ze door not ze door?"

"I think not," answered Sir Cyril, attempting to climb into the clock. "When *is* a door not a door, old chap?"

The great editor smiled sardonically and rang for the waiter before answering:

"When—eet—ees—LOCKED!" he said.

### CAVE MAN

He grasped her by her swan-like neck and drew her to him. She uttered a scarcely audible sigh as her lithe form was rudely crushed against his muscular frame. She leaned back, but could not escape the rude kiss which he forced upon her chaste lips. His coarse beard scratched her face, and his nose dug into her cheek.

At last he released her and she started back with a sharp gasp.

"I hate you," she cried.....and she meant it.

### TIME DOES CHANGE THINGS

What has become of the old fashioned Womans' League reformer who said the Toddle was terrible? Oh, she's now saying it's terribly—nice.

## CHECK

I had loved her dearly for many an evening. I felt that my life would end if anything ever came between us. We were seated on the veranda, and a silver moon high in the heavens filled my heart with an irresistible appeal. I drew her to me and whispered in her ear, "Helen, is there anything in the world that you love better than all else, better than music or art, better, better even than life?"

"Yes", she replied, and her voice fairly trembled with emotion. "Yes", she repeated, "chocolate malt floats".

I thought I had cornered her affections.

Hadn't you?

No, I Bullied my market too much.

First He: Going to "Pan-Hel" tonight?

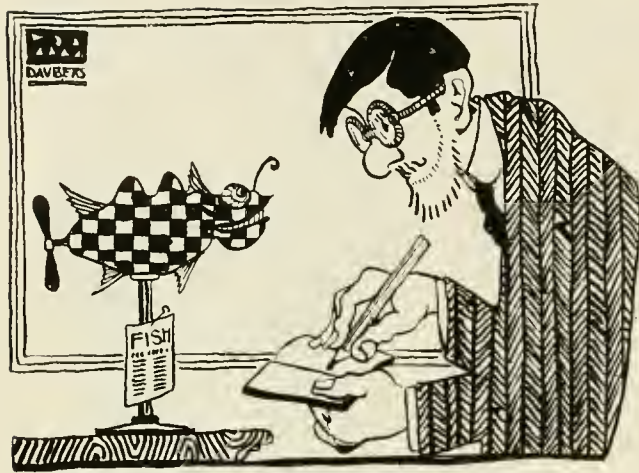
Second: Out of who?



Helen: Did you know Marlamay was engaged to Jack?

Worse: Yes, and, would you believe it, she says she intends to marry him.

## VIEWPOINT



The Extinct Fish: Goll-ee! A museum is sure an interesting place. One sees so many peculiar people!

—————S—————

## WELL DONE

"Maybelle certainly has wonderful presence of mind."

"Well, she got away with some pretty good ones of mine, too."  
—*Chaparral*.

—————S—————

He—"Nothing is so beautiful as the sunrise in the fall."

She—"Oh, yes, dear, I could watch it all day."  
—*Virginia Reel*.

—————S—————

She—Isn't it rather difficult to eat soup with a moustache?

He—Well, it is quite a strain.  
—*Banter*.

—————S—————

Prof: The pride of the geologist comes in being able to see farther below the surface of the earth than a human being can.

—————S—————



Handy device for taking spots out of clothing.

## THE——RESERVE

While I'm struggling here at my studies,  
Turning out poems and themes,  
Spring straggles again o'er the campus,  
Bringing its myriad dreams;  
Dreams of the rollicking days that have been,  
When, wearing the horizon blue  
I sat with Lizette in a Paris cafe  
And ordered up Volnay for two.

Its a far, far cry from a Paris cafe  
To the classrooms of Varsity Hall,  
And I know that I really should turn my back  
And keep right on rolling the ball;  
But somehow the springtime just forces on me  
The dreams of the days on the Rue,  
When troubles and worry were all swept away  
As I ordered up Volnay for two.

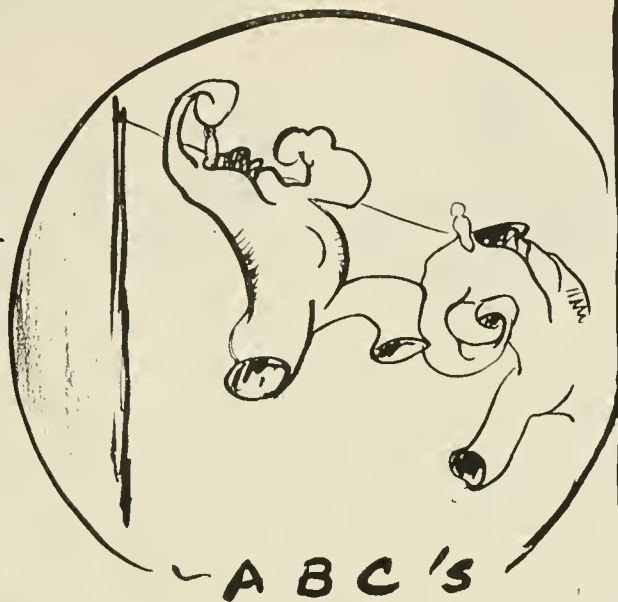
Heigh-ho, I've a chapter of French to translate  
I'm behind in my written work now,  
And the darn stuff won't come as it honestly should,  
It seems I've forgotten the "how."  
Let's see—"avez vous, but avez vous *what?*"  
And then, "do you speak—Parlez vous?"  
Why surely I speak, and in dreamland I say  
"Garcon, make it Volnay for deux."

—————S—————



The above is a sketch of a heated moment of the last Gotch-Hackenschmidt bout drawn at the orchestra pit by a *Siren* staff artist. Note the Pren-Pulverizer grip that Senor Hackenschmidt is exerting on M. Gotch.





# WINDY-



— ILLINOIS FIELD — **BUT** THE STADIUM WILL REMEDY IT.

WILT MARX '22



# The Siren



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**T**HIS, the Windy Number of *The Siren* demands a dedication—it is sacred to a type. So, let it be. We then dedicate this issue:

To the Stadium committee members, first of all for with all their windiness, they are doing a great work and *The Siren* wishes them the best of luck and promises to work her wiles in their behalf whenever her aid is requested.

To the politicians of the campus—for they are the true wind-jammers.

To the co-eds, who frequenting the booths of Mosi-Over's, (adv.) in their shy way manage to use a greater amount of wind than one would expect.

To our *beloved* lecturers, who make our most able politicians listen with awe.

And last—but not least, to the month of March who in previous years has found work for his winds at the street corners, but who now has been so far outdone by Style, that he needs must hide his head in shame along with mankind.

The cover on this month's *Siren* carries an idea. It typifies modesty. We sincerely hope that some one in our vast thousands of readers will catch the significance of the sketch—which, you may note was drawn by a member of Daubers.

Two weeks ago "A Line o' Type or Two" ceased to appear in the Chicago Tribune, we thought temporarily. March 19 it ceased forever. This loss is a severe one to American humor, and it is with profound regret that *The Siren* bids farewell to that prince among humorists, Bert Leston Taylor, who has written his last, last line.

—S—

**I**LLINOIS has tentatively started a drive for a stadium, to be erected somehow, somewhere hereabouts, sometime in the future. Where and when we are not informed at present—but HOW, we know instantly.

The stadium will be erected by the loyalty of its thousands of alumni and students, by the generosity of a state that refused a second place in pogressiveness, by the millions within the state limits, who being among the first to send their sons to the service of their country, will be among the first to establish a memorial fitting to their heroic sacrifice.

When in future years the people of the state gather in the stadium to cheer our teams on to victory they will know that their money has been put to the best advantage, and that a memorial fitting to the sturdy youth of the state who gave their lives in the service, stands for all time in their memory.

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

By PAUL LEACH

It is a wonderful thing to hear utterance of new thoughts, whose sound reason and acceptability are apparent immediately upon their expression, despite their strangeness. Gilbert K. Chesterton, whose newspaper apposite is "the English essayist," gives this pleasure to the hearers of his lecture "The Ignorance of the Educated."

Chesterton's discourse is based on no detailed outlines, he follows no brief, point by point, clinching each as the carpenter clinches nails. Rather he takes a few examples of his theme and by illustration and many words, he adequately clarifies his subject. He tells of the proneness of the educated to regard theory over fact, as witness the age-old English belief that the English and the German

are fundamentally the same, and that the German should be treated as such. He chides the fallacies of the educated, their swing from individualism to socialism, with the failures of each in practice. Then he points to the fact that the advocating class, instead of admitting its mistakes, is inclined to exult over the fresh remedy.

Chesterton appreciates. He calculates and makes allowances for his subject, audience and its state of mind, and his impression on that audience. The result, of course, is a great success. Those who attended expecting earnest argument, potential comedy, or a fine style full of literary allusions and highbrow patter,—these must have been disappointed. The author's presentation is slow, lucid, and lightened by his pervading geniality, which often crops out in the lecture.

Spring, formally initiated with sanguine and youthful disregard of the vernal equinox, seems to be upon us. With shoutings and trumpets, with red fire, saxaphones, banjos, and much negligé pageantry, grim winter has been flouted. A serenading party on a truck went by, playing a fox trot. Somebody yelled, from sheer excess of animal spirit. Somebody leaned out of a window and fired a gun—and howls and yells and gunshots spread like wild-fire. There was a mad parade, a bacchanale without wine—and winter was over.

"Fill then the cup, and in the fire of Spring  
Thy winter garment of repentance fling."

Will the gentlemen of the psychology department suggest an explanation?

—S—

Politics—campus politics seems to be with us again, the students will elect a Student Union president shortly. *The Siren*, wearied with too much "politiking," wonders what it would be like to have an outstanding man put up for the place, one who would be so outstanding that he would be elected without opposition, avoiding a repetition of the snarling campaign of last year.

—S—

*The Siren* is a bit late this month, but her momentary clump is pardonable. She and Brother Harding have had some little trouble in picking a cabinet that would meet with approval—and the French translations have been more difficult as well.



Speaking as chairman of the stadium committee Zupp wants a gigantic Campinale "to tower above the stadium, piercing the clouds and gazing down on the plains of our fair state. A tower that may be seen for miles." (Not an exact quote, but it does sound like it, doesn't it?)

Well and good Mr. Zuppke, but listen, we're going to oppose you on that score unless the Council of Administration promises not to put class-rooms in the Campinale and make a second Education Building out of it. Five flights of Uni. Hall is bad enough.





The appalling predicament of a Stadium committee chairman who called a meeting in order to get acquainted with his committee.

—S—

Oswald was a student and labored at his books,

While Harry was a campus coot' and thought just of his looks.

Now you may think that Oswald

Grew rich in after life.

—S—

Well, you're right.

Jack and Jill

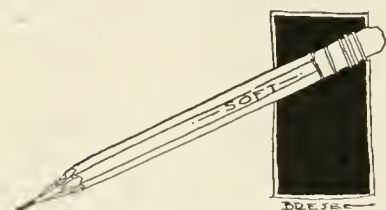
Went up the hill

To get a pail of suds

Unlucky pair

When they got there

They found that the price had gone up and the only way they could get what they wanted was to hock their clothes and slap a mortgage on the what-not.



A handy invention calculated to do away with ink stains.

### CLYTIE IN SEARCH OF HER TRUE LOVE

We had such an interesting talk up in our room the other night! Some of the girls dropped in and we sat around in, well, just whatever we had on, you know. I don't know how it happened, but somehow we got to talking about men.

I think its just terrible the way some girls talk about men. I mean, the flippant attitude they take towards them. I'm not at all flippant that way. I think when a girl gets to be twenty it is time to take a serious attitude towards men. Of course I don't mean that one ought to consider every man whom one kisses as a prospective husband. Good gracious, no! I would hate to think of marrying some of the . . well, you know how it is!

I think a girl ought to think about these things in a really serious way. I do! I'm terribly serious sometimes, and I think about life, and doing good, and being a Useful Member of Society . . . But I told you about that the other day, didn't I?

Recently I haven't been so keen about being a Useful Member of Society. I think one's first duty is to one's husband. Wasn't it Cromwell who said "Happiness begins at home?" Or maybe it was Judge Landis. Well, anyway, I was reading in the paper the other day that some great figure in history said that. That's just what I believe too!

Sometimes I get awfully discouraged about finding a man I could love. I don't think having money and being good looking is all there is to being a good husband, do you? Kaye Manthriller said the other night—at our little discussion, you know—that what she wanted first of all was a man who was a good lover. I was so

indignant, I just *looked* at her! And the other girls just laughed. I don't think she ought to be encouraged that way. She just said it to be smart, anyway.

Clara—you know how poor dear little Clara Mudd throws herself at Toodles—just sat there with a dreamy look on her face. Honestly, you would have actually thought that she was engaged! She isn't tho, because I asked Limpy—you know I've been dating with him quite a bit since I dropped Toodles—and he says *positively* that there isn't a thing to it. Well, Clara said that all she wanted was a chance to make the man she loved happy, and that happiness comes through making others happy. Poor absurd little dear!

Oh yes, I was going to tell you the kind of a man I could love! What—really! *Honestly?* I'm so sorry, dear. I've got to run down and get a marcel. I'm late now. Well, spring's coming, you know, dear, and I don't think I want to settle down on one man yet—you understand. Come over and see me. Would you like to see my new gingham bloomers.?



—S—

Teacher: Is that your father's signature?

Stude: As near as I could get it.

Taking a walk on an empty stomach is said to improve the digestion—but be careful whose stomach you walk on.

—S—

Mary. Mary quite contrary  
How does your garden grow.  
Oh! Not so very good kind sir,  
I've rolled my hose you know.

—S—

"Bursts and Duds" of the American Legion Weekly fathered this one:

Banker: Are you sure you understand the Federal Reserve System.

College Grad: I should say so. I was in the R.O.T.C.

—S—

A girl from Champaign, Illinois  
Once fell for a Maryland bois  
He wasn't quite bright  
But his checks were all right  
Now they're happily living in jois.

—S—

Peck: I told Alice a "snappy story" the other night and I was never so embarrassed in my life.

Bill: Ah! a faux pas?

Peck: No, she'd heard it.

—S—

#### THE GAMBLER

A gambler is an evil youth.  
He bets and rolls the bones.  
He scarcely ever tells the truth,  
And gargles ice-cream cones.

—S—

I once knew a mercantile checker,  
Who answered the surname of  
Decker;

He married for money

His wife, to be funny,

Now calls him her little exchequer.



"Harold is a terribly windy person.

"He talks incessantly. Do you know the other evening he interrupted me three times in two hours, trying to say something about a beastly athletic contest right in the middle of my explanation of how poor, dear Fido lost his collar....."

# The Master MIND



This stadium idea is Jake  
We'll put it over—no mistake



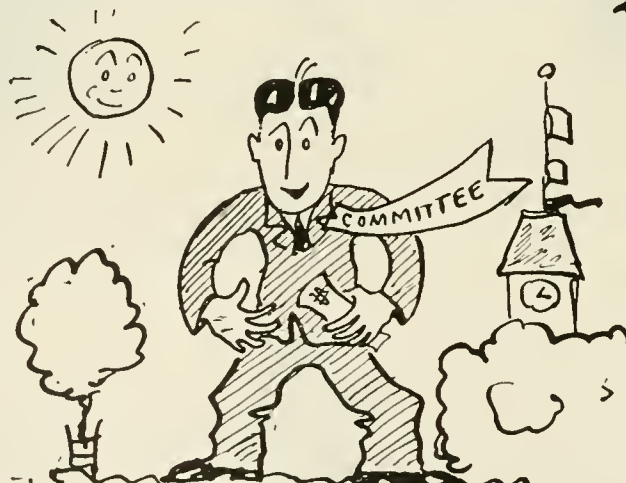
We're under way—now for the dough  
That's what we're working for you know



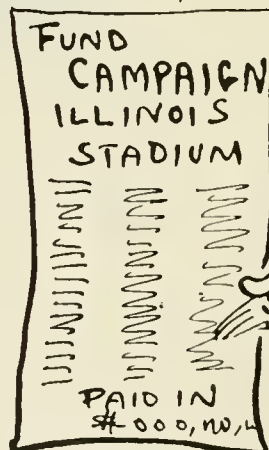
An idea strikes the neutral zone  
Between the linen and the bone



To see that every brave kicks in  
With his percentage of the tin



We'll put each one on some committee  
And then—(so easy, it's a pity)  
There will be no denial of self  
For every one from his own self



Rakes in the money that's expected  
Thus all are covered—the pack collected



# The Shortest Way Thru College

After (a long way after) George Ade.

When Wilbur dropped down to the University for a Four Years' Set-to with the Profs, it was Evident that there were various Ideas in the Family as to the Aims of a University Career. Sister Fanny, who had always been a Fluke at the local Frolies because of her Funny Features was heard to make Insidious Suggestions in regard to the Social Life at the Old School, and it was Evident that she considered Wilbur as the Open Door thru which she was going to Whirl into the Inner Circle of the College Cut-ups. It really looked like Wilbur might become Useful for the First Time.

Wilbur's Mother begged him not to run up the Light Bill too far because of his Yearning for Wisdom and to Try and get some Sleep. She reminded him that he Never had been Strong.

His Dad told him not to Get Buck Fever the first Time he got a shot at some Important Facts camouflaged in Fair Plumage. He told the Offspring that he need not be afraid of Overwork as he had been Resting for Eighteen years. Which shows who Knew him Best.

But Wilbur had the Correct Dope. He had his Future Career all Mapped Out in his Mind and didn't need the Family in an Advisory Capacity. He was going to be a regular Fellow at Illinois. He knew that he would be There and Then Some because he had been Hot Stuff among the Greeks in the Hopedale High School. The Pillars of the Ladies' Aid Society conceded that he was a Wild Boy. Since no Counsel for the Defense appeared the Matter was Settled.

The Family finally Shipped him to the College amid Torrents of Tears. His Mother reminded him of his Rubbers and told him to Write on Both sides of the Paper and his Sister Chipped In to tell him to be sure and Snag a Big Pin and his Dad told him not to be too darned Free in letting his Friends Take a Little because being a Loan Shark pays only when you get the Principle Plus the Customary Percent. Then he said "Goodby Kid" and Cleared his Throat vigorously.

When Wilbur saw the old Depot receding in the Distance with the Family still giving him the Chantiqua Salute with commendable Energy he began to feel Funny. For the First Time he Reflected that

he had a Fine Mother and that he was really Attached to the Old Man.

After Wilbur hit the Twin Towns and had shaken Hands all Around, did he Tear into the World's Knowledge with the Idea of Depleting the Stock on Hand? He did not! He forgot all about the Baccalaureate Address and Life's Larger Lessons and set out to put a Crimp in Dad's Currency. He seemed to have a Natural Gift for making the Mazuma Move On, and among the Business Men was Well Liked. He had a Charge Account at Mosi-Over's and Zom called him by his First Name just like he was an Athlete.

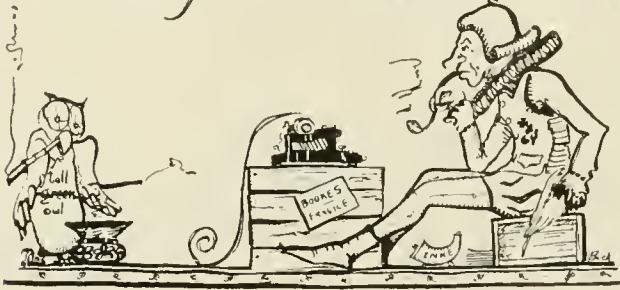
Wilbur went Big with the Boys as the Ability to Check Out is no drawback to a Live One. By Christmas he had achieved the Distinction of being Well Known and every time he dropped in the Ice Cream Foundry the Boys all said "Hello Old Man! What'll We have?" Under the Magic Spell of a Coupla Cokes he usually Relaxed his customary Reticence about Himself and told the Boys how he was Kidding the Profs. They all said "Great Stuff" and had Another One while Wilbur swelled out his Chest and said to Put it on his Account.

He found Several Ways of making the Evening Pass. Seven-thirty usually found him shooting a Game at the Arcade or Checking In at the New Orpheum where he occupied a Box Seat. He always got a Laugh somewhere in the Show even if it wasn't Funny. He had to, being a Carefree University Student. But he said he wasn't Able to hand Much to the Cuties who Cavorted there in Terpsichorean Contortions. He even Ventured to Indicate audibly that they had one Quality in Common with Lillian Russell and it wasn't her looks. From this you can see that he was a Clever Boy and right There with the Quick Comeback.

Needless to say, Wilbur and his Beaucoup Sheekles and the Line of Bla-Bla which he picked up around the Fireplace after Dinner when the Talk got Intimate and the Brothers spoke freely of War and Conquest, went Big with the Flappers. He was Nice to Look At and after he had learned that Freshmen don't wear Spats and Derbys and Perfumery he became a frequent Visitor at the better known Houses, including Sunday. He didn't invent the

(Continued on Page 27)

# The Diary of Samuel Peppless..



March 12—To the Orpheum this evening to gaze awhile at the wonders of nature, but was forced to wait a time for the shows start, it seems the chorus had just arrived and had not had the time to undress. The act was passing fair. But Faith the old Globe is not to be outdone by these modern day marvels.

March 13—Came within an ace of winning a goodly number of pounds sterling this day. My opponent had four kings however, which lost me the price of the Easter doublet.

March 14—To the Mose-Over Tavern with My Lord Saffer this morn, where we discussed various and sundry things until two ladies ensconced themselves in the nearby booth, and rather than whisper we wended our way onward to the musty classrooms. These learned gatherings at the Tavern are becoming the essence of life here in Blahemia and oftentimes with My Lords Davis, Stevens, Traut, Richards and others, even sundry Zetes at times, we talk long and learnedly over our cups. Sir Rodney Stonecutter did deign us his company one day recently and added much to the conversation.

March 15—Observed with impatience that the politicians of these classic surroundings are again at work, this time in their endeavor to select the Union president for the forthcoming year—odds bloods but this capital and labor problem is waxing strong when so many non-laboring men can become interested in presidents of unions.

March 16—Conversing today with Sir Clancy Conrad who informs me there is to be a dance come April 16 at which the plumbers and steam-fitters (pardon me, the engineers) will cavort to wierd music. Was especially pleased when Sir Clancy said he would leave a window open for me to enter, thus escaping paying the three cart wheels asked by the dance committee for entrance.

March 17—This being St. Pat's day did to an Irish meeting and spoke against Home Rule, where-upon my wild Irish rose and rotten-egged me from the hall. Which is inconvenient.

## A CHINESE PIG-TAIL

A Chinese lad named U Chee Chop  
Was cursed by one bad bandit,  
Which was the use of warm red pop  
With onions and Welch rabbit.

He chewed not, neither did he smoke  
He never did have bunions  
But night and day his "tum" he'd choke  
With rabbit, pop and unions.

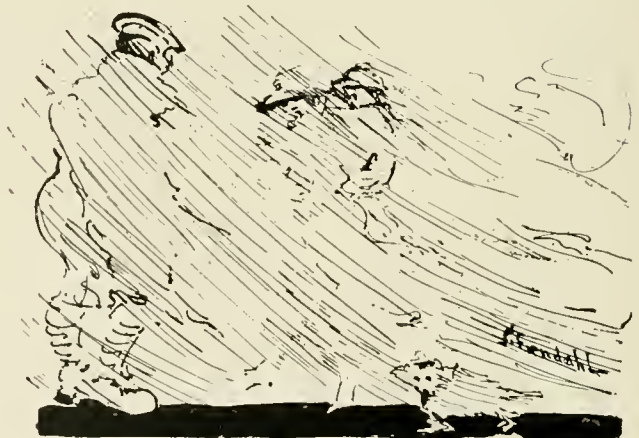
His mother warned, "O! Takee care—  
"By-by you gettee painful."  
But onions he ate by the pair  
Eke pop and rabbit baneful.

As prophesied, at last he died  
But not from pop or onions,  
No rabbit harmed his tough inside;  
In fact—he died of bunions.

## BONE YARD BLUES

Standing one day in the Bone Yard,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
For the inky muck of its waters  
Enveloped me up to my knees.

Down my back there ran a quick shudder,  
It was followed close by a chill,  
Standing there in the Bone Yard,  
Bathing against my will.



The wind howled wildly. Captain Jones, standing at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 28th Street cursed mildly as the pretty girl abandoned her skirts and clutched wildly at her hair.

"Damn," he murmured, "I almost saw her ear."



Spring comes, and brings us many things, badges change hands, and diamond rings are seen on hands, here-to ungraced and badges and rings are oft misplaced because of Spring's wierd mystic spell that binds poor man—and binds him well.

But then—some other things are worse—the Dean's K. O. the slow drawn hearse—and last, but worst in many ways—the worst of things—the spring tag days.



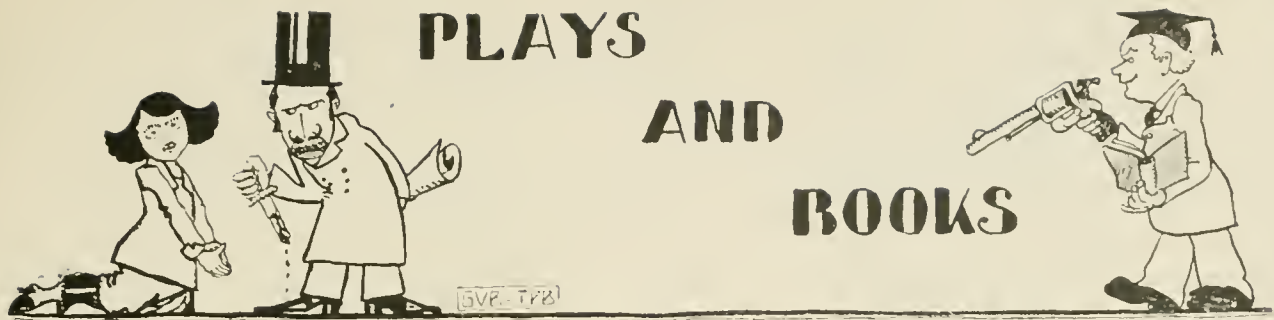


Each man kills the thing he loves;  
 By each, let this be heard.  
 Some do it in deep secrecy,  
 By some, help is preferred.  
 The coward hides his acts in shame;  
 Brave men boast, "It occurred."

Some kill a quart and some a pint,  
 Some hoard it drop by drop.  
 Some kill with great hilarity;  
 Some weep with each cork's pop.  
 But glad or sad with his crime goes on  
 And each man kills his stock.

Some drink it bonded, hundred proof;  
 For some the cost's too high,  
 So they buy moonshine where they can,  
 And kill it with a sigh;  
 For each man kills the thing he loves,  
 Yet each man does not die.

In his last hour he does not see  
 Before his tortured brain,  
 The visions of the days gone by,  
 When men looked with disdain  
 Upon the lowly H 2 O,  
 As only good for rain.



The indispensable member of the editorial staff who reads but is unable to write his views of the latest books, and of some not so late, dropped into the office and said:

"I just finished 'The Moon Calf' by Floyd Dell. It is great. In some respects it has 'This Side of Paradise' and 'Main Street' lashed to the mast—but it is in a sense comparable to neither. It is as different as they are different from the regular line of 'best sellers.' Alfred A. Knopf, who published the work says it is 'the most distinguished and most significant first novel by an American that has ever been offered for publication,' and he adds that 'it will command wide attention and universal respect' and he's right, I believe.

"The Moon Calf, tells the life of a man, from his early youth to his young manhood. He is a dreamer, a poet and withal a real boy. He has love affairs that seem a little more impressive than the usual cub-loves and the book closes without a fond clinch and the ringing of wedding bells. It's decidedly worth reading."

Floyd Dell, the writer, has just entered the novelist class with this book. He is better known as associate editor of *The Liberator*.

An organization, to be known as "The Lambkins" has recently been formed from the cast of "Sweethearts" and will have as its reason for existence, the production of musical plays in which both men and women will participate. In all probability one play a year will be produced and if they are as successfully "student directed and acted" as was the play this year the society will indeed be welcome to our campus.

The new club will not conflict with Pierrot in

its time-honored custom of producing the Student Opera.

*The Siren* welcomes the Lambkins and will watch their gambolings with interest.

S

Headlines for the coming month will announce the change of type recently adopted by Mask and Bauble, in the selection of a staid and sedate three-act drama, "Our Children" by Lewis Ansbacher, for presentation on April 15 and 16.

The story of the play is that of two old men who look back on life with far-seeing eyes, in a comparison and contrast of their lives and of those of their children. Although the play is a drama, it is replete with amusing situations and complications, that do their share to lessen the tense grip that many productions under the appellation of "drama" take upon their audiences. The piece requires seven men and four women, and presents an excellent opportunity for character portrayal.

Noteworthy as the successes of Mask and Bauble have been, the decision of the organization to produce something more worth while than the customary two or three-act comedy must call down the applause of university and local audiences. The best of the university talent is available, and nothing clouds the further climbing of the Illinois dramatic sum.

Mrs. C. A. Gille, of Decatur, who is now coaching female parts for David Belasco productions, has been secured again as producer. Mrs. Gille needs no introduction on the campus, inasmuch as her work has been in a large measure responsible for the success of previous pieces chosen for production by Mask and Bauble.

With three premier assets—a coach, a club, and a play—to guide the play to success, the university audience should have given to it playing of the best class.

# The Best From the Rest

Old Lady to drunken student: "Young man, don't you know when you have had enough?"

Studegent: "Madam, I don't know anything when I've had enough, I'm unconscious."

—*Virginia Reel.*

—————S—————

Hinks:—"Smith, I hear, played poker last night for seven hours straight."

Binks:—"Huh, he couldn't play straight for seven minutes."

—*Froth.*

—————S—————

Dear Beatrice:—"How shall I treat a young man who always kisses me on the porch." "What d'ya mean porch?"

—*Buffalo Evening News.*

—————S—————

## THEY'RE ALL LIKE THIS

"Yessir," howled the prizefighter, "he tried to tickle me, in that last clinch. Lemme at 'im; I got a good notion to poke 'im one."

—*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

## BUT THEY SATISFY

Gentleman caller (to young boy): "Good heavens, boy! What would your sister say if she saw you smoking cigarettes?"

Boy (calmly): "She'd have a fit. They're her cigarettes."

—*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

## OLD STUFF

Definition: A co-ed is a girl who can look at a piece of mistle-toe and never get a thrill.

—*Sun Dial.*

—————S—————

K. O.: "I went up the Hudson for a rest during the vacation and met a most beautiful girl."

O. K.: "Then what?"

K. O.: "You can imagine the rest!"—*Lampoon.*

Spic: "My fiancée insists that I obtain her a huge bouquet for the dance tonight. Is it being done?"

Span: "No, you are."—*Scalper.*

—————S—————

## MORE FREE ADVICE

Don't bluff during a recitation: It is better to keep quiet and be considered a fool than to open your mouth and remove all doubt.

—*Sun Dial.*

—————S—————

It often takes a good, solid damn to stop a flow of tears.

—*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

## A HOLD OVER

She—"Harry told me a story last night."

Her—"Can he tell a good story?"

She—"Yes; he holds his audience from start to finish."

—*Chaparral.*

—————S—————

"Darling, I kissed the very stamps on your letters because I knew they had been touched by your sweet lips!" "Oh! Jack, I moistened them on dear old Fido's nose!"

—*Bystander (London)*

"I told her I was going to kiss her once for every step of the way home." "And what did she do?" "She went upstairs and put on a hobble skirt."

—*Pearson's Weekly.*

—————S—————

## SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Judge: You are sentenced to hang by the neck until dead.

Sentenced: Judge, I believe you're stringing me.

—*Chaparral.*



## The Shortest Way Thru College

(Continued from Page 21)

Toddle, but he had mastered the Movement early in Life, and it is worthy of Note that the Girlies always closed their Eyes when he Steered them in the Mazes of the Dance.

But what really made him a Success was what happened after the Ball was over. He usually had the Sisters eating out of his Hand about the second Date. Even the Wise Girls admitted that he Got By Nicely.

Along about Christmas he got a Shock. He discovered that there was a Conspiracy on Foot among his Instructors to Flunk him. He went to see the Good Dean about it. The Dean However was Prejudiced and broke the News to him very Gently that he was Overcut in three Subjects, and that his Idea of a University seemed to be decidedly Hazy. Wilbur countered with the Simple Assertion that he had never been Accustomed to rising Early. Wilbur was Pained to find that the Attitude of the Dean was very Unsympathetic, and Quoted his Mother to the Sceptical Personage across the Desk. After Delivering his Ultimatum he walked Out, leaving the Dean Flat. He knew what was Good for him, he said.

After that he Passed us several Warnings from the Brothers and continued on his Career of Speeding up the Circulation of Jack in the Twin-Cities. He planned on bringing the Car down for the Second Semester, he Confided to the Vacant-eyed Flapper who was the Receptacle of his Inmost Thoughts.

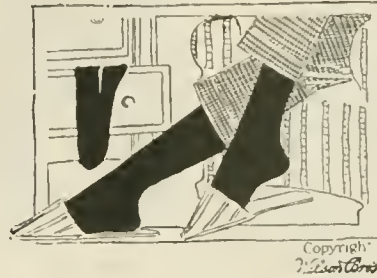
Then the Crash Came. They Flunked him. He was hit Hard, but after the Realization came to Him that he had been Betrayed he rallied like a Man. He wouldn't Argue, he said. He would Preserve his Dignity, or die in the Attempt. So he Wrote to his Dad that he was coming Home for a Rest. He told the Mater that he had had a Case of Nervous Breakdown. Meanwhile the Old Man was figuring up the Expense Account. He thought that he must be Seeing Double.

After Wilbur had Listened to the Dean's famous Remark in Re the Time of Departure of the Six-fifteen, and had shaken Hands with all the Boys he brushed a Furtive Tear from his glistening Orbs, and Climbed Aboard the I. C.

The next Time that he was fully Conscious of his Surroundings he found Himself Safely on Board with a One Way Ticket in his Clutches. As the Landscape slid Swiftly Past, he Looked Backward at the smudge of Smoke that represented Champaign, and Sweetly Solemn Thought.

"Well, I'm the College Type, anyway!"

MORAL: FATHER WAS RIGHT!



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### STRICT INTERPRETATION

Pulman conductor: See here, porter, what do you mean by hanging a red lantern on that berth?

Rastus: Rule 23 says to hang out a red light when the rear end of the sleeper is exposed, sah.

—Jester.

—S—

Hostess—It looks like a storm, you had better stay for dinner.

Jackson—Oh, thanks, but I don't think it's bad enough for that.

—Virginia Reel.

—S—

He—May I call you by your first name?

She—By your last name if you wish.

—Yale Record.

—S—

She—What would you call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts?

He—A magician. —Banter.

# Kant C

## See WUESTEMAN

✧ ✧

*Eye Helper—it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little of your time is all I ask—glasses only if you need them—and then too: prices for glasses are reasonable—not fancy.*

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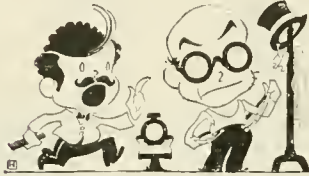
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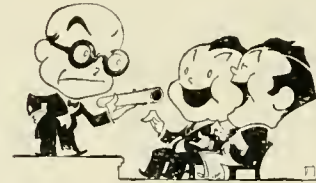


# Every man in the class knew the answer



PROFESSOR HASKINS.  
\* \* \*  
WAS A kindly soul.  
\* \* \*  
BRIGHT ON some subjects.  
\* \* \*  
BUT SO absent-minded.  
\* \* \*  
THAT ONE day at the barber's.  
\* \* \*  
HE TOOK off his collar.  
\* \* \*  
TO GET shaved.  
\* \* \*  
AND FORGOT where he was.  
\* \* \*  
AND KEPT right on.  
\* \* \*  
TILL THE cash-girl screamed.  
\* \* \*  
AND A barber stopped him.  
\* \* \*  
HE WAS a great smoker.  
\* \* \*  
BUT HE'D often put.  
\* \* \*  
THE BURNT match in his mouth.  
\* \* \*  
AND THROW away.  
\* \* \*  
THE CIGARETTE.  
\* \* \*  
HIS STUDENTS loved him.  
\* \* \*  
HE WAS so full.  
\* \* \*  
OF FUNNY surprises.  
\* \* \*  
ONE DAY he had a tube.  
\* \* \*  
OF RADIUM and he told.  
\* \* \*  
THE STUDENTS all about it.  
\* \* \*  
AND FINALLY, by mistake.  
\* \* \*

INSTEAD OF the tube.  
\* \* \*  
HE PULLED out one.  
\* \* \*  
OF HIS cigarettes.  
\* \* \*  
AND ASKED the class.  
\* \* \*  
"WHAT IS the one thing  
\* \* \*  
WHICH DISTINGUISHES.  
\* \* \*  
THIS MARVELOUS substance.  
\* \* \*  
FROM ALL others on earth?"  
\* \* \*  
AND THE class roared.  
\* \* \*  
"THEY SATISFY."  
\* \* \*



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give depends more  
on the collar you  
wear than on the  
books you read. It  
takes a surprising  
amount both of edu-  
cation and social wis-  
dom to overcome a  
bad impression, once  
it is created.



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Harry—My you did get fat this summer.

Harriet—I weigh exactly 125 stripped.

Harry—You can't tell exactly, these drug store scales are liable to be wrong. —*Gargoyte.*

————S————

Our idea of a tough situation is for a fellow to get a kiss fairly well launched and then have a sneeze beat him out.

—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

————S————

Prof.—“Hey, what's that noise out there?”

Stude.—“Why, I just dropped a perpendicular, sir.”

—*Yoo Doo.*

Slater—I say, why don't you wait on this table?

Waiter—Thank you sir, but it's more comfortable on this chair.

—*Brown Jug.*

————S————

Judge: What is the prisoner charged with?

Attorney for the defense: Your honor, he is charged with striking a woman, but there must be some mistake, for he merely mentioned that he didn't like her apartment.

Judge: Proceed sir, for in so doing he has knocked her flat.

—*Virginia Reel.*

————S————

Freshman—Barbah, how long will I have to wait for a shave?

Barber—(looking at him)—Oh, about two years. —*Record.*

“I'll say one thing about my brother, he never comes into the house drunk.”

“You don't say sa.”

“Of course, sometimes we find him in the gutter.” —*Froth.*

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CHAMPAIGN





## What Is Air Pressure?

**T**HE air is composed of molecules. They constantly bombard you from all sides. A thousand taps by a thousand knuckles will close a barn door. The taps as a whole constitute a push. So the constant bombardment of the air molecules constitutes a push. At sea-level the air molecules push against every square inch of you with a total pressure of nearly fifteen pounds.

Pressure, then, is merely a matter of bombarding molecules.

When you boil water you make its molecules fly off. The water molecules collide with the air molecules. It takes a higher temperature to boil water at sea-level than on Pike's Peak. Why? Because there are more bombarding molecules at sea-level—more pressure.

Take away all the air pressure and you have a perfect vacuum. A perfect vacuum has never been created. In the best vacuum obtainable there are still over two billion molecules of air per cubic centimeter, or about as many as there are people on the whole earth.

Heat a substance in a vacuum and you may discover properties not revealed under ordinary pressure. A new field for scientific exploration is opened.

Into this field the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have penetrated. Thus one of the chemists in the Research Laboratories studied the disintegration of heated metals in highly exhausted bulbs. What happened to the glowing filament of a lamp, for example? The glass blackened. But why? He discovered that the metal distilled in the vacuum depositing on the glass.

This was research in pure science — research in what may be called the chemistry and physics of high vacua. It was undertaken to answer a question. It ended in the discovery of a method of filling lamp bulbs with an inert gas under pressure so that the filament would not evaporate so readily. Thus the efficient gas-filled lamp of today grew out of a purely scientific inquiry.

So, unforeseen, practical benefits often result when research is broadly applied.

**General Electric**  
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# Jos. Kuhn & Co.



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When you try on one of the late models from Jos. Kuhn & Co's. Spring offering, note the fit of it. When you walk, when you sit down, notice the way the folds drape.

That is when the style of the suit and the quality of the fabric is revealed.

That's hand tailoring. That's what we call giving our customers value. See the new Spring fabrics in grays, tans and blues—pencil stripes and herringbones.

A Value at Every Price

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*Portable and Wallace  
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*Drop Cord and Plugs*

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Accessories*

*Mazda and Nitrogen  
Lamps*

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**Chandler  
Electric Shop**

107 W. Main

Main 4046

URBANA

## HISTORY

Son—It says here, that a fellow named Whitney invented the cotton gin.

Dad—(drowsily)—What's the good of it—with prohibition?

—*Jester.*

—S—

—T. U.—

Mr. Bawld: "Did the canary which I ordered to be sent around arrive in good condition?"

Mary: "Yis, sor, except they forgot to send the bill."—*Tiger.*

—S—

'Twas the morning after

One half (to husband, still in bed): "I'm tired calling you."

The other half (drowsily): "Well, wh ydon't you raise me?"

—*Sam Dodger.*

—S—

"Papa, what is a humdinger?"

"A humdinger, my son, is a man that can make a deaf and dumb girl say, 'Oh, daddy!'"

—*Gargyle.*

The Popular Eating Place

IN URBANA

—is—

*The  
Court House  
Cafe*

*If you like things good  
to eat this is the place  
where you will find them*

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URBANA

## ALONG THE ROAD TO MATRIMONY

When mutual admiration and confidence entwine a maid and a man, they are in the first lap of the love race. Usually, it is the young lady who is in the young man's lap and it denotes heart progress along the road to matrimony. The happy running mates always pace as a team. But, no matter if one of the pair should reach the minister first it would probably result in a tie—with the preacher doing the tying. After the knot is tied the newlyweds—but that is another story.

—S—

NOT THE VICTROLA WAY

Fair Maiden—Will you start "Whispering"?

Cautious Stude—Is your old man home?

—*Jester.*

—S—

"I'll never take another drop," said the Soused One as he fell off the cliff.

—*Reel.*

If you are as careful with your evening clothes as we are, you will always present an attractive appearance.

**American Dry  
Cleaning Co.**

*Cleaning, Dyeing  
and Repairing*

*"Efficient and Reliable"*

We give special attention to your individual needs.

Work called for and delivered

Just Call Main 3537

217 West Main Street, Urbana

*—A satisfied patron means  
a steady patron*

Therefore we want you to feel satisfied with every purchase you make at Our Store.

Should you for any reason have cause for complaint, return the purchase and we will cheerfully make it right, exchange it or refund your money.

**Champaign Tea & Coffee Co.**

201 North Market Street  
Auto 1586 Champaign, Ill.

In the words of the littlest news editor: "I like fellers what is good fellers. If you can't be a good feller there ain't no use bein' a feller at all."

"This permitting of buying drinkin' beer on prescription may be all right," said Raoul Harvey, "but you tell 'em one thing; its goin' to ruin a lot o' amateur research."

—S—

More Brains: What is that charming thing he is playing?

Less Brains: A piano, y' dub.

—Octopus.

*We Supply Ice  
Cream*

For church festivals, fairs, banquets and other large gatherings where food refreshments are served. We guarantee prompt deliveries of the best ice cream made under strictest sanitary conditions and shall be pleased to arrange with committees and others for supplying this best of all refreshments and deserts.



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CHAMPAIGN







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Real, full enjoyment comes to the man or woman who is an easy and graceful dancer. It is no longer necessary to spend a lot of good time and money attending a large public dancing class—where you get little or no attention.

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**GIVES YOU REAL INDIVIDUAL ATTENTION.** You can learn to dance in the privacy of your own room—without music—without a partner. Practice any time you please.

**New Diagram Method.** Easily understood—quickly learned—always remembered.

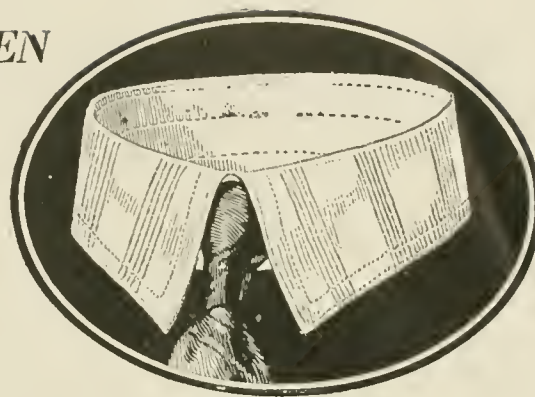
The Peak Instruction Courses are strictly up-to-the-second—presenting the very latest steps of New York's and Chicago's newest dances.

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**WM. CHANDLER PEAK, President**  
The Peak School of Dancing, Inc.

Room 293 4737 Broadway Chicago, Ill.



*"And yet they cost no more"*

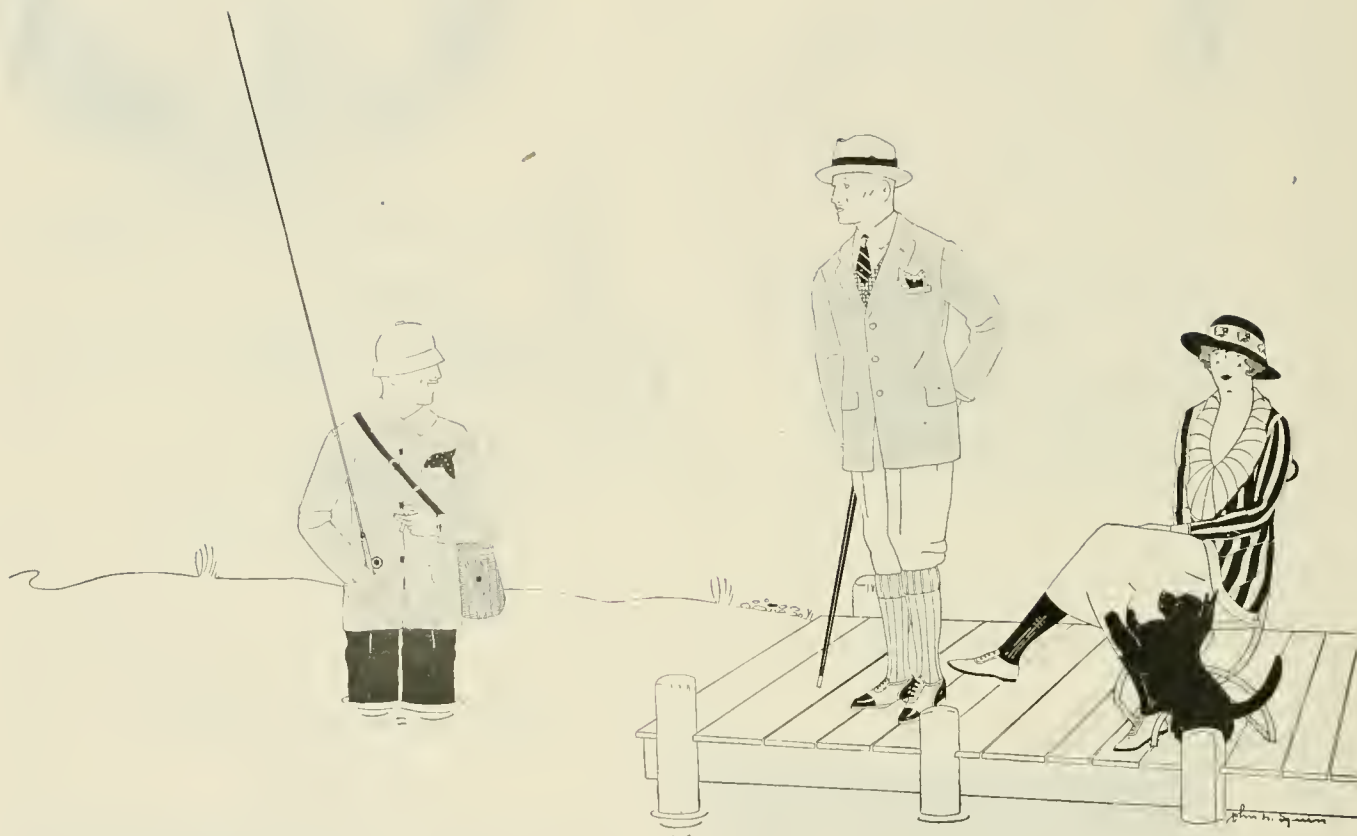
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& Shirts

EARL & WILSON TROY, N. Y.



A hot day is just one of the incidents of life that recalls the legend: "Drink Coca-Cola, Delicious and Refreshing."

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY  
ATLANTA, GA.



*You're all dressed up this morning, Tom. Not going fishing?*

*No, just landed a wife and a little Scotch!*

*What line did you use?*

*The same kind I always use - she simply gazed at me and said "What a good looking collar" - and the rest was easy.*



## The Commercial Service Co.

Successors to  
MUNHALL'S PRINTING CO.

*Stationery for Everybody*

9 Taylor Street  
Garfield 2263

Champaign, Ill.

She: You've been drinking whiskey.  
Amateur distiller: Thank you.

—S—

"Matrimony," remarked Lafe Jabson of Still Valley, Kentucky, "is more of a chance than buyin' a auttymobile—you can't tell what's under the hood 'til you hear her run with the muffler off, and any good agent'll let you try out a car that-a-way."

—S—

Kutie Agnes slipped on her veranda last night.

Brutie—Well, well, did it fit her?  
—Chaparral.



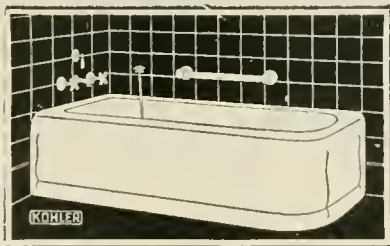
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Champaign, Ill.



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NIGHT AND DAY SERVICE

Accessories—Storage  
Repair Work—Mobiloil

FORE!

"Where's that dog you fellows used to keep over at the chapter house. The one that used to hunt up the lost balls for us out at the Golf Course?"

"Well, we had to get rid of him. He was mighty useful, but some of the Alumni objected to our keeping him. Said they didn't like the idea of a tee hound around the house."

Food that you like to eat.  
Serve yourself with perfect  
satisfaction

at

Mead's

CAFETERIA

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to  
The Handy Cafeteria

Green Street

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YOU'LL find many uses for a pair of these trousers—they'll look well—and wear well.

\$2.50

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Apparel for University men

*Green Street—of course*

## *The APOLLO* CONFECTIONERY

*When you get Apollo Confections  
You Have the Best*

*A Special  
Offering of Fine Candies*

MOUYIOS BROS. Props.  
URBANA, ILL.

*There is always a pleasant  
distinctiveness about*

## *Barnhart Millinery*

Each hat carries just that last touch that makes it a little more than stylish.

My spring display is unusually attractive. I am proud to show it. You will be proud to wear a hat chosen from it.

*Millinery that is Different*

**Mary A. Barnhart**

Second Floor Flatiron Bldg.  
URBANA

### WILLING HOLD-UP

"I've been reared in the lap of luxury," said the millionaire's daughter.

"Try mine for a change," suggested the impecunious young man.  
—*Baltimore American.*

—S—

May—"Have you ever talked this way to any other girl?"

Rap—"No, love; I'm at my best tonight." —*Penn. Punch Bowl.*

—S—

### HARD LUCK!

Frosh: (who has just taken a new Fair One home): "I hope to see more of you."

Fair One: (Indignantly): "Well you will be disappointed. Good-night!"  
—*Burr*

—S—

She (proudly)—You'll always find some of the big bugs at my father's hotel.

He (ruefully)—I know it. I slept there one night.

—*Columbia Jester.*

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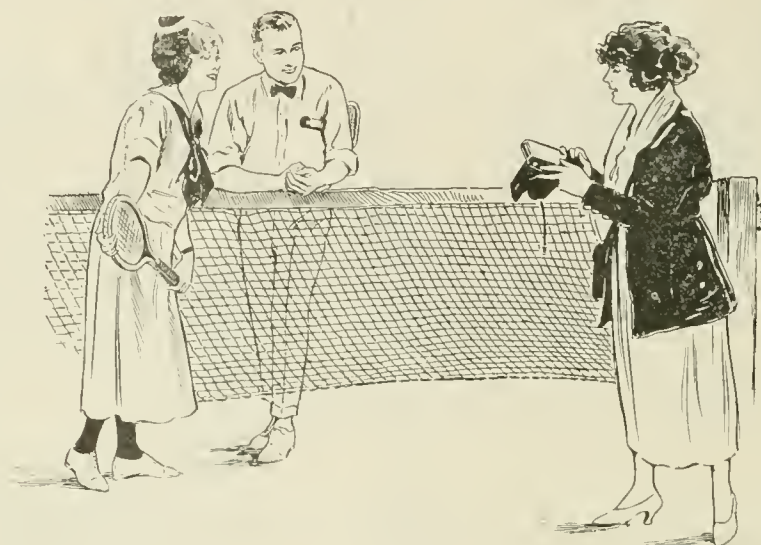
# *Printing for Students*

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Select your Kodak now. There is a Kodak for everyone. Have you seen the new Vest Pocket Focusing model, Anastigmatic F. 6. 9 lense at \$21.00? You will be instructed in the use of any machine you may select.

*Pennants and Pillows  
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60 by 66 inch all wool blanket  
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Service Saving Satisfaction

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Tense moment. The annual farewell. Moonlight—presumably. Sereta. Timothy. Train leaves next morning. For Sereta, the occasion is in its fifth phase—when she was a freshman she stood under the same peculiar tree and said the same sweet things. So Sereta says goodbye rather well, albeit she finds it rather tedious by now. This is but the third last God-speed for Timothy, and his technique isn't so good. Listen: "Yes, Life is funny. Will we ever meet again? Or won't we?" and—"Ah, but I'll write, every day, or at least every week!" and again—"I'll never forget this spring. It has been *so* wonderful!" . . . . Great Egyptian Deities, Readers! Doesn't it make you sick—when you are not one of 'em?



# The Siren



## THE STAFF

G. V. Buchanan, Jr. '22 (ex-'19).....Editor  
Robert F. Lovett, '21.....Business Manager  
C. M. Kretchmer, '22.....Assistant Business Manager  
T. P. Bourland, '23.....Editor-Elect  
M. L. Fitch, '22.....Business Mgr.-Elect

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R. G. Williams

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G. P. Fenn.....Circulation Manager

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The time has come, the Walrus said—for the has-been editor to tie a "For Rent" tag on his roommate's Corona, to turn over his membership card and leave Blahemia—for better things, he hopes.

— To those on the campus, and elsewhere, who have appreciated the efforts of the present regime and to those who have helped make it successful, if it has been successful, we parting ones express our sincere appreciation. You have helped more than you have realized.

To those who wish to make *The Siren* better next year we have what we believe is a message—Work for it.

The last two years have been an uphill fight to put "The Old Girl" back on her chaise lo. Next year promises as great a struggle. It is not right that a mere handful do what a great many should be doing.

It is true your efforts on *The Siren* will not be paid for. You will receive no high honors at the hands of the student body. The editorship or business managership will rate you no honors as honors

go about the campus—yet your efforts will bring a reward, if you are interested in having a *good* humorous publication at Illinois.

Just what the reward is, the outgoing editor is not sure, although he has been working for the magazine since the days of Raphaelson and Miller. Whether it is the satisfaction of having done your best—the glow that comes from the knowledge of having done something to make Illinois read to people who otherwise wouldn't realize that quality or whether it is simply the satisfaction of being in "activities," we can't say. Yet the reward exists. The present staff feels that it has accomplished something. Perhaps that may show next year—in increased interest in the publication by the student body.

This year the subscription list was somewhere around 1,200 in a school of nearly 8,000. Pretty poor you say? You are right.

Is it the fault of the magazine? Many of our contemporaries have circulations of almost 75 per cent, in some cases as high as 85 per cent of the student body—yet their publications, if they excell





*The Siren* are not so greatly superior in quality.

No, the trouble lies with a student body too lazy or too disinterested to labor for a student institution or too content to read the copy purchased for the fraternity house table.

*The Siren* of the future lies not with the newly elected editor and business manager—it lies with you, the average student of the University of Illinois.

—S—



When ye Olde Girle remarked so coyly last issue that she disliked people who wore more than three pins, she spilled an awful lot of good solid thought in a line or two.

What she meant to say was to this effect:

There are among us many who desire to belong to anything that they can join, and to have at least one or two means of recognition for each organization. Just for a little good wholesome fun, let's imagine that we belong to that crew—just for a minute.

To begin with, we must immediately organize into one big body, and of course, we must have a pin for it. That goes without saying. Now, we'll divide and get a watch chain, and a couple weeks later, we'll subdivide and—well, pins are always good, so we'll get one. So we won't cause too much talk, let's wait three weeks this time, and then take a jaunt over to the left hand side of the big organization and its offspring. Now, no one here on the campus will know that we're pulling old stuff on them, so we can get pins for the groups as they look from the left hand side. Naturally we'll give them new names.

Before the end of the semester, we can really afford to look at affairs from the bottom, and give some aspiring fraternity jeweler a job.

Now, the end of the semester is upon us. Well! well! Here are four of the old crew taking the same final at the same time. Steady, fellow fraters, because we can form another club. Each one of us will bring in a friend, and we can put it over.

So, fellow citizens and fellow joiners, take a slant at the beautiful corduroy vest, very carelessly exposed to the elements and to the admiring gaze of the very few who do not know the meaning of all the pins. But father won't the elements hurt the vest? Oh, no, the elements won't hurt the vest. There are too damn many pins on it.



"Follow me and wear diamonds!"

"Join the R. O. T. C. and wear service bars."

Why not! Everybody does it. Without overexerting one's eyes, it has become exceptionally easy to distinguish at least five service bars on the manly breast of some of the officers of the R. O. T. C. who, as we are already aware, sometimes find it necessary to sit

up during the stilly night to design new places for decorations.

In one of the instances of the five service ribbons, inquiry revealed that one was for the world war. Check! The man deserves it if he was in the army, and it is the mark of recognition given by a more or less generous nation as a reward for performing a duty. The second ribbon was covered with stars, and informed the world in general that the wearer is a member of a military organization. Not that membership in the honorary fraternity of college military men is to be laughed at. That is not the point; but why is it necessary to flaunt such membership before the eyes of people as a mark of heroism? The third service bar was for a summer camp conducted for members of the R. O. T. C. The fourth and fifth were ribbons whose authorization could not be determined, for, to use the words of the wearer, "O' they're just a couple I picked up."

Years ago, a major who knew his stuff remarked to us that a service ribbon was given to men in the army who had done their share, in some way or other, to keep the stars and stripes on the top of the pole, with the stars uppermost. If our 1921 eyes are to be believed, many of our R. O. T. C. officers are to be carried upon the shoulders of their fellow men, for have they not rendered so many separate and noteworthy services to their country that they have two rows of ribbons across the left side of their blouse?

Now, let's do one of two things:: either wear only the ribbons that have some definite meaning in the eyes of the world at large, and not alone in the mind of the wearer; or give service bars for those who smoke a certain brand of cigarettes, those who are able to spit the greatest distance while standing on one foot, and for the still more accomplished heroes of the day—those who can swallow present day moonshine.



### HOW TO BE "COLLEGE"

(and unpopular)

Broaden our "a's."  
Forget acquaintances.  
Go without a hat.  
Cultivate the ego.  
"Cellar-dig" on our friends.  
Crib.  
Use Pinands.  
Wear more than three pins.

—S—

The freshman co-ed who has collected three fraternity pins this year remarks that she disapproves of the application, "four dollar and fifty cent romance," to a college love affair.

—S—

Soph: Wonder if we'll have any option on that Algebra exam?

Frosh: Gosh no, we didn't have that in class.



Why do you call the milkman 'Pharaoh's daughter'?

Well, he got a profit out of the water didn't he?

—S—

My head is all a swimming,  
It fairly makes me moan.  
But I can easily guess the cause:  
I ate an ice-cream cone,

—S—

Oh a co-ed's life  
Is a world of strife,  
Tis a heluva life, quite a pity:  
For imagine it when  
She's engaged to three men,  
And her fiancee comes from the city.

### A BONEYARD ANTHOLOGY



BEHOLD.....THE wraith of Jabez Sauer.

On earth I was known  
Far and Wide  
As the man with the  
Mortuary Physiognomy  
I... passed the Blue Laws  
I... prohibited beer  
I... throttled joy in every  
Shape and form wherever found.  
And why not?  
Beer hurt my stomach  
Golfing made me stiff in the joints  
Therefore I throttled them.  
Why should others be happy  
When my dispepsia kept me from  
Being happy?

—S—

### ALIMONY BLUES

One I love.  
Two I love.  
Three I cast awa.  
Into court.  
Judge no sport.  
Now I have to pay.

Lusher—"What costume shall I wear at the masquerade?"

Soak—"Just go sober and no one will guess who you are."

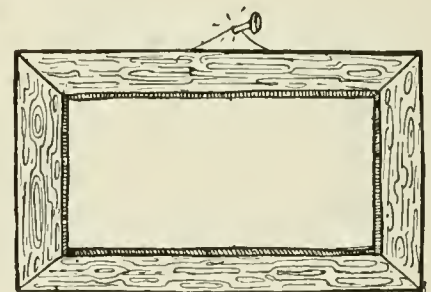
—Tiger.

—S—

### AN EXERCISE IN PUNCTUATION

When first I tried to kiss her,  
She was quite vexed with me;  
I still recall her very words—  
"Frank! Please don't! Stop!"  
said she.

But now that I have kissed her,  
It sounds quite right, you see  
Her meaning's difference when  
she says,  
"Frank, please don't stop," to me.



The above is a pleasing likeness of the student who stands on the Co-op corner each afternoon and recites through a megaphone, "I think 'The Green Eye' is better literature and more true than 'And it Came To Pass.'"

(We don't expect everyone to get the drift of this.)

—S—

### PAGE BURTON HOLMES

A girl from the island of Yap  
Once sat on a Yaplander's lap,  
He said, "Careful, please,  
I have caps on my knees  
Which explode at a very light tap."

—S—

"Just got a doggy letter from my girl at Wellesley."  
"Ah, a little Boston Bull."

### MEMORIES OF AN AMBASSADOR

Affairs of state pressed heavily upon me during my stay in Nowhat. Therefore when the Nargileh of Yupore invited me to spend a week-end hunting pythons with him I was constrained by patriotic regard for my health, to accept. The Nargileh kindly explained the ingenious native method of outwitting the ferocious python, which was to tie the huge reptile in a bow knot, and then to untie it so quickly that its shoulder blades would be shattered. Before we started I spent an hour or so practicing upon a length of garden hose, much to the amusement of the head hosier, who remarked that I was, in the Yupore vernacular, "Sheemish".

We entered the humid jungle at daybreak. Until evening we looked for snake-tracks without result. The Nargileh seemed disappointed, and suggested that we forgo the chase of the wily python and spend the evening hunting Indian snipe, of which, he said, there were an abundance. I readily agreed, and was highly pleased when to me was awarded the honor of holding the Sakh, a bag-like affair with which, in Nowhat, the snipe is snared.

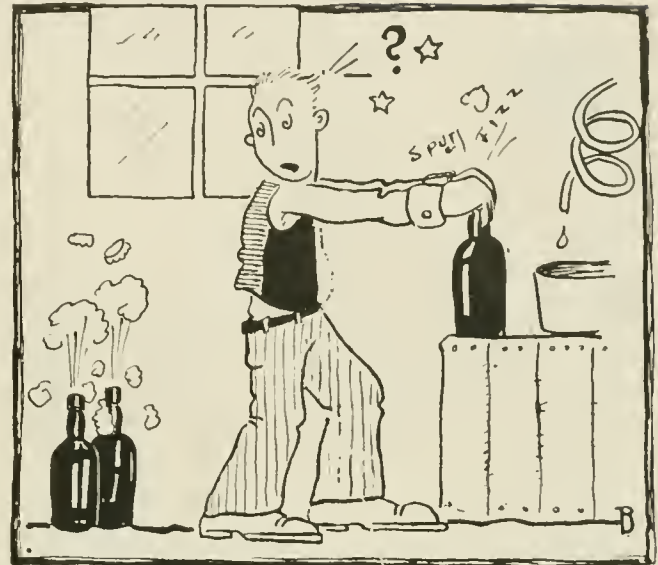
At dark, then, I was given the Sakh, and instructed to hold it in readiness for the Indian snipe, which would be driven in by the Nargileh's huntsmen. I waited, therefore, without a sound, in the tropic moonlight. An hour passed. Two hours. Not a sound reached my ears. Not a snipe fluttered into the Sakh. Undismayed, I stayed by my post until daybreak. Then, very much disappointed, but with a proper pride in my inflexible patience and sportsmanship, I went in search of the Nargileh and his party.

I regret to say that when I found my royal friend he was drunk, lying under a shrub at the edge of the jungle. He attempted to speak, but was so far in his cups that he could only laugh foolishly, repeating the while some native phrase I could not understand. It sounded some thing like "Sylyas! Sylyas!"

—S—

Annabelle has ankles neat,  
Slender arms, and lips petite,  
Grecian figure, tilted nose,  
She has charm in every pose.

--  
Annabelle has baby eyes,  
And modest ways, but the kid is wise;  
Though she looks demurely rare,  
You should here our Annie swear.



TROUBLE BREWING

### THE IDEAL COED:

Doesn't speak of old dates in front of new ones.  
Speaks to men after meeting them once.  
Keeps her knees covered.  
Swears when necessary, with neither an apology  
or a devilish look.  
Powers her nose.  
Does not bob her hair.  
Kisses only those who won't tell about it.  
Will break house rules once in a while.  
Is not afraid of being caught when she does.  
Never tries to shimmy by herself.  
Powers her nose.  
Knows some good stories.  
Never asks for advice.  
Dates men who can't possibly compare notes.  
If she must smoke, inhales.  
Powers her nose.  
Refuses to elaborate upon the "men at home".  
Can see a joke.  
Takes what she is told with a grain of salt.  
Doesn't "talk back".  
Isn't *too* damn inquisitive.  
Realizes that she isn't perfect.  
Powers her nose.  
Realizes that her sisters aren't perfect.  
Realizes that men aren't perfect, but  
Doesn't rub it in.  
Refuses to wear fraternity pins where she can  
use the plainer kind.  
Powers her nose.



The Artist: What do you think of the Renaissance artists?

The Bohemian: Oh! Really you know, I haven't been there in yeah's, I just couldn't say.

Romeo: Are you a T. N. E.?

Hamlet: No, but I know where you can get some.

"Burn my clothes," remarked the city boy who had thought he was petting the barnyard tom-cat.

#### MODESTY

He: What does the dean think of the shimmy?

She: Oh! I couldn't say.

But no kidding, did you ever hear a Frosh call it Homer's Illio.

"What in time were mosquitoes made for?" groaned the tired vacationist.

"I'll bite," returned the one that had crawled inside the netting.

"Time," declaimed the eminent geologist rehearsing his speech on 'How the World was Made,' "Time is nothing to the geologist. A life-time is but a moment. . . ."

"All right Henry," called his wife, "Use about a second beating these six rugs and cleaning out the furnace."

#### NEW FABLES IN SLANG

By Inceda Aid.

Once upon a time there was a Frosh. He performed the Great Act and entered the University in Exchange for a Fee. It's worth 25 berries to anyone to Loaf a Year. Our hero was full of Ambitions, Ideas, and other such Matter entirely useless on a campus. To Appreciative Audiences he recited in glowing detail his marvelous Future, of Phi Beta, Football Letters, etc. The audience was appreciative of James' cokes at the invite of Aforementioned Hero.

In the meanwhile, the sophisticated Jrs. and Srs. haunched up their Society Brand sleeves and thought of the coming Flop. Which however delayed as the Frosh managed to pull down more citations to wear alongside his toque than they had pulled in two (2) or three (3) years. MORAL: What good is an education?

"Pardon me captain, is that our barque?" queried the poetically inclined old lady, pointing.

"Listen madam," returned the old salt, "Just because my name is Shepard, don't think I'm a dog."

Poor Murphy had a bad cold. He couldn't talk above a whisper. He decided to consult a doctor, and, not finding him in his office, went to his home. The doctor's wife opened the door, and Murphy said in his loudest voice, which was little more than a whisper, "Is your husband in?" The doctor's wife replied in a whisper, "No, come in".

#### ODE TO THE ANGLE WORM VARIETY

Your eyes are like two shining stars,  
Like roses red, your lips,  
You'd give this Venus bird a run,  
If you just had some hips.

Al: You better get a hair cut.

Fal: How so?

Fa: Well, that's cheaper than buying a violin.

As to short skirts, if they get much shorter they'll be, . . . . a-hem!

"Speaking of cheek-to-cheek dancing", said Simple Sal, "I always did claim that two heads were better than one.



# TILLIE'S ROMANCE

A beautiful broiler was Tillie,  
The star of a vaudevil troupe,  
As pure and as fair as a lily;  
But she whistled when gargling soup.



While John was a young college student,  
Engrossed in pursuit of the "A",  
Who never considered it prudent,  
To venture abroad after day.



Till flirted each night with the "buddies,"  
While John kept his nose in a book,  
And John shook his head o'er his studies,  
While Tillie, her white shoulders shook.

Now to all the fact is quite patent,  
That a rendezvous neither would seek,  
But poets can always be blatant,  
(My license was issued last week.)

Now Tillie, (my license is working.)  
Just happened to John's town to go;  
While Johnny, his calculus shirking,  
Just happened to take in the show.

You see I am really offending  
By using the troubador's right,  
However my tale has an ending;  
I cannot keep writing all night.



One look, and with inwardly quaking,  
The couple locked looks in a glance,  
Till's left arm refused to keep shaking--  
John sat in his seat in a trance.



"Go on," you say, "Finish the story,  
"Did Tillie and Johnny get wed?  
"Did Tillie quit shaking her shoulders?  
"And Johnny quit shaking his head?"

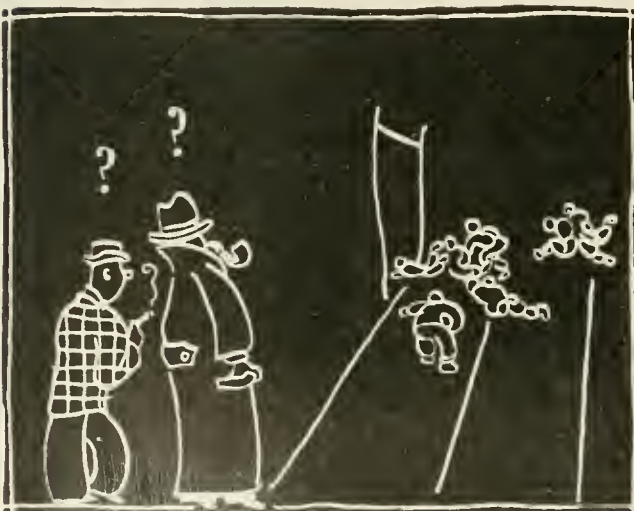
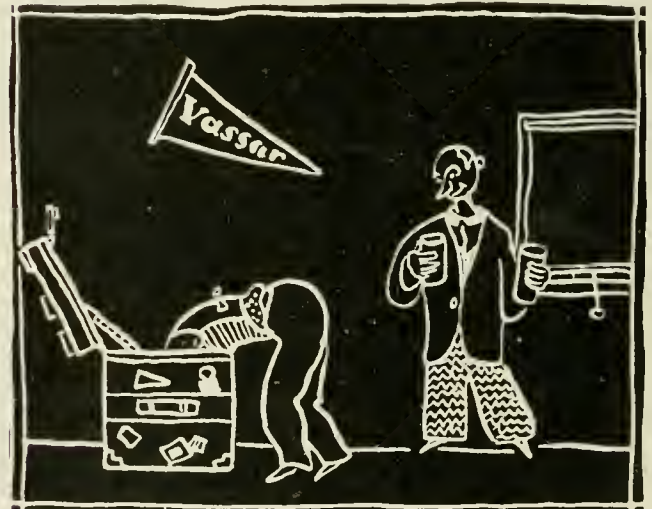
Ah! No, I must tell you precisely,  
The absolute truth you must know;  
John went back to work very nicely,  
And Tillie left town with her show.

# EVENTS O



The year starts, heigh-ho for a prosperous year. Edgar goes to the registrar, receives a long sheet of paper on which he is to write his name 2,000 times, his father's age 9,000 times and his mother's maiden name 6,000 times, then tell how many people live in his home town and why. Easy—he puts a freshman on the job—but after that—the advisor, and five days later (if he's lucky) Edgar gets a slip telling him he can pay his \$900 and get the privelege for four months of buying drinks at Mosi's and Jimmie's and tripping to the High Ho house on week-ends.

HOMEcomings, Ah! what a glorious season for young and old and those not so young and not so old. Then, if ever come perfect days, and nothing's the matter with the night. At this season come the old-heads, bedecked in their finest and conveying that which they have saved for months and months, to share with the brothers of yesteryear—only to see it disappear down the parched throats of the multitude in a few minutes. That is a season when fraternity grips are dearer than ever—provided them come heavily laden, and 'tis a season when—but the least said the better, perhaps.



The Doubtful Touchdown—this is a farce skit staged annually. It consists of two groups of eleven men each who struggle over a leather oval for an hour or more. The main point of the game lies in getting the ball real near the line and trying to put it over—but not succeeding. Then the other side tries. This was most successfully staged last fall in a contest with a group of boys from Ohio—when it appeared that the ball went over the line three times. There was an error somewhere however. Someone slipped—and slips don't count. It will be produced again this fall.

# THE YEAR

Twice a year come—the finals, the final test of the honor season, the dean's office advises. Often compared to: "absolutely the last tour" of Sarah Bernhardt. Here the patient relaxes, if possible, and writes as much as he can in a vain attempt to spoof the prof., a prehistoric method of "getting by." In the interim he looks about to see if anyone is cribbing so he can soothe his honor by reporting them—then signs the pledge. He has accomplished the impossible—written in four hours what a mim-iograph couldn't do in six.



Then—the prom. A function to which all Juniors are invited and which six attend annually. It is also attended by 800 Seniors who didn't pay because they belonged to T.N.E. last year or were on the Freshman cap committee eight years ago—and which nine-tenths of the Freshmen and Sophomores who can rent dress clothes attend by laying down the 6.63 (wartax included.) It is a gala season of cellar digging and getting your roommate's best girl to give back his pin and take yours. A highly productive season for \$4.50 courtships, as it were.

And last—the sweet girl graduate of 1924, demure and shy she steps on the rostrum to grasp her sheep-skin (not the truck driver variety.) She smiles coyly, but appropriately. Her senior gown trails gracefully, one might say a bit raspily, against her dimpled knees. Still demure she trips out—the sweetest of the sweet girl graduates of centuries, hiding but little from us . . . of her emotion. En Avant . . . may she learn to cook before the ceremony.







"POLLY WITH A PAST"

S  
JUST ABOUT

Johnny: Paw, why do they call the doctor that brings the babies a stork?

Paw: Because he has such a large bill, my son.

S

ASTRONOMICALLY SPEAKING  
Twinkle, twinkle movie star,  
I bet I know how old you are;  
Forty-nine, if you're a day.  
Tell the truth. What do you say?

### CLYTIE GETS REALLY ANGRY

I'm so mad I could just die! I was reading the most fascinating book the other day (you know how I am when I am reading, I simply get *wrapped up* in whatever it is that I'm reading) well I was reading (let's see *what* was I—h yes, I remember now. I was reading a book on psychoanalysis. It was by a Mr. Freud—no, it wasn't either. Now I remember. It was by another man, but it seems that this Mr. Freud invented psychoanalysis. Well, anyway, it was a perfectly fascinating book. I got so interested in the book that I completely forgot to powder my face before dinner and I went down looking like a perfect fright!

I think it is really a duty to understand these scientific things, don't you? Its so broadening on one's personality these days, can one? Almost everybody has a personality now.

Of course you have to get behind the technical side of psychoanalysis before you can really understand it. And then you find that it isn't really nice. It seems that there is a terribly naughty streak in all of us which we never know about. I never knew it until I read it in this book. People are all so naughty anyway I was so discouraged at health lecture the other day. It seems that Dean Mason thinks people are pretty bad too, and she knows all the nicest people too.

I tried to psychoanalyse Clara Mudd the other day. But she got mad when I asked her what she dreamed about and told me I was a horrid girl and cried, the little silly! There isn't anything I wouldn't do for the girl—I think she's *so* sweet, and I won't begrudge her poor old Toodles one bit. She probably has a terrible

complex. I think she's in love with Toodles, myself.

Would you like to see my new book? What? Oh yes, I was going to tell you why I was so mad. I never was so mad in my life. I was simply *furious*! Well, let's see... That's funny; *I was*; I *know* I was. I—well. I've forgotten now. Maybe I can remember later. Did you see the new organdie dress I wore at the Phi Epsilon dance? It's a darling. I'll show it to you!

S

We walked into the gardens,  
The moon smiled down that night:  
From what he saw, I'd think the  
moon  
Would have to laugh outright.



Brother Goodefellow: 'Faith, an' I wish t'were not a pleasure to shoot red-skins, for i'truth they get bloody aggravating o' Sabbaths.

S

"Heey, don't you just huff to dance?"  
"Jazz."

—Puppet.



They went to a movie,  
Then somewhere to eat;  
She ordered till Johnny  
Was getting cold feet:  
He pulled out a dollar  
And edged toward a door  
That's all there is,  
There's not any more.

They walked out to Green Street,  
The porch was 'quite dark;  
For just one nice long one  
She said he could park.  
She left his embrace  
And edged toward the door  
That's all there is,  
There's not any more.

— S —

Pete: You're too effeminate.

Repete: How so? I don't  
smoke.

Pete: No, but on wear socks.



(Editors Note: A cruel reader, tiring of Raoul Harvey's physiognomy as displayed each month inquired the other day as to why the old man wasn't killed. We thanked him for noticing the repetition of the illustration—now we kill him.)



STICK . . . . STICK

If you want to read something that's funny and witty,  
That's chuck full of pep to the sill,  
That's full of horse sense, to a rollicking ditty  
That wont let your brogans keep still;  
If you want to read aught that will make you a thinker,  
Ere over the bucket you kick,  
You'll peruse, ere you croak, with your slow-dimming blinker,  
This witty old girl. She is trick.

Oh, tell me of poets who chant to the skies  
Of love on the moon-lit board walk,  
Oh, give me the rhymer who sings of Ma's pies  
In the good old American talk.  
If your collar bone's rusty, your derby is dusty,  
You're spavined and knockkneed and lame;  
Rely on THE SIREN so jolly and trusty  
To cheer you and brace up your frame.

*From the Business Staff.*



Professor Combyes MacNutt,  
Once was trailing a butterfly; but,  
In the heat of the chase,  
He climbed up to a place  
From which palaces looked like a hut.

The Professor was brave as could be;  
He clung to the trunk of a tree,  
While the butterfly twittered  
And scoffingly tittered  
"Cambyses, you'll never get me."

When the roots of the tree-trunk gave 'way,  
The Professor fell downward all day,  
And he said, as he fell,  
"One is puzzled to tell  
Where that butterfly learned how to say—

'Cambyses, you'll never get me'  
It is curious as it can be—"  
—But then he hit ground  
With a sickening sound,  
While the butterfly tittered with glee.

#### A NOVEL CHECKING SYSTEM

Two slightly intoxicated gentlemen wandered into a public dance. One asked the location of the cloak room, and was told to take the first door to the right, and to go down three steps. Due to the hickerlogged condition of his brain, he got the elevator shaft by mistake, and fell eight stories to its bottom. His friend watched his sudden departure, and leaning through the door called out, "What you doing down there?" After a short pause the following answer came up the shaft, "Hanging up my coat. Look out for that first step: it's an awful one".

—S—

Dr. Beard (to foreign student): Stick out your tongue and say a-a-ah.

F. S.: No speaka da Eenglish.

#### THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT

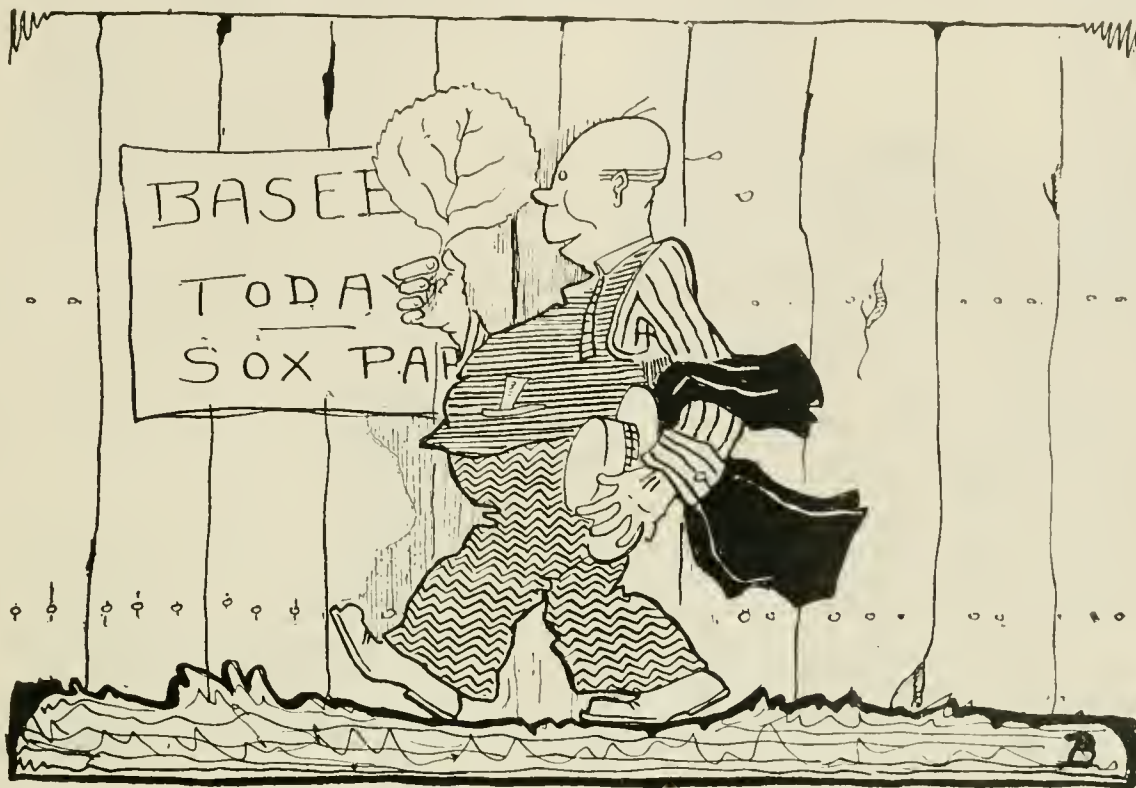
The air was filled with the smell of blossoming cherry trees, and a silvery moon cast pale shadows over the rolling lawns. Far down the street, the dying strains of an impassioned serenade were wafted upon a fairy breeze.

John made a noble effort to control the impulse which surged within him. A lump rose in his throat, and it was all that he could do to keep from crying out to the person who was seated next to him. At last he could stand it no longer. He turned suddenly to his room mate and cried out, "Oh, let's let this Trig go, and take a shot at the Spanish".

—S—

Fresh Collich Chappy: Have you red flannels?  
Blushing Co-ed in great anger: I'll show you young man!





When the first warm crack o' summer puts old winter on the hummer and the crokus starts a croaking on its vine, then a tingle for a frolic ties the tin can to the cholic and it enervates your system just like wine. There's a great demand for action that encourages your traction and the thing to do is give your feet their swing—Let 'em join in acrobatics that will cremate your rheumatics and indulge in two-steps while the birdies sing.

Take your fly rod from its cubby—choose the worms most sleek and chubby, put your "bait" in liter bottles on your hip; then go out where nature's beauties wile your thoughts away from duties and sit on the mossy bank and—catch the gripper.

Or, if so your being calls you, and in case such luck befalls you and you're neither blind or sick, nor halt or lame, let your brogans do the choosing and go find out who is losing—take a side slant on the home teams latest game.

Oh the spring-time is for boating, eke for tennis and wild-oating and in some outrageous instances—for beer; so let nature take its measure, spend your leisure time in pleasure and don't ever let your duties interfere.

Three cross eyed men were called before a cross eyed judge.

Judge: (looking at the man on the extreme right) What's your name?

Man on the extreme left: John Smith, Sir.

Judge: Shut up! I wasn't talking to you.

Man in the middle: I didn't say anything.

#### THIS ONE'S REALLY TRUE

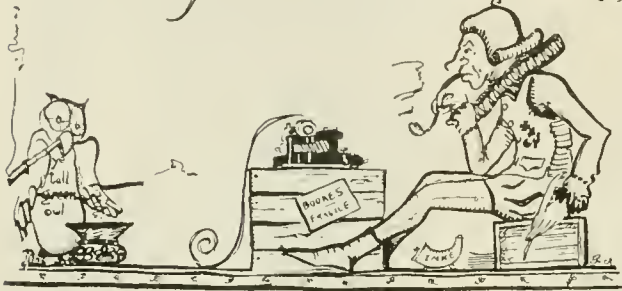
Simple Co-ed: Would you call a train masculine, feminine, or neuter?

College Boy: Why, neuter of course.

S. C.: But what if it was a mail train?

C. B.: Well, what if it was a milk train?

# The Diary of Samuel Pepless..



April 15—To the Globe theatre the night to see My Lords Davis' and Keck's company produce "My Children." Was much surprised when invited for I had thought them both bachelors. Enjoyed the performance withal, and a clever minstrel yclept Hennings amused me, forsooth.

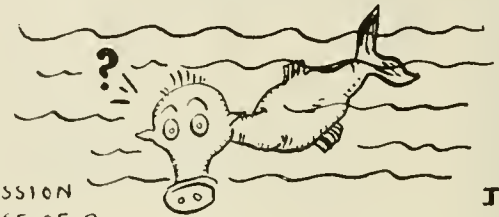
April 16—Did this night in hose and doublet of a brother to the Engineers dance, where Sir Clancy Conrad and My Lord Cook having left a window open, did enjoy myself immensely. Mentioned to a patron that I had a large acquaintance hereabouts and he smiled mirthfully at Madam Pepless. Odds bloods, what could have caused him his mirth? Well, natheless the boiler-makers did fling a mean party.

April 21—Did by invitation of a unique nature foregather this night at a so-called Gridiron banquet where certain scribes and some Pharisees had joined to chaff their betters and eke their inferiors. Listened to the chiding right merrily 'til one wight twitted me on my fondness for sack, which was in no wise funny, though the assembled hordes laughed raucously. Odds bloods and little herring I am even now attempted to put the entire affair into the hands of my solicitors. (That was a hot one on My Lord Sir "G" Huff however).

April—This night to the Globe for a performance of Sir Hal's opera, "Hootchy Koot . . ." er, er, (you say it,) anyway was right well pleased and patted Sir Hal on the shoulder for his work. My Lords Bryan and Heath had written some clever melodies which beguiled the evening which was made doubly enjoyable by the fact the tickets cost me nothing but were donated by a kind rival. I wonder if writing operas is hard work?

May—Well, the time approacheth when I must close my diary—though odds bloods I do long to foregather another year with Ben Johnson Davis, Sir Gerald Carson others about the cups (coffee) at the tavern an dpass the time of day, and more material things . . . but if't so hap I may not, I bid my readers good-bye (the others may . . .) and so close The Dairy of Samuel Pepless.

## Facts Hitherto Unknown to Science



EXPRESSION ON FACE OF A PRE-CAMBRIAN FLAPDOODLE ON MEETING A SUB-MARINE LAVA FLOW.

II.

III.



FLAMINGO'S EYE-VIEW OF THE S AMERICAN EQUATOR

PROF. THADDEUS ARROW INVENTOR OF COLLAR FOR LITTLE-NECK CLAM.



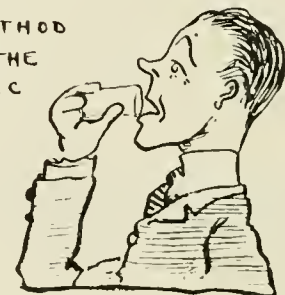
MOVIE STARS HAVE DIFFICULTY IN CARRYING HOME THE WEEK'S STIPEND.

V.



UTENSILS FOUND TO BE HANDY IN "ROLLING YOUR OWN." ALSO USED IN WORK. (AT TIMES.)

SUGGESTED METHOD FOR TESTING THE WOOD-ALCOHOLIC CONTENT OF AUBIOUS DRINKING LIQUOR.



VII.

B.

School of molecules pursuing yeast bacteria thru the foam on a bottle of home-brew.

Ring out your royal banner,  
 Blow the lusty castnet;  
 While I clarionet the story,  
 Of Tibernus of Tibet,  
 Of Tibernus, noble king of Tibs,  
 Who, many years ago,  
 Sold off his father's husband—  
 Put his mother's wife in pawn.

One day while stars were falling  
 About the castle yard,  
 I saw a stranger pause and stop  
 To criticize the guard.  
 They sent him to the King of Tibs,  
 Our old friend Tibernus;  
 Who napped beneath a whiffletree  
 When interrupted thus.

Tibernus rousing from his dream,  
 Spake loudly in his wrath:  
 And smote the stranger soundly,  
 With a two foot piece of lath.  
 Then, as the stranger fainted  
 When struck this fatal blow;  
 He shouted, "Hold your horses,  
 "There is one thing you should know."

But sad to say we never knew  
 What he had come to say;  
 He died that night at midnight,  
 In the hottest part of day.  
 And of the tale that he conveyed  
 We never heard a peep.  
 Which shows what comes to people,  
 Who wake others when asleep.

—S—

Her waist is greater than her life, for Life is  
 but a span.

—S—

As They Say In History:—"Ann was an effi-  
 cient Queen because she was a woman."

—S—

It is announced that the red-heads have solved  
 the patent leather pomp problem with Mrs. Snider's  
 Catsup.

—S—

"Pardon me, but did you drop your handker-  
 chief during the last toddle?"

"Oh, I'm so embarrassed, that's my dress."



Yes, Madam, that is the only existing auto-  
 graphed copy of that author's posthumus book.

—S—

Of leaves the trees are still quite bare,  
 No flower has yet awoke;  
 But Spring is here or else darn near.  
 A spot's replaced each toque.

—S—

### \*THE BROKEN HEART

With joy I greet the morning mail and rip the  
 letter wide, in hope that there's a check from dad or  
 banknotes large inside. For weeks I've lived on  
 bread and milk, I have no coat or vest; I've hocked  
 them and my overcoat to buy a place to rest.  
 The money that I got from home has left on girls  
 and song, unless I get another check I cannot get  
 along. With hopes on high I open wide each en-  
 velope I get, there is no solace for myself, there is  
 no check as yet. Alas, alack, fate racks my heart,  
 from home I get a jerk, the old man writes in  
 fiendish glee 'why don't you go to work'?

\*Editor's Note—The author has life insurance and  
 is not afraid of Walt Mason.





#### THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE

I love the golden sun-set,  
 As day is nightward sped.  
 I love the blue of summer skies,  
 But Oh! you "Dago Red."

—S—  
 In days of old when knights were bold,  
 Each man he went a wooing.  
 But Now-a-day it doesn't pay:  
 There's really too much suing.

—S—  
 At the phone: Hello, hello, who is this?  
 At the other end: How in hell do I know? I  
 can't see you.

#### NO LONGER TRUE PERHAPS

It may be a coincidence, but you never hear that  
 old song "They're Wearing Them Higher In Ha-  
 waii" any more.

—S—  
 If "life is but an idle fancy", we certainly can't  
 say much for the wordly consequence of a bird who  
 wears a corduroy vest and uses a three foot cigar-  
 ette holder.

—S—  
 First Souse: Shay lend me a dollar?  
 Second Same: Sure, here it is.  
 First S: What's this for? You don't owe me  
 any money.

# PLAYS OF THE MONTH

Mask and Bauble presented "Our Children", by Anspacher, at the Illinois theatre, on April 16th and 17th.

In justice to club, players, and coach, this production must be credited as one highly successful, from the viewpoint both of audience and players. A sob, floating from audience to stage during the last act during Willy Engel's speech to his daughter, tells the story of the success of this play. It was not the only sob of the evening,—and there was also much smiling, much laughter.

This sob may be considered a fair criterion, for, when a student production can bring real tears and real sobs from a student audience and with all due respect to a student audience it cannot be denied that it loves to laugh—it seems fair to praise it as unusual.

This credit must go to Ed. Hemming, playing the part of old Engel, with this qualification: that behind all successful acting is success-

ful directing. Behind Hemming we find Mrs. Gille.

Let us look at Mrs. Gille a moment, and then perhaps realize how student casts are moulded into the field of professionalism.

"Come, come, COME! I simply cannot put up with this muffling of lines any longer. You must get those lines right away. Now! We'll do that over again!" Then:

"Sofie, you must get that smile off your face. How in the world can you put that part over if you laugh when you are supposed to be dead serious? I CAN'T have you laughing all the time. NOW STOP IT!"

These two bits of driving are but samples of the mould used. Many other moulds are used by Mrs. Gille; sympathy and kindness are among them in abundance. However, this is behind the scenes. We saw it from the balcony. It was a good show.

On the nights, April 29 and 30, and the afternoon of the 30th, The Pierrots of the Illinois Union presented "Caoutchouc," (pronounced koochie the posters told us) to well filled and enthusiastic houses. The 1924 student opera "went over."

Credit belongs to "Hal" Beardsley the writer of the book and lyrics for a clever story and lilting, witty lines for the songs. For the music we have "Links" Bryan and "Bill" Heath to thank. For the direction of the play, Neil Moore of New York and points in all directions therefrom.

In spots the masculinity of the feminine char-

acters detracted from the real merit of the lines and music. Clever acting abounded however and all members of the cast are to be congratulated. The "prize" comedian of the show is however to be taken aside and given lessons. He overacts and plays to the audience to the detriment of the piece.

But withal the play was eminently successful

and was worth the production, and it brought a neat return to the student union . . . which as "they" say, "ain't to be sneezed at."

—S—

The Engineers gathered at a real party April 16 when the greater portion of the school turned out for the annual Engineering dance. Decorations, music and refreshments combined to make it one of the best events of the season, with the least appreciable amount of formality showing. The committee in charge should be marked for further use by the University, it has a way of getting things across.

—S—

Pinky is a speedy boy. Why ten minutes after he has met a girl he can kiss her.

She: "What takes him so long?"



# The Best from the Rest

"What sort of people are Bill's ancestors?"

"Oh, they are cheap skates."

"I thought they came across in the Mayflower."

"They did, but that's the last time they did."—*J. E. D.*

—*Brown Jug.*

—————S—————

ER-ER-ER-NICE WEATHER!

"Do you believe women should exercise their rights?"

"Well, I believe in exercise, but I don't think it should be one-sided." —*Widow.*

—————S—————

Judge—Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"

Witness—Yes, your honor, that is where I met him. —*Burr.*

—————S—————

"I just bought a Ford." "I got a Rolls-Royce."

"That's a good car, too isn't it?"

—*Bystander A Londonq.*

—————S—————

"Why did they put Bob out of the game?"

"For holding."

"Oh, isn't that just like Bob!"

—*Virginia Reel.*

—————S—————

"Shay, offisher, where's the corner?"

"You're standing on it."

"'Sno wonder I couldn't find it."

—*Puppet.*

—————S—————

Stage Struck Maiden (after trying her voice)—Do you think I will ever be able to do anything with my voice?

Stage Director—Well, it might come in handy in case of fire.

—*Airgran*

—————S—————

"There is something new under the son," sighed the fond mother as she sewed another patch upon the pants of her offspring.

—*Widow.*

He: You look better dressed than I have ever seen you before.

She: Thanks for the compliment.

He: Oh, I'm not complimenting you. —*Scalper.*

—————S—————

"That's just like a woman," said the tourist, as he looked at the statue of Venus de Milo.—*Redl.*

—————S—————

Ta-ra

Mr. H.....—Are you a candidate for the band?

Frosh—Of course.

Mr. H.....—What instrument do you play?

Frosh.—Let's see what you've got. —*Jester.*

—————S—————

"Do you drink."

"No."

"Then hold this quart while I tie my shoestring." —*Lyre.*

—————S—————

Heeh—"Would you like to hear the theory of Kissing?"

Shee—"No; I only care for applied sciences." —*Sun Dial.*

—————S—————

FOLLOW COPY

Editor—Have you ever read proof?

Frosh—No, who wrote it?

—*Jester.*

—————S—————

THE GRANITE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

1st Frosh—I don't think that psychology exams was a real test of mental ability.

2nd Frosh—I was below the average, too. —*Jack o' Lantern.*

—————S—————

Maggie—The garbage man is here, sor.

Professor (from deep thought)—My! My! tell him we don't want any. —*Tiger.*

PROVIDENCE!

"George, dear," whispered his intended one, "isn't it wonderful, this love of ours? True we are not rich in worldly goods as men count wealth, and yet with such a love as we bear for each other we could live on bread and water."

"Ah, yes," sighed George, shaken with emotion. "You furnish the bread, dearest, and I will skirmish around and somehow find the water." —*Gargoyle.*

—————S—————

"My, but 'sh foggy," remarked the envied gentleman as he tried to maneuver through a frosted glass window. —*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

TWO TICKETS, PLEASE

He:—"Do you believe in free love?"

She:—"No. Take me to a movie first."

—*Frivol.*

—————S—————

A LITTLE COTTON TALE

Kitty: Really, I seldom cross my feet in a street car.

Katty: I hardly ever wear silk ones either. —*Sun dial.*

—————S—————

"Do sit down, man. There's a limit even to respect."

"It isn't respect, sir. It's a boil." —*Jack o' Lantern.*

—————S—————

Love is noon on a sun dial—but marriage is seven A. M. on an alarm clock. —*Brown Jug.*

—————S—————

"Aren't you losing flesh lately?"

"Yes, I've bought a safety razor." —*Carnegie Puppet.*

—————S—————

Caller—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Staller—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy. —*Lord Jeff.*





### PERSISTENT

That's the seventh time that young man has passed our house.

Then why don't you come away from the window?

Not likely. I don't see why I should give in first.

—*Blanco y Negro* (Madrid)

—S—

Irate Mother: "What do you mean, sir, by kissing my daughter last night?"

The lad: "That's what I've been trying to figure out ever since I saw her this morning."

—*Sun Dodger*.

—S—

She: (kissing him again): You know I never do this to anyone else.

He (absently): So my friends tell me.

—*Purple Cow*.

### HOPELESSLY GROUNDED

"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the millionaire.

"It would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."

—*Boston Transcript*

—S—

"That's a hell of a note," remarked the impresario as the diva took a mighty gulp and pounced savagely on a high E.

—*Jack o' Lantern*.

—S—

His name was B. V. Dyer. He signed his initials B. V. D. on her dance program.

"Ah—you don't mind, do you," she cooed, "if I call you Teddy?"

—*Wampus*.

### THE SEX

Yale—Did you ever hear that one about the minister and the chorus girl?

Vassar—No?

Yale—It's nice and rough.

Vassar—Well you needn't tell me any of your nasty stories.—Unless you want to. —*Jester*.

—S—

### STRAIGHT DOPE

'21—A good deal depends on your luck in poker.

'23—Not at all; rather, your luck depends on a good deal.

—*Jester*.

—S—

### QUITE A PICTURE

She—Father bought a Rubens when we were in Europe last fall.

He—Really! What wheel-base?

—*Burr*.



STRANGE that Stetson alone seems able to interpret the smartness and high distinction of the current style.

You have only to pull a Stetson snugly down on the forehead and look at yourself in the mirror to see what we mean.

Style, Quality and Sound Money's Worth assured by the Stetson Label in each Hat.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY  
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# STETSON

## Got an Illinois Pennant for your room?

*If you failed to select one of the new Illinois Pennants we have just received. Come and get yours—*

*Every loyal Illinois student should have one of these pennants—the cost is but a trifle—*

## —THE— CO-OP STORE

Everything for the Student—

On the square



# MURAD

## The Turkish Cigarette

We go 6000 miles for the  
Turkish tobacco used in Murad—Why?

Because—Turkish has a taste—Turkish has a mildness—Turkish has a delight—far beyond all cigarette tobaccos of all other lands—

Murad gives you real enjoyment, and true delight such as no Tobacco other than 100% Pure Turkish Tobacco can give.

Facts—Facts—FACTS—!

Tens of thousands of smokers—tens of thousands of times—have PROVEN this—

*"Judge for Yourself—!"*

20¢



*Anargyros* Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



*Apperson's Little Plumber*

## It' Not a 1921 Home if You Have an 1891 Basement

Is your basement equipped with modern, sanitary laundry tubs, hot and cold water, and a drainage system that keeps it dry?

**If not**

Come in or phone us for full information about our modern plumbing and heating system.

**L. W. APPERSON**

Phone Main 906

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URBANA

IS THERE A REASON WHY—

Knees rhymes with breeze?  
Bliss rhymes with kiss?  
Strife rhymes with wife?  
Spoon rhymes with moon?  
Peach rhymes with beach?

—*Show Me.*

—S—

"Jack, do you still love me?  
You haven't asked me to marry  
you for two weeks."

"Why, Marian, I wouldn't ask  
ask anybody to marry me for two  
weeks."

—*Yale Record.*

—S—

"Last evening, sir, I distinctly  
saw my daughter sitting in your  
lap. What explanation have you  
to make?"

"I got here early, sir—before  
the others."

—*Judge.*

—S—

"Say, I want two girls for the  
dance, and I want 'em bad."

—*Octopus.*

*We're here to  
serve you*

**Ostrand's**

Third Street  
Delicatessen

*"The little store  
with the big eats"*

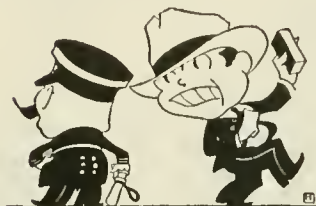
*"Keep her sweet  
with candy"*

**MOSI-OVER**

On Green Street



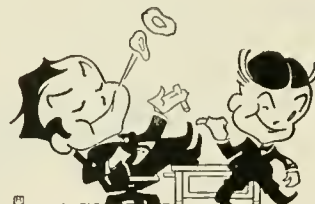
# "How I saved a policeman's life"



**Air-Tight Tins of 50**  
Ask your dealer to show  
you the new vacuum-  
sealed tins of 50 Chester-  
fields. A compact, con-  
venient and absolutely  
**AIR-TIGHT** packing—  
the cigarettes keep fresh  
indefinitely.

EVEN THE eggs.  
WERE TIRED that morning.  
AND THE coffee.  
DIDN'T FOOL me one bit.  
BUT WHEN after breakfast.  
MY CIGARETTE tasted awful.  
IT WAS too much.  
AND A grouch started.  
AND WALKING to work.  
I SWORE off smoking.  
AND DECIDED to fire.  
MY OFFICE boy.  
BUT JUST before I decided.  
TO KILL a policeman.  
A MAN passed me.  
SMOKING A cigarette.  
AND SAY but the smoke.  
THAT DRIFTED back.  
DID SMELL good.  
AND I followed him.  
INTO A store.  
HE THREW down two dimes.

AND SAID "The same."  
AND SO did I.  
AND SO I'm still smoking.  
AND STILL keep that.  
OFFICE BOY and I let that.  
HANDSOME POLICEMAN live.  
AND I'M going to boost.  
THAT MAN I followed.  
FOR PRESIDENT or something.  
FOR REALLY those cigarettes.  
DO SATISFY.



JUST a whiff of that spicy  
aroma of fine Turkish and  
Domestic tobaccos will make  
you hungry for this "satisfy"  
smoke. There are blends and  
blends, but none like this one.  
Chesterfield's blend is a secret  
and it cannot be copied.

*They Satisfy* **Chesterfield**  
**CIGARETTES**  
*Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.*

*The Best in  
Ice Creams, Malted and  
Confectionery*

**Schuler  
Bros.  
Confectionery**  
*No. 9 Main Street*

*We are now  
serving fresh strawberries  
shipped direct to us  
from Florida*

*Try a Sundae*

THE YOUNG AMERICAN

§§§§§

Medico: "You have the measles my boy, so you must stay away from school and go to bed."

Y. A.: "But, doc, what'll you give me to go to school and spread it?"  
—*Virginia Reel*.

Percy—"How would you—aw—like to own—a—a little puppy, Miss Dowley?" "This is so sudden, Percy!" —*Detroit News*.

—S—

John did not come straight home. Hence he did not come home straight. The towering form of his wife loomed above him, as his stumbling shoeless feet sought the steps.

"Drunk again," she said caustically.

"Hooray, m'dear," he replied cheerfully, "So'm I."

—*Sun Dial*.

—S—

Papa: Daughter! Daughter! isn't that young man gone yet.

Daughter: No, father, but I've got him going. —*Chaparral*.

—S—

He: Would you like a book or a kiss for your birthday?

She: Well, I have lots of books, now. —*Von Doo*.

—S—

Cheek is Cheek

I love your eyes,  
I love your lips,  
I love the gentle way you speak,  
But when you say:

"Come kiss me, dear,"  
Oh, lady, then I love your cheek.

—*Sun Dial*.

**Kant C**

See WUESTEMAN

Eye Helper—it isn't as if it would cost you anything—a little time is all I ask—glasses only if you need them—and then too: prices for glasses are reasonable—not fancy.

**WUESTEMAN**

Eye Sight Specialist  
CHAMPAIGN

PRIDE

Excited Frosh (to surrounding throng of admirers)—Yes, sir, the 'varsity fullback spoke to me, going down to the train.

Skeptic—What did he say?

Frosh—Get the hell out of the way, will you?  
—*Burr*.

**WE THANK YOU**

Thinking this may be the last issue we want to thank you one and all for backing the

**White Line  
LAUNDRY**

The way you have

# "The favorite"



## The ORIGINAL

Ideal food-drink during  
mental and physical training

Relieves the fatigue of study and exercise—A condensed "training table" of concentrated nutrition that strengthens, refreshes and invigorates. Satisfying and economical as a daily quick luncheon. Keep a jar in your room.

Get "Horlick's the Original" at the fountain—costs no more and has the DELICIOUS QUALITY that imitations lack.

# Kodak Finishing Mail Service

During the Summer,  
Mail Your Film in  
At any Time. Open  
All Summer.

## Strauch's, Champaign, Ill.

The Home of Good Photo Finishing  
Watch our window for Event Pictures

### WHYNOT?

"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Marie."

"Uh?"

"Gentlemen are apt to mistake you for a little girl and take you on their laps."

"Well?" —*Judge.*

—————S—————

### MODERN LIFE

"Go choose a wife and settle down."

My father said to me,

I thought a while and then I asked him,

"Whose wife shall it be?"

—*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

"It's a new one on me," said the sorority house davenport as the president led in her new date.

—————S—————

Lovers in the hall-way;

Papa on the stair;

Bull-dog on the front porch—

Music in the air.

—*Cornell Widow.*

### AT THE BANK

Souse (producing roll): "What (hic) can I get for this?"

Teller:—"Four per cent."

Souse (handling over roll):—

"Good-by! Wrap up' the whole works." —*Panther.*

—————S—————

*You may perfume your breath*

*With clove, if you will,*

*But the scent of the moonshine*

*Will stick to it still.*

—*Virginia Reed.*

### BOTH GAME

Tony — (mischievously) — "I promise you I shall never kiss you!"

Toinette — (with surprise) — "Do you Always keep your promises?"

Tony — (with mock dignity) — "Well, I keep within the law."

—*Rutgers Neilson.*

—————S—————

"What progress are you making toward matrimony, Edith?"

"Well, Uncle, I'm on my fifth lap." —*Minnesota Foolscap.*

—————S—————

Gip:—Did you notice that girl I was with last night? She's the daughter of the cash register king.

Gap—What's her name?

Gip—Tillie. —*Sun Dodger.*

—————S—————

She: This is the first time I've ever been kissed by a man.

He: That's sort of a slam at the rest of 'em, isn't it?

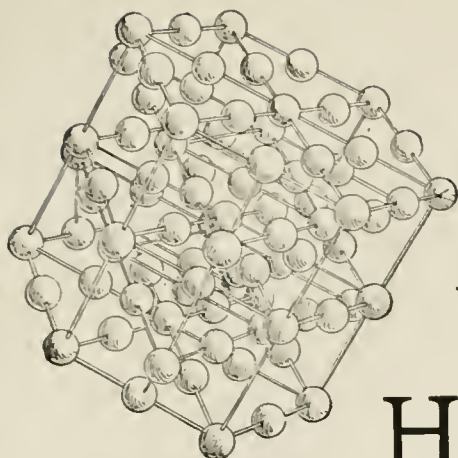
—*Jack o' Lantern.*

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EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D., Dean  
Boston, Mass.





## Who Was Moseley?

**H**E was a young Oxford man, only twenty-seven when he was killed at Gallipoli. Up to his time, man had never seen the inside of an atom. He turned the X-rays on matter—not figuratively but literally—and made them disclose the skeleton of an atom just as certainly as a surgeon makes them reveal the positions of the bones of the body. Moseley proved that all atoms are built up of the same kind of matter. He saw, too, just why an atom of copper is different from an atom of gold.

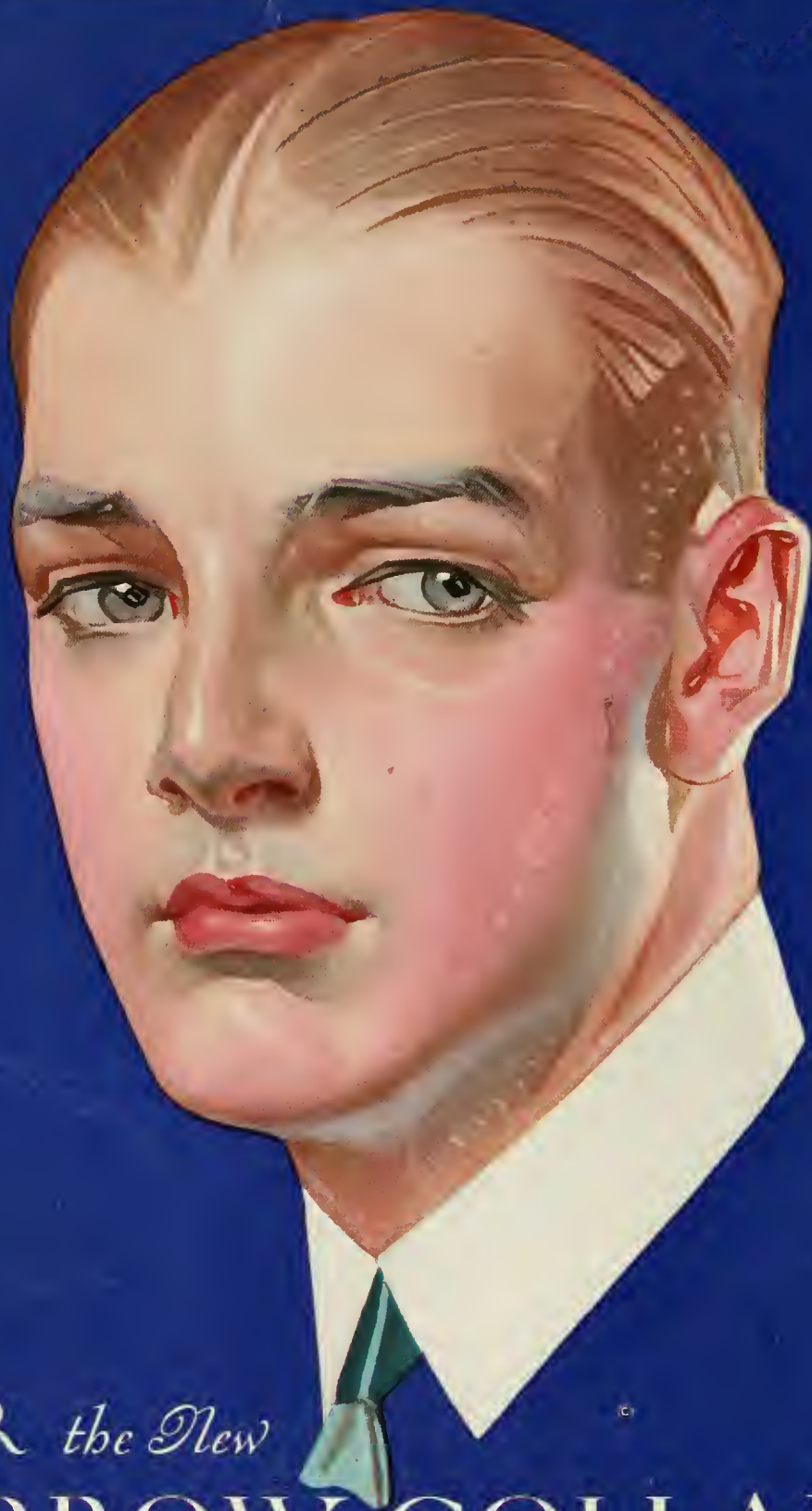
Atoms are built up of electrons. Each atom consists of a nucleus, a kind of sun, with a certain number of electrons grouped about it, like planets. Moseley actually counted the number of electrons of all the metals from aluminum to gold.

When you discover what gold is made of or a new fact about electricity, you open up new possibilities for the use of gold or electricity. For that reason the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company are as much concerned with the “how” of things—atoms and electrons, for instance—as they are with mere applications of the electric current.

Hence Moseley’s work has been continued in the Research Laboratories, with the result that more has been learned about matter. How does water freeze? What is lead? Why are lead, iron, gold and tungsten malleable? Such questions can be answered more definitely now than ten years ago. And because they can be answered it is possible to make more rapid progress in illumination, in X-ray photography, in wireless telegraphy, and in electrical engineering as a whole.

There would have been no coal-tar industry without the vast amount of research conducted in organic chemistry, and no electro-chemical industry without such work as Sir Humphrey Davey’s purely scientific study of an electric current’s effect on caustic potash and caustic soda. Sooner or later research in pure science always enriches the world with discoveries that can be practically applied. For these reasons the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company devote so much time to the study of purely scientific problems.

**General Electric**  
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SPUR *the New*

ARROW COLLAR

FOR YOUNG MEN

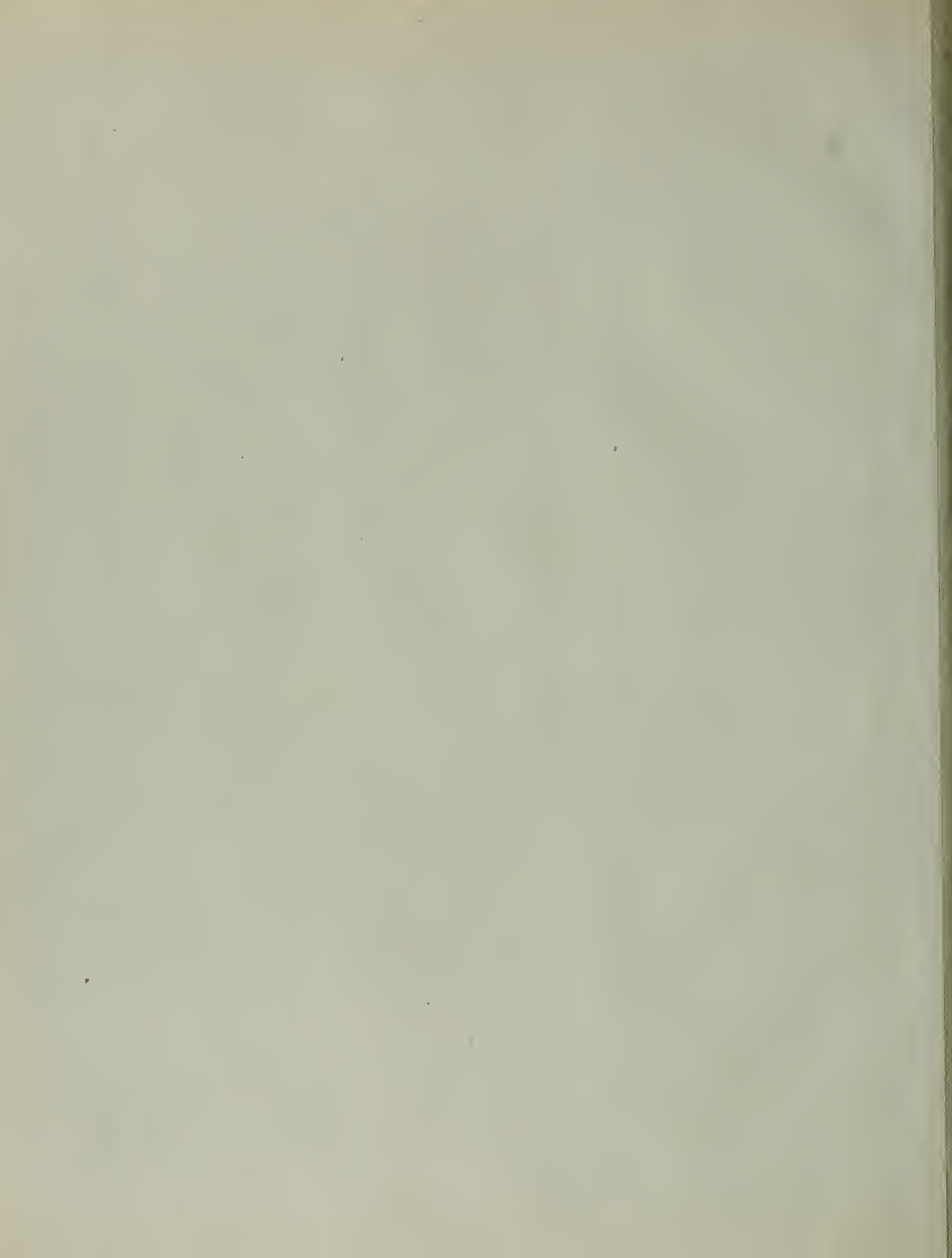
*Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.*









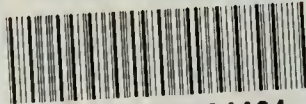








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